



ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MARCH, 1851.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

DR. LAYARD AND NINEVEH.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

WHEN "Nineveh and its Remains" was published, two years ago, the very title of the work was certain to excite the utmost curiosity, but the disclosures contained in it far exceeded all the imagination could have conceived. That a city, originally built, as we are informed in the Scriptures (Genesis x. 11 and 12 verses), by one of the early descendants of Noah—a city which, for countless or at least unknown ages, had vanished from the face of the earth, so that not one memorial or authentic record of the manners and customs of its inhabitants had been preserved—that ancient Nineveh should have been, as it were, called up to pass before the eyes of the mortals of the nineteenth century, was an event calculated to beget the utmost interest and astonishment. That so marvellous a work should have been performed by the enterprise, perseverance, and genius of a single unassisted man, was not the least surprising circumstance in the matter.

The city of Nineveh was the metropolis of the great Assyrian empire, and there is abundant evidence to prove that it was once

the largest and most populous city in the world. Whether Ninus, the builder or restorer of that vast city, completed it before or after the overthrow of Zoroaster, is uncertain. It is agreed by all profane writers, and confirmed by the Scriptures, that it exceeded all others in circuit and magnificence; for it was in circumference four hundred and eighty *stadia*, or furlongs, (sixty miles), the walls being a hundred feet high, and so broad that three chariots might be driven abreast on the ramparts. These walls were adorned with fifteen hundred towers, each two hundred feet high.

But this city, built in the plains of Assyria, on the banks of the river Tigris and in the region of Eden, was founded long before the time of Ninus, and, as ancient historians report, was called Campsor, until Ninus amplified it and gave it the name of Nineveh.

This Campsor, then, must have been founded by Asshur, who, as we learn from Genesis, went forth from the land of Shinar and built Nineveh. Nothing more concerning it, however, is told in the sacred writings, till the

time of the prophet Jonah, who describes it as an "exceeding great city of three days' journey." He also indicates its immense population, saying, that it contained "more than six score thousand persons that could not discern between their right hand and their left hand." Supposing one-sixth of the inhabitants of Nineveh to have been in this deplorable state of ignorance, we have a population more than seven hundred thousand in number.

The preaching of the prophet Jonah caused the people of Nineveh to repent, and accordingly the city was spared for a time; yet shortly afterwards Nahum was commanded to declare the burden of Nineveh, to proclaim the city's destruction, and to announce the downfall of the Assyrian empire. This prophet speaks of it as a city with many strongholds, and many gates with bars; that had multiplied her merchants above the stars of heaven; whose inhabitants and princes were numerous as the locusts; and whose store and glory of pleasant furniture was endless.

The destruction of the city, in the year B. C. 606, by the combined armies of Cyaxares, king of Persia, and Nabopolassar, who was, as Dr. Layard thinks, the Assyrian governor of Babylon, fulfilled this prediction to the very letter. Nineveh was laid waste: she was indeed "made a desolation, and dry like a wilderness."

We learn from Diodorus Siculus that the city was destroyed partly by water and partly by fire, and that many talents of gold and silver rescued from the flames were carried to Ecbatana. Lucian of Samosata, who flourished about A. D. 180, informs us that Nineveh had perished utterly—that not a vestige of the city remained, and that even the place where it stood was no longer known.

We take it for granted that all our readers, having inspected the extraordinary sculptures now in the British Museum, or seen drawings from them, and having formed a due estimate of the obligations this country lies under to the discoverer, will have been anxious, long since, to know something of that remarkable person; and such information we are happy to be enabled, in part at least, to communicate.

Since the time of Lucian nearly seventeen centuries have elapsed, and the name of Nineveh, until lately, alone remained. Its very ruins were no longer on the face of the land; and in this age of science and inquiry, no antiquarian before Dr. Layard ever seriously bethought himself of seeking out the Nineveh and Babylon of Holy Writ, and of

searching for the buried palaces of the Assyrian monarchy. True it is, that the notice of travelers in Assyria had been attracted long ago to huge mounds, apparently composed of earth and rubbish, and that it was conjectured that these were the remains of the stupendous capitals, Nineveh and Babylon. A mass of brickwork, vitrified and rising out of the aggregated rubbish of centuries, was believed to be the remains of the tower of Babel.

The Temple of Belus, according to Herodotus, and some mounds in the neighborhood, were supposed to be the hanging gardens and marvellous structures attributed to Semiramis, the wife of Ninus, who built Babylon; but the difficulty of reaching those localities, while it excited the interest of the antiquarian, prevented the traveler from visiting them.

Greater curiosity was awakened by the presumed site of Nineveh than of Babylon. Several travelers had noticed the numerous mounds on the left bank of the Tigris, opposite the modern city of Mosul; and what tradition had called the tomb of Jonah, on the top of one of the mounds, gave a certain probability to the conjecture that it indicated the site of Nineveh; but it is to Dr. Layard that we are indebted for a knowledge of that important fact, confirmed as it is by the extraordinary remains he has forwarded to this country.

The Layards are descended from a distinguished family, named Raymond, long settled in the south of France, who claimed affinity with the Raymonds, sovereign Counts of Toulouse; were among the earliest supporters of the reformed religion in that country, and espoused the cause of the persecuted Albigenses. The Raymonds, nevertheless, continued to receive honors and grants from successive sovereigns of France, intermarrying with the noblest families, until the massacre of the Huguenots, in 1572, when two of the brothers fell victims in that terrible slaughter, whilst a third (the heir) succeeded in effecting his escape into Holland.

The immediate ancestor of the existing branch of the Raymonds, or rather Layards, came over to this country, with William Prince of Orange, and held a high command, under that Protestant Prince, at the battle of the Boyne.

From that period the family definitively settled in England. Having already embraced the Protestant faith, Raymond was content, for its sake, to give up his country,

and relinquish his property in France; but warned by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, he dropped his patrimonial name, and assumed that of Layard, probably the name of an estate, as one of the family was subsequently called Raymond de Layarde; destroying at the same time every document which, preserved and transmitted to his descendants, might tempt any one of them to return to Catholicism, and enable him to recover the estates in France.

This, the last of the Raymonds, was the grandfather of Dr. Layard, the late Dean of Bristol, and of his two brothers, both generals in the English army.

The second son of the Dean of Bristol, Henry Peter John, held for many years a high civil appointment in Ceylon, was a man of great abilities and varied acquirements, and was the father of Austen Henry Layard, the subject of our present memoir, who was born at Paris, during a temporary visit of his parents to that metropolis, on the 5th March, 1817.

The early youth of Layard was passed at Florence. Familiar with the language of Italy, it is no wonder that the glorious literature of that country subsequently solicited his attention; or that, born with a love of the fine arts, his taste should have been ennobled and purified by a contemplation of the glorious models of sculpture and painting in which Florence abounds. Was it here that he acquired that command over his pencil, which he afterwards found infinitely serviceable to him amid the ruins of Nimroud? This faculty was afterwards fully excited "by the appalling sight of slabs with the noblest sculptures and the finest inscriptions, crumbling into dust before his eyes. No draughtsman had been provided to help him; and had he not instantly determined to arrest by the quickness of his eye and the magic of his pencil these fleeting forms, which were about to disappear forever, many of the finest remains of ancient art would have been irrecoverably lost."

Layard returned from Italy to his native country for education. That being completed, he devoted himself to the study of the law, which, however, proved little attractive to him. Pope, paying an elegant compliment to the accomplished Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, exclaims—

"How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost!"

For our part, we should not greatly grieve if we knew that even a second Mansfield was lost in a Layard.

About the age of eighteen, Layard's travels in Italy, Russia, and other countries, excited in him a strong passion for still more extended adventure, which, accompanied by an ardent desire for knowledge, and an energy which "knew not what it was to intermit," decided him upon abandoning his profession, and settling in the East, where he had family connections.

In the summer of 1839, with a friend for a companion, Dr. Layard left England. Traversing Germany, they passed through Dalmatia into Montenegro, where Dr. Layard was induced to stay for a brief period, having engaged to aid a young and energetic chief in civilizing and otherwise improving the condition of his brave but semi-barbarous subjects. From Montenegro the friends made their way as they best could through Albania and Roumelia, an enterprise in which they encountered many adventures, and, finally, at the end of the year, arrived by Adrianople at Constantinople. We are informed that Dr. Layard proceeded to Bagdad, and into Syria; but we have no means of following his footsteps with accuracy or certainty during this period of his wandering and eventful life. At this time his friend quitted him, and now he was left to pursue his course alone.

We earnestly hope that some day—and that not a distant one—Dr. Layard will give to the world an account of the extraordinary adventures which befel him, when the eager wish to acquire knowledge, which he desired to exercise for the profit and benefit of his fellow-creatures, carried him into strange and many lands. If other men have acquired a larger experience of diversified life, few have encountered and surmounted greater difficulties; and none have ever engaged themselves to the attainment of a nobler object. Wandering in the desert, he was frequently attacked and plundered by wild Arabs, and was constantly in peril. Now he might be found settling disputed points of geography, or seeking historical remains—now making his way, as a Hakim, over wilds hitherto untrodden by the foot of Europeans, or sojourning with the barbarous Bactyari in their mountains, civilizing and teaching the people, and, having some small knowledge of medicine, saving the life of their chief's only son.

The foregoing are but brief and faint indications of the varied life and adventures of Dr. Layard, previous to the happy accident which enabled him successfully to prosecute that undertaking which resulted in the extraordinary discoveries that have rendered

his name so famous. As early as 1841, Dr. Layard had inspected the ruins on the east bank of the river Tigris, which have been generally believed to be the ruins of Nineveh. Let the doctor himself describe the sensations with which he viewed them:—

"He" (the spectator) "has left the land where nature is still lovely, where, in his mind's eye, he can rebuild the temple, or the theatre, half doubting whether they would have made a more grateful impression upon the senses than the ruin before him. He is now at a loss to give any form to the rude heaps upon which he is gazing. Those of whose works they are the remains, unlike the Roman and the Greek, have left no visible traces of their civilization or of their arts: their influence has long since passed away. The more he conjectures, the more vague the results appear. The scene around is worthy of the ruin he is contemplating: desolation meets desolation; a feeling of awe succeeds to wonder; for there is nothing to relieve the mind, to lead to hope, or to tell of what has gone by. These huge mounds of Assyria made a deeper impression upon me, gave rise to more serious thoughts and earnest reflections, than the temple of Balbec and the theatres of Ionia."

Shortly afterwards, Dr. Layard had a second opportunity of viewing the ruins of Nimroud, and of examining them; and it was upon this occasion that the thought suggested itself to him, and impressed itself upon his mind, of making excavations. He had, he tells us, hopes that some persons in England might have been induced to aid in the undertaking.

It would seem, however, although we are not expressly told so, that, despairing of fulfilling the vision, or of realizing the hopes, which the sight of these mysterious mounds had excited, he had determined upon abandoning his project and returning home. He had reached as far as Constantinople, on his way back to England, when, in a happy moment, he obtained a letter of introduction to Sir Stratford Canning, Her Majesty's Ambassador at the Sublime Porte. It is not at all wonderful that so distinguished a statesman at once perceived that no ordinary person

had been presented to his notice, or that he should have invited him to prolong his stay in the East, and discharge some extra duties of the embassy to which he has now become officially attached. Neither is it surprising, when the character of Sir Stratford is remembered, and the interest he takes in such researches* as Dr. Layard had at heart is known, that, in the autumn of 1845, he should have mentioned to Dr. Layard his readiness to incur, for a limited period, the expense of excavations in Assyria, in the hope that, should success attend the attempt, means would be found to carry it out on an adequate scale.

During Dr. Layard's stay in England, he suffered greatly from an aguish fever, which recurred monthly, and which he had caught in the damp chambers it was necessary he should inhabit at Nimroud. In spite, however, of this severe indisposition, so inimical to literary or intellectual pursuits, he prepared for the press, during his brief residence in this country, the "Nineveh and its Remains," and "The Monuments of Nineveh, from Drawings made on the Spot;" besides a volume of inscriptions in the cuneiform character for the British Museum, which, we trust, will soon be published and submitted to the examination of the learned world.

Our readers know the already triumphant result of Dr. Layard's enterprise and perseverance, which have brought into the possession of this country treasures beyond all price.

* Dr. Layard observes, in his "Nineveh," "I need scarcely remind the reader that it is to Sir S. Canning we owe the marbles of Halicarnassus, now in the British Museum. The difficulties which stood in the way of the acquisition of these invaluable relics, and the skill which was required to obtain them, are not generally known. I can testify to the efforts and labor which were necessary, for nearly three years, before the repugnance of the Ottoman Government could be overcome, and permission obtained to extract the sculptures from the walls of a castle which was more jealously guarded than any similar edifice in the Empire. Their removal, notwithstanding the almost insurmountable difficulties raised by the authorities and inhabitants of Budroon, was most successfully effected by Mr. Alison. The Elgin marbles, and all other remains from Turkey and Greece, now in Europe, were obtained with comparative ease."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

BIOGRAPHY.*

ALTHOUGH history and biography both relate to the affairs of men, and are employed in the narrative of human events, they are governed by opposite principles, and require, for their successful prosecution, different powers and habits of thought. The main object of history is the tracing out the growth of nations, the great events which lead to their rise or fall, the causes operating on the social body, which at one period conduct to power and greatness, at another induce weakness and decay. Biography is concerned with individual life. Its aim is to trace the annals, not of nations, but of persons; to portray, not the working of general causes on the progress of empires, but the influence of particular characters on their most interesting episodes. The former requires habits of general thought, and the power of tracing one common principle through a great variety of complicated details; the latter, close attention to individual incidents, and a minute examination of the secret springs of human conduct. The first is closely allied to the generalizations of the philosopher; the latter requires the power of the dramatist. The two branches of composition, however, are nearly allied, and frequently run into each other. History generally finds its most interesting episodes, often its most important subjects, in the narrative of individual greatness; biography is imperfect unless, in addition to tracing the achievements of the individuals it records, it explains their influence upon the society among whom they arose.

What we call the histories of antiquity were, for the most part, only biographies, and they owe their principal interest to that circumstance. The *Cryptædia* of Xenophon is a philosophical romance, clothed with the eloquence of an orator; the fragments which remain of Sallust, the rhetorical narrative of Quintus Curtius, are the avowed biographies

of individual men. Even the regular histories of classical times owe their chief charm to the simplicity of the subject, in which one state or contest stands prominently forward, and the others are thrown into a shade which only renders the more striking the light thrown on one particular subject, or the efforts of individual greatness. Herodotus has earned his deathless fame by the narrative he has given of the great war between Persia and Greece, on which the destinies of mankind depended; Thucydides, by his profound exposition of the strife of aristocracy and democracy in the contest between Lacedæmon and Athens. The long narrative of Livy has survived the floods of Time almost entirely, from the charming episodes descriptive of character or manners which he has introduced, and the dramatic power with which he has narrated the exploits of individual men; and what has given Tacitus immortality, is neither any luminous views on the progress of mankind, nor any just appreciation of the causes of greatness in particular states, but the depth to which he has fathomed the real springs of action in particular men, and the terrible truth with which he has unveiled that most appalling of all spectacles—a naked human heart.

The great difficulty of history, as it must be written in modern times, arises from the multitude and complication of the events which have to be recorded. So intimately connected have the States of Europe been since the rise of modern civilization, that he who writes the annals of one must write the history of all. The progress, internal and external, of all its powers must be brought forward abreast; and such is their number and importance, that not only is the historian oppressed with the variety and complication of his materials, but he finds it next to impossible to produce interest in the reader amidst such a sea of details; and often fails, from the impossibility of attaining that essential requisite in the rousing of human sympathy—unity of emotion. Add to this the infinity of subjects a historian even of an in-

* *Lives of the Queens of England.* By AGNES STRICKLAND. Vol. I. Reprinted in beautiful form by Harper & Brothers.

dividual state must now embrace, and which almost overwhelm the exploits of particular men by their multitude and complication. Strategy, statistics, trade, navigation, commerce, taxation, finance, currency, paper credit, poor laws, agriculture, socialism, chartism, form a few of the topics, any one of which would require volumes for its elucidation, yet none of which can be omitted without exposing the historian to the imputation, from some one or other, of having overlooked the most important part of his subject. So great is this difficulty, so extensive the embarrassment it produces, that it may safely be pronounced to be insurmountable by any effort, how great soever, unless the endeavors of the historian are aided by unity of interest in the subject, or overpowering greatness of influence in the characters with whom he has to deal. But it is, perhaps, only in the wars of the Crusades, of the Succession in Spain, and of the French Revolution, that such unity of interest is to be looked for, or such surpassing grandeur of character is to be found, from the achievements of a Richard Cœur-de-Lion, a Marlborough, or a Napoleon.

From this great difficulty, biography is entirely free, and thence the superior interest with which, when properly treated, works of that description are attended. We are so constituted that we must concentrate our interest; dispersion is fatal to its existence. Every novelist and romance-writer knows this; there must always be a hero and a heroine; but two or three heroes and heroines would prove fatal to the interest. Ariosto tried to divide the interest of the reader among the adventures of a dozen knights-errant; but even his genius proved unequal to the task, and he was obliged to concentrate the whole around the fabulous siege of Paris to restore the broken unity of his power. The great and signal advantage of biography is, that, from its very nature, it possesses that personal interest and individual character which the epic poet and novelist feel to be essential to the moving of the human heart, but which the historian so often finds himself unable to attain, without omitting some important parts of his subject, or giving undue prominence to the characters of individual men.

For this reason it is, that the most popular works which ever have been written have been biographies of illustrious men. No one would think of comparing the intellect of Plutarch to that of Tacitus, his eloquence to that of Cicero's; yet he has made perhaps a greater impression on the imagin-

ation of subsequent ages than either of these illustrious men. If we examine the images of the mighty of former days which are engraven on our minds, we shall find that it is not so much the pictured pages of Livy or Quintus Curtius, as the "Lives of Plutarch," which have given them immortality. We complain of his gossip, we lament his superstition, we smile at his credulity, but we devour his pages; and after the lapse of seventeen hundred years, they remain one of the most general popular works in existence. It is the same in modern times. No one would think of comparing Boswell in point of intellect to Johnson; in point of eloquence to Burke; in point of genius to Gibbon; yet he has produced a work superior in general interest to any of these illustrious men, and which is daily read by thousands, to whom the "Reflections on the French Revolution," the moral essays of the "Rambler," and the "History of the decline and Fall," will forever remain unknown.

To render biography, however, thus generally attractive, it is indispensable that its basis should be that first element in the narration of human action—TRUTH. Without this, it wants the great superiority of the narrative of real event over fictitious creations, how interesting soever they may be—that of recording what has actually occurred in real life. How important an element this is in awakening the sympathies of the human heart, may be seen even in children, who, when particularly fascinated by any story they are told, invariably end by asking, "But is it all true?" The value of truth, or rather of what is "*vraisemblable*," is felt even in imaginary conceptions, which it is well known are never so attractive, or interest so powerfully, as when they most closely resemble the events and characters of actual existence. The real is and ever must be the only sure foundation of the ideal. Novels are most delightful when they approach nearest to what we behold around us in real life, while yet containing a sufficient blending of romance and sentiment, of heroism and magnanimity, to satisfy the higher aspirations of our being. Biography is most charming when it depicts with fidelity those characters, and records with truth those events, which approach nearest to that imaginary perfection to which every generous mind aspires, but to which none ever has attained, or ever will.

It has been said with truth, that the events which are suitable for epic poetry are such as are "probable but yet elevating." We are so constituted by our bonds to earth, that

our chief interest must ever be derived from the virtues or the vices, the joys or sorrows, of beings like ourselves; but we are so filled with more ennobling thoughts and aspirations, by our destiny in Heaven, that we can be satisfied only by what points to a higher state of existence, and feel the greatest enjoyment by being elevated, either by the conceptions of fancy or the records of reality, to a nearer view of its perfection. If novels depict merely imaginary existences, they may charm for a season, like the knights of *Arosto*, or the heroes of *Metastasio*; but they are too much in the clouds permanently to interest sublimary mortals. If they record merely the adventures of low, or the vulgarity of middle life, they may amuse for a season, like the characters of *Smollet*; but they will sink ere long, from the want of that indispensable lifeboat in the sea of time, an elevating tendency. It is characters like those of the *Iliad*, of *Shakspeare*, of *Scott*, and *Schiller*, which combine the well-known and oft-observed characteristics of human nature with the oft-imagined but seldom seen traits of heroism and magnanimity which border on the realms of the ideal that for ever fascinate the imagination, and dwell in the heart of man. The reason is, they contain enough of reality to tell us it is of humanity that the story is told, and enough of the ideal to make us proud of our connection with it.

The great and chief charm of biography is to be found in this, that it unites, from its very nature and object, those too indispensable requisites to durable popularity in works of fiction, and combines them with the value and the solid information of truthful narrative. It possesses the value of history, without its tedium—the interest of romance, without its unsubstantiality. It culls the flowers from the records of time, and casts into the shade all the accompanying weeds and briers. If a judicious and discriminating selection of characters were made—if those persons were selected for the narrative who have been most illustrious by their virtues, their genius, or their magnanimity, or, as a contrast, by their vices, and who have made the greatest and most durable impression on human affairs, a work might be produced exceeding any one of history in its utility, any of romance in its popularity. *David Hume* strongly advised *Robertson*, eighty years ago, instead of writing the *Life of Charles the Fifth*, to write a series of biographies, on the plan of *Plutarch*, for modern times; and it is, perhaps, to be regretted that the advice was not followed. Yet were the abilities of the Scotch

Principal, great as they were, not such as peculiarly fitted him for the task. His mind was too philosophical and discursive to give it its chief interest. He wanted the dramatic turn, the ardent soul, the graphic power, the magnanimous disposition, which was essential to its successful accomplishment. A work in three thousand pages, or six volumes, recording the lives of fifty of the greatest and most illustrious men in Europe, from the days of *Alfred* to those of *Napoleon*, executed in the right spirit, and by a man of adequate genius, would be the most popular and elevating book that ever appeared in modern Europe. Many such have been attempted, but never with any success, because they were not set about by the proper minds. To do justice to such an undertaking would require a combination of opposite qualities rarely to be met with in real life.

As biography deals with individual characters, and is relieved from the extended and perplexing subjects which overwhelm the general historian, it admits, in return, of an expansion into many topics, which, although often in the highest degree amusing, and sometimes not a little interesting, would yet be felt to be misplaced in the annals of the great changes of nations or of the world. As the delineation of character is its avowed object, and the events of individual life its principal subject, it not only admits of but requires a thousand incidents and descriptions, which are essential to a right understanding of those characters, and form, as it were, the still life of the picture in which their features are to be portrayed. Such descriptions are not unsuitable to general history. *Mr. Macaulay* has shown in his *History* that his observations on that head in the *Edinburgh Review* were founded on a just appreciation of the object and limits of his art. But they must be sparingly introduced, or they will become tedious and unprofitable: if any one doubt this, let him try to read *Von Hammer's History of the Ottoman Empire*, one-half of which is taken up with descriptions of dresses, receptions, and processions. But in biography we readily give admission to—nay, we positively require—such details. If they are not the jewels of history, they are the setting which adds to their lustre. They fill up our conception of past events; they enable us to clothe the characters in which we are interested in the actual habiliments in which they were arrayed; they bring before our eyes the dwellings, the habits, the mode of life, the travelling, the occupations of distant ages, and often give more life and reality to the

creatures of our imaginations than could have been attained by the most labored general descriptions, or the most emphatic assertions of the author.

For this reason, as well as on account of the known influence of individual character, rather than abstract principle, on the fair sex, there is no branch of historical composition so suitable for woman as biography; and Miss Strickland has shown us that there is none which female genius can cultivate with greater success. The general bent of the female mind, impressed upon it for the wisest purposes by its Creator, is to be influenced in its opinions, and swayed in its conduct, by individual men, rather than general ideas. When Milton said of our first parents—

“Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed;
For valor he and contemplation formed;
For beauty she, and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him;

he foreshadowed man as the appropriate historian of the general march of human events—woman as the best delineator of individual character—the most fascinating writer of biography. The most gifted of her sex is a proof of this; for, if a few men have exceeded Madame de Stael in the broad view she takes of human affairs, none have equalled her in the delineation of the deepest feelings and most lasting passions of the human heart. As it is the nature of woman's disposition to form an idol, (and it is for that very reason that she proves so attractive to that of man,) so, when she comes to composition, we rejoice to see her form idols of her heroes, provided only that the limits of truth are observed in their delineation, and that her enthusiasm is evinced in depicting the real, not in coloring the imaginary.

As graphic and scenic details are so valuable in biography, and give such life and animation to the picture which it exhibits, so we willingly accept from a female biographer, whether of her own or others' life, details which we could not tolerate in the other sex. When the Duchess of Abrantes, writing after the fall of Charles X., recounts in her charming memoirs the enchanting *Schall de Cachemire*, which excited her envy on the shoulders of Josephine—or tells us that at a certain ball in Paris, in 1797, she wore her blue satin dress and pearl ornaments, and at another, her pink silk and diamonds, we perhaps smile at the simplicity which made her recount such things of herself; but still we gratefully accept them as characteristic of the costume or manners of the time. But we would never

tolerate a male biographer of Murat, who should tell us that at a certain ball at Naples he wore his scarlet trousers and black furred jacket, and on his coronation looked irresistible in his blue and silver uniform and splendid spare jacket;—not even though we know that in Russia he often returned to his lines with his sabre dripping wet with the blood of the Cossacks whom he had challenged and slain in single combat, and although the experience of all ages has confirmed the truth of Philoemén's observation, that “to soldiers and women, dress is a matter of no small consequence.”

Though details of this description, however, are valuable and admissible in biography, and come with peculiar propriety and grace from a female hand, it must be observed, on the other hand, that there is a limit, and a very obvious one, to the introduction of them, and that, if not inserted with caution, they may essentially injure the popularity or utility of a work. In particular, it is seldom safe to carry to any considerable length in the text the introduction of quotations from old histories or chronicles of the period, which often are filled with them to the exclusion of all other subjects. We know that such original documents have a great charm in the eyes of antiquarians or antiquarian biographers, the more especially if they have brought them to light themselves; but such persons learned in ancient lore constitute but a small fraction of the human race. The great body of readers, at least nineteen out of twenty, care nothing at all for such original authorities, but wish to see their import condensed into a flowing easy narrative in the author's own words. For this reason, it is generally safest to give such original documents or quotations in notes or an appendix, and to confine quotations in the text to characteristic expressions, or original words, spoken on very important occasions. Barante and Sismondi in France, Tytler in Scotland, and Lingard in England, have essentially injured the general popularity of their great and learned works, by not attending to this rule. The two Thierrys have chiefly won theirs by attending to it.

The great popularity and widely extended sale of Miss Strickland's *Queens of England*, almost equalling, we believe, that of any living author in this country, and much exceeding that of any prior writer, whether of her own or the other sex, in the same period in biography, is a proof both of the intrinsic excellence of that work, and the thirst which exists in the public mind for works of that

description. We have long been of opinion that the narrative of human events might be rendered as popular in the outset, and far more and durably interesting in the end, than any works of fiction; and that the only reason why this has so seldom taken place, was because historical works were in general constructed on wrong principles. The great success which has recently attended historical composition in this country, especially in the case of Mr. Macaulay's *History* and Miss Strickland's *Lives*, is a proof that this view of the subject is well founded. And of the two, biography, when supported by learning, and handled by genius, such as both these learned writers possess, is much more likely to be generally popular than extended history, because it partakes more of the character of Romance, and possesses in a higher degree that *unity* of interest which is the most essential element in all arts which aim at pleasing or fascinating mankind.

Scotland is a country peculiarly fortunate in the characters it presents for biographical genius. This arises from its physical weakness when compared to the strength of its formidable neighbor, and the resources which it has ever found in the persevering and indomitable character of its inhabitants. The former in every age of the wars with England has made its plains the seat of conflict; while the latter has always secured their success in the end, though often after fearful reverses and always against tremendous odds. The proof of this is decisive. Scotland, after three centuries of almost incessant conflict, first with the arms, and then, more formidable still, with the gold of England, was still unsubdued when her monarchs ascended the English throne, and the rivalry of two noble nations was turned into the blissful emulation of peace. It is this combination of circumstances which has caused her history to be so prolific of incident, and has rendered, as strangers so often have remarked, every step in her surface historical. Her physical weakness filled it with incident—her moral strength with heroic incident. Go where you will, you meet with some traces of the great or the beautiful, the gifted or the fascinating, of former days. The ancient walls and castellated rocks of Edinburgh teem with historical recollections of the highest interest, which the kindred spirit of modern chivalry has done so much to illustrate.* In the short space of

twenty miles—between Falkirk and Stirling—are four battle-fields,* on each of which the fate of Britain was determined, or armies as numerous as those which met at Waterloo encountered each other. Lochleven exhibits the mournful prison of beauty; Niddry Castle of her evanescent joys; the field of Langside, of her final overthrow. Cartlan Crag still show the cave of Wallace; Turnberry Castle the scene of Bruce's first victory; Culloden, the last battle-field of generous fidelity. Every step in Scotland is historical; the shades of the dead arise on every side; the very rocks breathe—

"Yet Albyn, yet the praise be thine,
Thy scenes and story to combine!
Thou bidd'st him who by Roslin strays,
List to the tale of other days:
Midst Cartlan crags thou show'st the cave,
The refuge of the champion brave;
Giving each rock its storied tale,
Pouring a lay for every dale,
Knitting, as with a moral band,
Thy native legends with thy land,
To give each scene the interest high
Which Genius lends to Beauty's eye."

Miss Strickland's talents as a writer, and turn of mind as an individual, in a peculiar manner fit her for painting a historical gallery of the most illustrious or dignified female characters in that land of chivalry and of song. Her disposition is at once heroic and pictorial. She has the spirit of chivalry in her soul, and the colors of painting in her eye. She sympathizes with all the daring spirits, the bold adventure, the chivalrous devotion, of the cavaliers of former days; and she depicts with not less animation and force the stately scenes of former times—the dignified processions, the splendid ceremonies, the imposing pageants. She has vast powers of application, and her research is unbounded; but these qualities, so necessary as the foundation of a historian's fame, are in her united with the powers of painting and the soul of poetry, and dignified by the elevated objects to which they are directed. The incidents of individual life are of peculiar importance in Scottish annals, because, with the exception of two periods—the war of independence under Wallace and Bruce, and the national struggle for emancipation from popish tyranny at the Reformation—there have seldom been what we now call *popular* movements in Scotland. Everything, or next to everything, depended on individual character; the great game of the world was

* Mr. Aytoun's noble *Lyrical Ballads*, and Mr. Grant's admirable *History of the Castle of Edinburgh*.

* Falkirk, Torwood, Bannockburn, Stirling Bridge.

played by kings and queens, nobles and knights. On this great theatre the queens played, as they do everywhere, a most important part. The instructor of man in childhood, the object of his adoration in youth, of lasting influence in manhood, woman has, in modern Europe, where her destiny was first developed, exercised an important sway, and more so than is generally supposed on national affairs. But nowhere has this influence been more strongly felt than in Scotland, where queens have appeared whose beauty and misfortunes have become immortal in story, and been forever engraven on the human heart by the hand of genius, and where the chivalrous and daring disposition of the country, the *perfidium Scotorum ingenium*, at once penetrated some with the most devout adoration of their charms, and inspired others with the most vehement jealousy of their ascendancy.

In her delineation of individual character, Miss Strickland evidently takes the greatest pains to be impartial; and the multitude of new documents and facts which she has brought on both sides of the question, in regard to her heroines, is a sufficient proof that this most laudable principle is a ruling one in her mind. But she would be something more or something less than mortal, if no trace of predilection were to be found in her pages. It is rather, however, in regard to families than individuals that this leaning is apparent. She is evidently inimical to the Tudor and friendly to the Stuart race. In this she only shares the feelings of the chivalrous and the enthusiastic of every age and country; for the leading qualities of the one were as calculated, on a retrospect, to inspire aversion as those of the other were to awaken sympathy. The first was selfish, overbearing, cruel, but often exceedingly able; the latter generous, unsuspecting, heroic, but sometimes sadly imprudent. Success at the time crowned the worldly wisdom of the one, and disaster, long-continued and crushing, at length punished the unhappy want of foresight of the other. But the results of the time are not always indicative of the opinion of futurity; and already the verdict of mankind has been secured in regard to the rival Queens who brought their fortunes into collision, by two pleaders of surpassing power in swaying the human heart. Scotland may be proud that one of these was found in the most gifted of her sons, whose genius has, in one of his most perfect historical novels, immortalized the prison of Lochleven and the field of Langside; and Ger-

many may well exult in the reflection that the other appeared in that matchless genius who, three centuries after her death, imbibed, on the banks of the Saale, the very soul and spirit of the age of Mary in England, and has forever engraven her heroic death, and the imperishable scenes of Fotheringay, on the hearts of men.*

Miss Strickland's partiality for the Stuart and aversion to the Tudor race, may be explained by another and still more honorable circumstance. It is the inevitable effect of a long course of injustice, whether in the rulers of men, or the judges of those rulers, the annalists of their lives, to produce in the end a reaction in the general mind. This is more particularly the case in persons like Miss Strickland, actuated by generous and elevated feelings, and who feel conscious of power to redress much of the injustice which the long-continued ascendancy of a particular party, whether in religion or politics, has inflicted on the characters of History. Nowhere has this injustice been more strongly experienced than in Great Britain during the last two centuries. The popular party in politics, and the reformed in religion, having in both these countries, after a sanguinary struggle, been successful, and a family seated on the throne which embodied, and in a manner personified, both these triumphs, nearly the whole historians who treated of the period of a century and a half were entirely one-sided. When Hume wrote his immortal history, he complained, with justice, that for seventy years power, reward, and emolument, had been confined to one party in the state, and that the sources of History had, in consequence, been irremediably corrupted. His rhetorical powers and impartial spirit did much to remedy the evil, but he had not industry and research sufficient to do the whole. Much was left to the just feelings, and generous because disinterested effort, of the high-minded who succeeded him in the path of historical inquiry. Mr. Tytler's great and authentic *History of Scotland*, and Lingard's able and valuable, though one-sided, *History of England*, have gone far to give the opposite side of the picture which Malcolm Laing and Burnet had painted in so vehement a party spirit, and Macaulay has since continued with such remarkable historical power. But much remained yet to be done. Antiquarian industry, chivalrous zeal, have of late brought many of the concealed or suppressed treasures of History to light;

* Schiller, in his noble drama of *Maria Stuart*.

and it is those which Miss Strickland proposes to embody in her *Queens of Scotland*.

Of the general plan which she proposes to adopt in this work, our author gives the following admirable account:

"As long as Scotland, in consequence of bad roads and tedious travelling, remained a sort of *terra incognita*, vulgar prejudice prevailed among the ignorant and narrow-minded portion of society in England; but Scotland only required to be seen to be appreciated. Strong in native talent, rich in native worth, valiant, persevering, and wise, her sons have been ever foremost in the field of honorable enterprise, whether in deeds of arms, science, jurisprudence, or the industrial arts of peaceful life. In poetry, music, and song, she has certainly never been surpassed. It was, however, reserved for the genius of Sir Walter Scott to draw English hearts and English gold to Scotland, and to knit those bonds of brotherly regard which no act of legislature could do. His graphic pictures of Scotland and the Scotch acted like a spell of enchantment on the imaginations of the English. Those who were able to indulge the enthusiastic feelings which his writings had excited, crossed the Border, rushed into Highland glens, scaled Highland hills, congregated at Scotch hostelries, peeped into Scotch cottages, were invited to partake of Scotch hospitality—and found themselves in a land flowing with milk and honey, not merely in its festive character, but in its kindness to strangers, which is the glory of all lands.

"Yet among the numerous visitors whom the sight-seeing instincts of this age of locomotion have rendered familiar with the ancient seats of Scottish regality, how few know anything about the Queens who once held their courts within the now deserted walls of Dunfermline, Falkland, Linlithgow, and Stirling!—gems which, even in their desolation, are surviving monuments of the graceful tastes of their founders, and incline the musing antiquary, who realizes in fancy for a moment their pristine glory, to smite his breast and exclaim, 'Ichabod!' With the exception of Windsor Castle, England has certainly no vestige of palatial architecture which may compare with the royal homes of Scotland, of whose former tenants a few particulars may be no less acceptable to the sons and daughters of the land, than to the southern stranger who visits them.

"The Maiden Castle, sitting enthroned on her dun rock, the Acropolis of Edinburgh, at once a relic and a witness of the immutable Past, is full of memories of eventful scenes connected with Queens whose hearts would have leaped with exultation could their eyes have looked on such a vision of national prosperity as the bright New Town, with its gay streets, and shops full of costly merchandise; its spacious squares, crescents, and noble public buildings, rising on the outer *baltium* of that grim fortress whose base is now surrounded by green flowery gardens, for the joyance of a peace-loving generation. Mons Meg and her brethren have lost their vocation through the amended temper of the times, and hold sinecure

posts in silence—their destructive thunders being superseded by the din of the railway trains bringing hourly freights of wealth and wisdom to the good town of Edinburgh and its inhabitants.

* * * * *

"Many original royal letters will be embodied in these volumes, with facts and anecdotes carefully verified. Local traditions, not unworthy of attention, have been gathered in the desolate palaces and historic sites where every peasant is an oral chronicler, full of spirit-stirring recollections of the past. These are occasionally connected with themes which were the fountains whence Sir Walter Scott drew his inspiration for the chivalric poetry and romance which has rendered Scotland classic ground. The tastes of those who were the rising generation when the Waverley romances were the absorbing theme of interest in the literary world, have become matured. They require to have history rendered as agreeable without the mixture of fiction as with it; they desire to have it so written, without sacrificing truth to fastidiousness, that they may read it with their children, and that the whole family party shall be eager to resume the book when they gather round the work-table during the long winter evenings.

"Authors who feel as they ought to feel, should rejoice in seeing their productions capable of imparting pleasure to the simple as well as the refined; for a book which pleases only one grade of society may be fashionable, but cannot be called popular. That which interests peasants as well as peers, and is read with equal zest by children and parents, and is often seen in the hands of the operative classes, speaks to the heart in a language intelligible to a widely-extended circle of humanity, has written its own review, and needs no other."

In the last lines of these admirable observations, we doubt not Miss Strickland has, without intending it, foreshadowed the destiny of her own undertaking.

The work begins with the life of Margaret Tudor, daughter of Henry VII. of England, and married at the early age of fourteen to James IV., the heroic and brilliant King of Scotland. This choice, in many respects, was fortunate, as it commences with the period when the fortunes of the two kingdoms became closely interlaced, and with the princess whose marriage with James was the immediate cause of the union of the two crowns on the same head, and the placing of the Stuart, and through it of the Hanoverian family, on the British throne.

The first chapter is occupied with the details of the journey of the royal bride from London to Edinburgh, which was somewhat a more tedious and fatiguing undertaking than it is now when performed by her descendant Queen Victoria, for it took above *three weeks* to perform. The reception of the

youthful princess at York, Newcastle, and Durham, where she was met and attended by the whole nobility and gentry of the northern counties, who accompanied her on her progress northward on horseback, gives occasion for several faithful and animated pictures. Her first day's journey in Scotland, however, brought her into ruder scenery, characteristic of the stormy life which lay before her; and she rested the first night at *Fastcastle*, then a stronghold of the Home family, now belonging to Sir John Hall of Dunglass, which modern genius, under a feigned name, has done so much to celebrate.

"Fastcastle is no other than the veritable Wolf-Crag Tower, celebrated in Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor* as the abode of the Master of Ravenswood. It is seated on a lofty promontory, which commands the lonely indented bay of which St. Abb's Head forms the extreme point to the right, with the wild array of rifted rocks terminating in the Wolf-Crag, which soars high in mid-air above the fortress—black, gloomy, and inaccessible. The way by which the southern bride and her company reached this rugged resting-place lay across the Lammermuir, several miles of wild heath and treacherous bog, which no stranger might traverse in safety without guides well acquainted with the track. Before they entered on this pass, they had to descend a hill, which was so steep and precipitous that, even within the last century, it was customary for the passengers by the mail-coach between Berwick and Edinburgh to alight and cross it on foot, while the carriage was taken off the wheels and carried over by a relay of men, stationed on the spot for that purpose. Of course the roads were not better in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Fastcastle is approached by one or two descents and ascents of this kind, and is separated from the mainland by a cleft between the rocks, which has to be crossed by a natural bridge formed of a ledge of rock, without rail or guard, with the vexed billows boiling and thundering sixty feet below.

"When the young Tudor Queen made her passage across this Al Arat of the Caledonian coast, she had the German Ocean before her, which beats against the rocky battlements and defences with which the basement of the castle is surrounded. One of these masses resembles the upturned keel of a huge man-of-war, stranded among other fragments, which, like the relics of a former world, lay scattered at the foot of the precipice, with the wild breakers rushing through their clefts, forming a grand *jet-d'eau*, and tossing the light feathery foam on high. The larger rocks are the haunt of innumerable sea-birds. Fastcastle had formerly been the stronghold of some of those ferocious feudal pirates who may be regarded as the buccaneers of the Caledonian coast. Many a bloody deed had been perpetrated within its isolated and inaccessible circuit; but the festive solemnities and ceremonials that surrounded the

royal bride allowed no leisure or opportunity for whispers of the dark tales and romantic traditions connected with its history."

Hitherto the Tudor princess had not seen her royal lover. Their first interview, and his personal appearance, are described in these characteristic lines:—

"James entered the presence of Margaret Tudor with his hawking-lure flung over his shoulder, dressed simply in a velvet jacket; his hair and beard, curling naturally, were rather long, his complexion glowing from the manly exercise he had just been engaged in. He was the handsomest sovereign in Europe, the black eyes and hair of his elegant father James III., being softened in his resemblance to the blonde beauty of his Danish mother. Sir Walter Scott has drawn James IV.'s portrait *con amore*, and has not exaggerated the likeness—

'For hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye
His short curled beard and hair.
Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists;
And oh, he had that merry glance
Which seldom lady's heart resists.'

The young Queen met her royal lord at the doorway of her great chamber. The King of Scotland uncovered his head and made a deep obeisance to her, while she made a lowly reverence to him. He then took her hand and kissed her, and saluted all her ladies by kissing them. It was noticed that he welcomed the chivalric Earl of Surrey with especial cordiality.

"Then the King of Scotland took the Queen on one side, and they communed together for a long space. She held good manner, [was unembarrassed;] and the King remained bare-headed during the time they conversed, and many courtesies passed between them. *Incontinent* [immediately] the board was set and served. The King and Queen washed their hands with humble reverence, and after that set them down at table together."

The entry of the royal pair into Edinburgh is thus described; and it seems to have been attended with one remarkable and characteristic circumstance, for she rode behind her destined husband on the same horse:—

"Half way to Edinburgh, James IV. was seen advancing with his company. He was this time attired in grand costume. His steed was trapped with gold, and round its neck was a deep gold fringe; the saddle and harness were of gold, but the bridle and head-gear of burnished silver. The King wore a jacket of cloth of gold, lined and bordered with violet velvet and fine black bouge or budge fur; his waistcoat was of violet satin, his hoses of scarlet, his shirt confined with bands of pearl and rich stones; his spurs were

long and gilt. He rode towards the Queen in full course, at the pace at which the hare is hunted. On seeing her he made very humble obeisance, and, leaping down from his horse, he came and kissed her in her litter. Then mounting in his usual gallant fashion, without touching stirrup, a gentleman-usher unsheathed the sword of state, and bore it before his King in regal fashion. The Scottish sword was enclosed in a scabbard of purple velvet, whereon was written, in letters of pearl, *God my defende*. The like words are on the pommel, the cross, and the *chap* also. The earl of Bothwell bore this sword when the royal party reached Edinburgh town.

"The King placed himself by the Queen's litter, and passed all the time conversing with her and entertaining her as he rode by her side.

"Before they entered Edinburgh, one of the King's gentlemen brought out a fair courser, trapped in cloth of gold with crimson velvet, interlaced with white and red: the King went to the horse, mounted him without touching the stirrup in the presence of the whole company, then tried his paces—choosing to judge himself whether it was safe for his bride to ride on a pillion behind him, which was the mode in which he intended to enter the city.' Likewise he caused one of his gentlemen to mount behind him, as a lady would ride, to see whether the proud courser would submit to bear double or not.

"When he had concluded all his experiments, he decided that it was not proper to trust the safety of his bride to his favorite charger; 'so King James dismounted from him, and condescended to ride on the Queen's gentle palfrey. He mounted, and the Queen was placed on a pillion behind him."

The real tragedy and most interesting period of Margaret Tudor's life, is that which preceded and followed the fatal expedition to Flodden, to which the genius of Mr. Aytoun has lately added such additional interest in his exquisite ballads. Miss Strickland has also been strongly moved by the same catastrophe:—

"There are traditions still current in the neighborhood of the beautiful palatial ruin of Linlithgow, relative to her parting with James IV.

"Near the King's bed-chamber, and a beautiful little apartment overlooking the lake, supposed to be his dressing-room, is a turnpike stair, at the corner of the east side of the quadrangle erected by James IV. This leads to a lofty turret or mirador, called by popular tradition 'Queen Margaret's Bower.' It is surrounded by a stone bench or divan, and had once a small stone table in the centre. Here the Queen spent in tears the live-long summer's day on which her husband left her to march against England. Here, too, she is said to have passed 'the weary night of Flodden fight,' expecting news of the engagement, which came at last, but too soon.

"The fatal field of Flodden not only made Queen Margaret a widow, but rendered Scotland

desolate and almost desperate. All the hope that remained to the people of averting the fury of Henry VIII., and the cruelty of his successful general, centred solely in the Queen—being founded on the near relationship of herself and their infant King to the southern sovereign."

"The Queen convened such of the nobility as survived the red field of Flodden, to meet the clergy at Perth immediately. So prompt were all their proceedings, that the young King was crowned at Scone, near that city, within twenty days of his father's death. It was called the Mourning Coronation; for the ancient crown of Scotland being held over on the baby-brow of the royal infant, most of the witnesses and assistants of the ceremony burst into an 'infectious passion' of sobs and tears. They wept not only their own recent losses on the battle-field, but their late monarch, 'who was,' as Buchanan says, albeit no commander of Kings, 'dear to all men while living, and mightily lamented by his people at his death.'

"When the first agony of grief was abated at the loss of the King and the terrible slaughter of the best of the nobility and gentry who fought in the serried phalanx of spears about his person, the discovery was made by the Scottish people that no other injury was like to accrue from Flodden fight. It was, to all intents and purposes, one of those bad expenditures of human life called a drawn battle. Had it taken place on Scottish ground, it would have been reckoned another Bannockburn: the English must have retreated, (for they did so on their own ground,) and the Scots would have retained possession of the field. As it was, the English had the moral advantages of being an invaded people; and, as such, their success in making a great slaughter of those who were arrayed in battle on their soil, redounded more to their true glory than is the case in most great victories. But they did not purchase it easily. Stark and stiff as James IV. lay under heaps of slain, he kept possession of that well-stricken field. The despatch of Lord Dacre clearly proves that when the English left the field at nightfall, they were ignorant to whom the victory belonged. Then the Homes and other Border chieftains plundered the dead at their leisure; their countrymen strongly suspected that they slew their King, and turned the scale of victory against their countrymen. There is the more probability in this supposition when it is remembered how inflexible James IV. had maintained justice on his Borders—therefore he had honestly won the enmity of those rapacious septs.

"Lord Dacre made an excursion of observation, with a party of cavalry, in the morning after the battle of Flodden, to ascertain who possessed the field; he saw the King of Scotland's formidable train of brass cannon dominant over the scene, but mute and motionless; the artillerymen gone; the Scottish cannon and the silent dead were solely in possession of the battle-ground. The thickest heaps cumbered it on the spot where the royal James and his phalanx had fought; the breathless warriors lay just as death had left

them, for the marauding Borderers had not dared to pursue their occupation of stripping and plundering in the full light of day."

Queen Margaret, however, did not remain long inconsolable; she had too much of the disposition of her brother Henry VIII. in her to remain long without a husband; and she fixed her eye on a handsome youth, the Earl of Angus, whom she soon afterward married, to the no small annoyance of her brother and his subjects. Her marriage with him gave occasion to the following pleasing verses by Gawin Douglas, the uncle of the nobleman thus honored by the smiles of royalty:—

"Amidst them, borne within a golden chair,
O'er-fret with pearls and colors most preclair,
That drawn was by hackneys all milk-white,
Was set a queen as lily sweetly fair,
In purple robe, hemmed with gold ilkwhere;
With gemmed clasp closed in all perfite,
A diadem most pleasantly polite
Sate on the tresses of her golden hair,
And in her hand a sceptre of delight.

So next her rode, in grannate-violet,
Twelve damsels, ilka ane on their estate,
Which seemed of her counsel most secrete;
And next them was a lusty rout, God wot!
Lords, ladies, and full many a fair prelate,
Both born of low estate and high degree,
Forth with their queen they all by-passed me,
At easy pace—they riding forth the gate,
And I abode alone within the tree."

Margaret's life, after her second marriage, was a series of adventures and disasters, partly occasioned by the turbulent spirit and endless disorders of the times, partly by her own passions. She was a true Tudor in her disposition. Like her brother, "she spared no man in her lust, and no woman in her hate." When she died, at the age of forty-eight, she had already married four husbands, of whom *three were still alive*. She divorced, not beheaded, when she was tired of her lovers: in that respect she was better than Henry. By the second of these husbands, she had a daughter, named Margaret, whose birth took place in the following circumstances, characteristic alike of the age and country.

"The welcome message of Dacre arrived at Coldstream almost in the last minute that Queen Margaret could be moved. So desperately ill was she taken on the road, that her convoy were forced to stop by the way, and hurry her into Harbottle or Hardbattle Castle, one of the grimmiest and gauntest stone-dungeons that frowned on the English frontier. It was just then garri- soned by Lord Dacre in person, who had com-

menced the fierce war on the Borders to which the arrival of the Duke of Albany in Scotland had given rise. The portcullis of Harbottle was raised to admit the fainting Queen of Scotland; but not one Scot, man or woman, Lord Dacre vowed, should enter with her. Here was a terrible situation for Margaret. She was received into the rugged Border-fortress, October 5, and, after remaining in mortal agony for more than forty-eight hours, gave birth to a daughter, the Lady Margaret Douglas, whose name is familiar to every one on the pages of general history, as the immediate ancestress of our present royal family."

The death of Margaret Tudor suggests the following reflections to our author, the justice and beauty of which makes us regret that she does not more frequently speak in her own person, instead of the quaint style of ancient annalists.

"Some of Margaret Tudor's mistakes in the government, it is possible, may be attributed to, the fact that she is the first instance that occurs since Christianity was established in the island, of regnant power being confided to the hands of a woman who was expected to reign as *femme seule*. She had no education, scarcely any religion, and was guided entirely by her instincts, which were not of an elevated character. Her misdeeds, and the misfortunes attributable to her personal conduct, gave rise to most of the terrible calamities which befell her descendants. Some persons among the aristocracy of Scotland followed her evil example of divorce, which caused long and angry litigation concerning the birth-rights of their descendants. The fearful feud between the houses of Arran and Darnley-Stuart was of this kind, which deeply involved the prosperity of her grand-daughter, Mary Queen of Scots. And that hapless Princess was likewise marked as a victim by the cold and crafty Ruthven, on account of his family interests being affected by Queen Margaret's marriages and divorces.

"A succession of tragedies, for three generations, was the consequence of Margaret Tudor's indulgence of her selfish passions. Nor are the woes attendant on contempt of the divine institution of marriage limited to the great ones of the earth. Many a domestic tragedy, though shrouded in the obscurity of every-day life, may be traced to the same cause. Sorrow enters with sin; it desolates the peace of home; and unoffending children suffer for the evil of their parents, whenever persons are found to break, either by wilful passions or litigious contest, the earliest law given by the Almighty."

The second Life in the volume is that of Magdalene of Valois, the beautiful first Queen of James V., the brevity of whose reign of *forty days* in Scotland was the subject of such lamentation to the country. James went to Paris, in the true spirit of chivalry, to choose and win a Queen in per-

son; and after a rapid and somewhat discreditable homage to Mary of Vendôme, on the banks of the Loire, his inconstant affections were at length fixed by Magdalene, daughter of Francis I., whom he soon after married, and who became his much-loved but short-lived Queen. Their entrance into Scotland is thus described:—

"The royal voyagers made the port of Leith-Saturday, May 19, being the fifth day from their embarkation, and Whitsun-eve. They landed at the pier amidst the acclamations of a mixed multitude of loving lieges of all degrees, who came to welcome their sovereign home, and to see their new Queen. Magdalene endeared herself for ever to the affections of the people by the sensibility she manifested on that occasion; for when 'she first stepped on Scottish ground, she knelt, and, bowing herself down, kissed the moulds thereof for the love she bore the King, returned thanks to God for having brought the King and her safely through the seas, and prayed for the happiness of the country.' This was indeed entering upon her high vocation, not like the cold state puppet of a public pageant, but in the spirit of a queen who felt and understood the relation in which she stood both to the King and people of that realm. A touching sight it must have been to those who saw that young royal bride thus obey the warm impulse of a heart overflowing with gratitude to God, and love to all she then looked upon. The venerable Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount, and other contemporary poets, who were so soon to hang elegiac wreaths of mournful verse on the early bier of her who then stood among them in her fragile and almost unearthly loveliness, radiant with hope, and joy, and happy love, called her 'the pleasant Magdalene,' and 'the sweet Flower of France.'

"King James blithely conducted his Queen to his palace of Holyrood; and, to increase the universal satisfaction which her appearance and manners had given, the auspicious news quickly spread through Edinburgh, that she was likely to bring an heir to Scotland. Great were the rejoicings in consequence. The ancient prediction 'that the French wife should bring a child the ninth in degree from the left side of the stem of Bruce, that should rule England and Scotland from sea to sea,' was revived, in anticipation of the offspring of James V. of Scotland by Magdalene of France, although it would only have been the eighth in descent from that illustrious stock."

Her premature and lamented death is recorded in these feeling paragraphs:—

"The early death of Magdalene was not only a misfortune to her royal husband, but a serious loss to Scotland, and even to Christendom, on account of the enlightened views she had received on the all-important subject of religion. Brantôme tells us that 'she was very deeply regretted not only by James V. but by all his people, for she was very good, and knew how to make herself truly beloved. She had a great

mind, and was most wise and virtuous.' The first general mourning ever known in Scotland was worn for her, and her obsequies were solemnized with the greatest manifestation of sorrow of which that nation had ever been participant. The lamentations for the premature death of this youthful Queen, and the hopes that perished with her of an heir of Scotland, appear to have been of a similar character to the passionate and universal burst of national sorrow which, in the present century, pervaded all hearts in the Britannic empire, for the loss of the noble-minded Princess Charlotte of Wales and her infant.

"How many hopes were borne upon thy bier,
O stricken bride of love!"

"The epitaph of this lamented Queen was written by Buchanan in elegant Latin verse, of which the following is a translation:—

"MAGDALENE OF VALOIS, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND,
DIED IN THE XVI YEAR OF HER AGE.

"I was a royal wife, from monarchs sprung,
A sovereign's daughter, and in hope to be
The royal mother of a regal line;
But lest my glory should exceed the height
Of mortal honor, Death's invidious dart
Hath laid me in my morning freshness here.
Nature and virtue, glory, life, and death,
Strove to express in me their utmost power.
Nature gave beauty; virtue made me good;
Relentless death o'er life too soon prevail'd.
But my fair fame shall flourish evermore,
To compensate for that brief mortal span
By lasting meed of universal praise."

Mary of Lorraine, daughter of the great Duke of Guise, and a lineal descendant of Charlemagne, was the second Queen of James V.: she is peculiarly interesting, as her daughter was Queen Mary; and she was the ancestress of our present illustrious sovereign. We have room only, however, for one extract:—

"Let us," says an eloquent French writer of the present day, 'enter the grand gallery of the Chateau d'Eu, and contemplate the noble portraits of the line of Guise. There we shall view that old Claud of Lorraine, clad in his heavy cuirass, bearing his long sword, first dyed in blood at Marignan, having for his cortege and companions his six glorious sons; then we shall see Francis of Lorraine, rival of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and conqueror of Calais; near him that Cardinal of Lorraine, eloquent as an orator, gallant and magnificent as a prince, yet an ambitious and cruel priest. And there is the grandchild of Duke Claud, Mary Stuart, angel of grief and poesy, whose charming head bore a crown-regnant, and yet fell beneath the axe of the executioner.'

"The Duke and Duchess of Longueville were both present at the bridal of James V. and Magdalene of France. Little did the Duchess imagine, when she, as the wife of the representative

of the brave Dunois, and the eldest daughter of the house of Guise-Lorraine, proudly took high place among the great ladies of France, near the person of the royal bride, that the crown-matrimonial of Scotland—never to be worn by her on whose finger she saw the enamored bridegroom place the nuptial ring—was destined to encircle her own brow. Far less could she have believed, even if it had been predicted to her, that from her union with that Prince should proceed a line of sovereigns who would reign not only over the Britannic isles from sea to sea, but whose empire, far exceeding that of her mighty ancestor Charlemagne, should extend over India, a considerable section of America, and include vast portions of the habitable globe whose existence was then unknown. Before the anniversary returned of the day that witnessed the nuptials of James and Magdalene, all these apparently impossible events were in an active state of progression."

Miss Strickland has announced in her Preface that two volumes are to be devoted by her to the life of Queen Mary; and that great light has been thrown upon that interesting subject by the important original letters which Prince Labanoff's recent researches and publication have brought to light. We look with impatience for the fulfilment of the promise; for, although nothing can exceed in pathos and interest Mr. Tytler's entrancing account of the captivity and death of that celebrated and heroic princess, yet we are well aware that much light has since his time been thrown on the subject, by the zealous labors of chivalrous antiquaries. That she may succeed in vindicating her memory from much of the obloquy which, despite her many great and noble qualities, and matchless charms of person and manner, still oppresses it, is, we need hardly say, our most anxious wish; and if any one can do it, it is herself. But we confess we have little expectation that it is possible even for her chivalrous mind and untiring industry to effect the object. Our present view of this interesting question is as follows:—The strength of the case against Queen Mary during her reign in Scotland, is such that it remains much the same upon the admitted and incontestible facts of history, though all the disputed points were decided in her favor. No original letters of hers, or others which can be produced—no complete disproof of those which were charged, we believe falsely and treacherously, against her, can do away with her *acts*, whatever light they may throw upon her motives, or the unparalleled network of treachery, selfishness, and duplicity, with which she was surrounded. Can it be reasonably hoped that any subsequent effort of industry or

ability will be able to do more for Queen Mary's memory than has been done by her gifted dramatic biographer Schiller, who, in the awful scene of her last confession to the priest in the prison, immediately before being conducted to the block, makes her admit her failings in the indulgence of undue hatred against some, and impassioned love to others; and recount, with sincerity, her stings of conscience for having permitted the king, her husband, to be put to death, and thereafter loaded with favors and bestowed her hand on the party charged with his murder? It is hopeless to deny the magnitude of these delinquencies, though men, at least, should view them with an indulgent eye; for they arose, as Schiller makes her say, on that dread occasion, from the self-forgetfulness and generous feelings which led her to trust in a sex by whom she was forsaken and betrayed.* Such is our present view of the case; but we have every confidence in Miss Strickland's powers and research, and shall impatiently await the new light she will doubtless throw on that most fascinating and tragic of all biographies.

The truth appears to be, that Mary was a mixed character; no uncommon thing in every age, and especially so in that disastrous and profligate one in which Mary's lot was cast. She was as charming and heroic as her most impassioned advocates would represent, and as impassioned, and in one matter guilty, as her worst enemies allege. Her virtues, however, were her own: her delinquencies, of the religion in which she had been bred, and the age in which she lived. It was the age, and she had been bred in the court, which witnessed the successive murders of the Duke of Guise and the Admiral Coligni at the court of France; the Massacre of St. Bartholomew by a French king, and the fires of Smithfield lighted by an English queen. To one period, and that the most interesting of her life, unmixed praise may be given. From the day of her landing in England, her conduct was one of dignity, innocence, and heroism; and if her previous life was stained by the imputation of having permitted one murder suggested to herself

* "Ach! nicht durch Hass allein, durch sund'ge Liebe
Noch mehr hab' Ich höchste Gott beleidigt.
Das Eitle Herz ward zudem Mann gezogen,
Der treulos mich verlassen und betrogen."

"Ah! not through hatred only, but still more
through sinful love, have I offended Almighty God!
My tender heart was too strongly drawn to man,
by whose faithlessness I have been forsaken and
betrayed."—*Maria Stuart*, Act v. scene 7.

by despair, and recommended by others from profligacy, she expiated it by being the victim of another, suggested by jealousy, executed by rancor, and directly ordered by a cruel relative and a vindictive rival.

If there is any blemish in the very interesting volume, of which our limits will only permit a more cursory notice than its high merits deserve, it is to be found in the too frequent use of quotations from old authorities or original letters *in the text*, and the mosaic-like appearance which is often given to her pages, by the introduction of quaint and antiquated expressions drawn from contemporary writers in the body of the narrative. We are well aware of the motive which has led to this, and we respect it as it deserves; it arises from the wish to be accurate and trustworthy, the anxious desire to make her *Lives* a faithful transcript of the times—to exhibit their very “form and pressure.” The object was good, the desire was laudable; but it is quite possible to be carried too far, even in working out the most praiseworthy principle. Long accounts of dresses, decorations, and processions; entries of expenses in Treasurers’ accounts; even original letters, unless on very particular occasions, are the mate-

rials of biography, but they are not biography itself. It is *living* character, not still life, which we desire to see delineated: the latter is the frame of the picture, but it is not the picture itself. Such curious details are characteristic, generally amusing, often interesting; but they, in general, do better in foot notes than in the body of the narrative. We must admit, however, that Miss Strickland has exhibited equal judgment and skill in the manner in which she has *fitted in* those contemporary extracts into the body of the narrative, and the selection she has made of such as are most curious and characteristic of the times. By many, we are well aware, they will be considered as not the least interesting part of her very interesting volumes. It is the principle of introducing them in the *text* that we wish her to reconsider. Unity of composition is not less essential to the higher productions of art, in history or biography, than in painting or the drama; and Miss Strickland writes so powerfully, and paints so beautifully, that we cannot but often regret when we lose the thread of her flowing narrative, to make way for extracts from a quaint annalist, or entries from the accounts of a long-forgotten exchequer.

From Fraser's Magazine.

DANTE.

ERE blasts from northern lands
Had covered Italy with barren sands,
Rome's Genius, smitten sore,
Wail'd on the Danube, and was heard no more.
Centuries twice seven had past
And crush'd Etruria rais'd her head at last.
A mightier Power she saw,
Poet and prophet, give three worlds the law.
When Dante's strength arose,
Fraud met aghast the boldest of her foes;
Religion, sick to death,
Lookt doubtful up, and drew in pain her breath.
Both to one grave are gone;
Altars still smoke, still is the God unknown.
Haste, whoso from above
Comest with purer fire and larger love,
Quenchest the Stygian torch,
And ledest from the *Garden* and the *Porch*,
Where gales breathe fresh and free,
And where a Grace is call'd a Charity,
To Him, the God of peace,
Who bids all discord in his household cease . .
Bids it, and bids again,
But to the purple-vested speaks in vain.
Crying, “Can this be borne!”
The consecrated wine-skins creak with scorn;
While, leaving tumult there,
To quiet idols young and old repair,
In places where is light
To lighten day . . and dark to darken night.

From the Edinburgh Review.

LIFE AND POETRY OF TASSO.

IN the second part of *Faust*, the wand of Mephistopheles waves over the palace of Menelaus; the Atreid halls, the choral and sacrificial trains, and Helen and her captive handmaidens, dislimn into the billowy mists that descend upon the valley of the Eurotas. In the next act of the mystic drama, the Cyclopean palace, the captives and the choir, the victims and the priest, and all the accompaniments of the old ethnic life, have vanished, and Helen alone survives, beloved by a Gothic paladin, and surrounded with the pomp of feudal chivalry. The spirit of beauty survives the dismemberment of empires; and Art, having accomplished its ethnic cycle, informs the fresh and lusty youth of mediæval Christendom. The apologue of the poet, if such be its interpretation, was realized in the history of Italy. Rome had fallen with not less dismay and perplexity of nations than the Babylon of apocalyptic vision. There was a new earth; and tribes unknown to the Cæsars inhabited it. A carpet of desolation was spread over the fairest provinces of the empire. The sacred fire of Vesta was quenched for ever; the augurs could "no more divine;" the pontiff and the silent virgin no longer ascended the stairs of the Capitol; the seventh of the Etruscan years had passed away; the city of Quirinus was governed by an unwarlike priest, and professed obedience to a German Cæsar. Of the seven hills of Rome, five were as solitary as when the Arcadian Evander, according to the legend, raised the shrine of Hercules on Mount Palatine. And around the walls of Rome, from the lake of Bolseno to the Liris, stretched wide and monotonous wastes of heath and woodland, so that he who approached the capital from Naples or from Siena, seemed to himself to be entering a city of the dead. But in the 16th century of the Christian era, beyond the boundaries of the Papal States, the northern and southern provinces of the Italian peninsula were thickly set with fair and flourishing cities. Somewhat of their original lustre had indeed passed away; for already, like the Rome of Augustus, the Italian re-

publics had exchanged their turbulent freedom for a brilliant and, in some cases, a rigid despotism. Venice, Genoa, and Florence, however, still retained much of the vigor and alacrity of liberty, and surpassed all the capitals of transalpine Europe in the extent of their commerce, in refinement of manners, and in the cultivation of learning and the arts. The lonely majesty of Rome had been more imposing; but the vitality of the Italian communities penetrated deeper, and was impregnated with principles more generally conducive to the progress of mankind. It might have seemed as if the twenty-four cities of Etruria had revived again, and Magna Græcia had risen from the dust and ashes of decay and invasion. The Helen of the ancient peninsula, to resume for a moment Göthe's symbol, had bequeathed her single cestus to a group of younger and more blooming nymphs.

Of the cities which inherited her rich bequest, none, in the sixteenth century, was more flourishing than Ferrara. The princes of Este, who held by right or by usurpation the helm of government, were derived by genealogists from the Trojan Atys or Astyanax—from which of the two they are not agreed—and probably descended, in reality, from a Lombard margrave who, under the Carolingian sovereigns, governed the northern provinces of Italy. A succession of fortunate marriages aggrandized the progeny of Astyanax as well as the family of Rudolph of Hapsburg; and a series of skillful intrigues had combined with their noble and royal alliances to render the Ferrarese princes conspicuous among the ducal sovereigns of the peninsula. At that period, no Italian city, except Florence, could compete with Ferrara in wealth, splendor, or luxury; and the lords of Este had always affected to court the friendship of men of learning and genius. Their patronage, indeed, was not always judicious or even liberal. They at times mistook a Mævius for a Maro. The salaries they gave and the homage they exacted were often in an inverse ratio to each other; and

in his poor wardenship of Graffagnana, even the good-humored Ariosto murmured at the scanty guerdon afforded him by the first Alphonso. Poets and artists, nevertheless, flocked to the provincial capital; and, if they were generally disappointed, the court itself was brilliant; and an eager, although not always a generous, rivalry among the dependent wits rendered the intellectual harvest unusually prolific.

It was towards the close of autumn, in the year 1565, that Torquato Tasso arrived at the court of Ferrara. We mark this epoch as the crisis of his fortunes; but, before rushing at once into the midst of his dramatic story, we must briefly glance at his previous career. Bernardo Tasso, his father, who is still remembered because his son is still illustrious, was himself one of the most conspicuous and unfortunate persons of his age. He was a politician unlucky in the choice of his party, a client unlucky in the choice of his patrons, and a poet unlucky in the choice of a theme. Accordingly, his patrimony was confiscated, he died in exile, his wife was widowed by separation from him long ere death released her from sorrow, and when his epic "*Amadigi*," the labor of a life, was published, it fell almost still-born from the press. He was, however, a man of a sanguine and generous temper; and he continued to write verses to his dying day. His patrons wearied of him, yet he persisted in soliciting their favor; his son's "*Rinaldo*" eclipsed the paternal "*Amadigi*;" and the good Bernardo expired in the faith that the House of Tasso had produced two immortal poets.

Could the sanguine Bernardo have, for a moment, lifted the veil from Torquato's destiny, he might indeed have exulted in his son's posthumous renown: but he must have recoiled from the dreary prospect of his earthly pilgrimage. Poets, as a class, have had their full share of the original malediction. "*Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail*," fill up their category of griefs. Of the "*importuna è grave salma*" of life, Tasso endured more than even a poet's portion: and the burden was, in his case, aggravated by an irritable organization and by sensibilities unusually morbid. The woes of his contemporary Spenser fell upon the great Elizabethan allegorist with the evening shadows of life: the agony of Chatterton was brief; the madness of Collins and Cowper admitted of physical or domestic alleviations; the "*pard-like spirit*" of Shelley consoled itself with dreams of human perfectibility; the blindness of Milton was cheered by the thought that

"all Europe rang from side to side" with the burning words of his defence of the people of England; and Dante's exile was lightened by the assurance that the dooms of his "*sacred poem*" would be ratified by generations which knew neither Guelf nor Ghibeline. But Tasso was the dupe of to-morrow even from a child. His father's restoration to home and honor was the subject of perpetual hope and perpetual disappointment. For twelve years, like the orphan whom Homer, in some of his most touching verses, describes as the prey and mockery of unjust kinsmen and corrupt judges, his patrimony was invaded by litigants, or withheld by the Neapolitan government. From his twelfth year to his nineteenth, he shared the restless exile of Bernardo; and from his twentieth year to his death, he experienced, with few intermissions, the coldness of friends, the bitterness of foes, the jealousy of rivals, and the caprice of princes. During his agitated life his only havens of rest were his early childhood and his death-bed. All the interim was like Christian's passage through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, in Bunyan's vision. Without were fightings, within were fears. On the one hand were penury and exile, and frequent partings from those he loved; on the other were jealousies and terrors, the lazaret-house, and the mad-house. In the reckoning of the calendar, he died at the age of fifty-one; but his infelicities might have filled a Platonic year, for they comprised all griefs which

"On the purest spirit prey,
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense."

It is unnecessary for us, even if our limits would permit our doing so, to describe minutely the events of Tasso's life. For the English reader, besides Mr. R. Milman's interesting volumes, there is a biography of the poet, in two 4to. volumes, by Dr. Black; while the sketches by Muratori, Tiraboschi, Ginguéné, and Sismondi, leave the student of Italian literature little to desire. The sentiments and opinions of Tasso himself can only be gathered from his numerous critical and epistolary writings, and from the study of his lyrical poems; which, far more than his better-known "*Gierusalemme*" and "*Amin-ta*," reveal the strength and the weaknesses of his character. The common sources of the general biographies are, the work of Manso, Marquis della Villa, and that of the Abate Serassi. The friendship and the hexameters of Milton have rendered the name

of Manso at once familiar and "musical to English ears." He was the contemporary and most generous friend of the much-suffering poet. Serassi was a philologist and biographer of the last century, and in some respects better qualified than the noble marquis for the office they undertook; since he was intimately acquainted with Tasso's works and with every record of his career. Yet the two biographers do not merely differ materially from one another; each has disqualifications peculiarly his own, which prevent him from being a complete chronicler. Manso would seem to have derived most of his information from Tasso himself; but at a time when the poet's mind, and perhaps his memory also, had been unhinged and impaired by his overwhelming calamities. Manso did not write, at least he did not publish his record, until some years after the poet's decease; and his memoir is accordingly rather a series of recollections than a regular biography. Serassi far surpasses Manso in the abundance and accuracy of his materials. But Gurth was not more the bounden-thrall of the Saxon Cedric, than the Abate was, in his prejudices at least, the servant of the House of Este. He contradicts Manso with or without reason; "gainsaying," says Ginguene, "and not refuting facts, which could neither have been forged by Tasso, nor imagined by Manso." The particular inducements to Serassi's partiality are obvious. His work is dedicated to Maria Beatrice of Este, the wife of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria; and in whatever relates to the conduct of her ancestor Alphonso, or to the honor of the house of Este, the courtly biographer prefers "Plato to truth." Professor Rosini suspects the Abate, and not without reason, of neglecting or suppressing all documents or allusions in the least degree unfavorable to the princes of Ferrara. Dr. Black, on the other hand, has far too often taken Serassi's view; so that Mr. R. Milman, in vindicating Tasso, has discharged a pious office, for which all lovers of worth and genius will feel themselves his debtors.

Cities have contended for the honor of having given Torquato Tasso to the world. It was not, indeed, a controversy for the honor of his birth, since the claims of Sorrento are beyond dispute. But it was a controversy for the distinction of having contributed the most to the formation of his genius,—and so far it was a nobler strife than that of the candidates for the birth-place of Homer. Sorrento was a cradle befitting the future poet of the gardens of Armida. "It

is so pleasant and delightful," says Bernardo Tasso, "that the poets feigned it to be the dwelling of the sirens." They still show the chamber in which Torquato was born. But envy, which is of all countries, has affirmed not only that the cottage at Stratford-upon-Avon was never Shakspeare's property, but also that Tasso's birth-chamber has long since been at the bottom of the Mediterranean. Like Horace's, his childhood was distinguished by signs and wonders. The peasants of Bante and Acherontia pointed out to strangers "the marvellous boy whom wood-pigeons had covered with leaves, and the black viper and prowling bear had left unharmed." "Ere six months had passed over the infant Tasso, he began," says Manso, "not merely to move his tongue, but to speak clearly and fluently"—a prodigy the more memorable, since in after-years he suffered from an impediment in his speech. He would have gratified all the wishes of old Cornelius Scriblerus, if what this biographer further relates be true, that "in his babyhood he was never seen to smile, as other children do, and seldom even to cry." The legend which his friend so unsuspiciously adopts, indicates the impression made by him in his riper years. He was doubtless a grave man. His was the earnest expression which looks out of Titian's portraits, and which is stamped on the brow of so many of our native poets. The scenes of his education were as various as might be expected in an exile's son. He received the first rudiments of instruction at Naples. His boyhood was disciplined in Rome. Bologna and Padua accomplished the scholar, and Ferrara the courtier. His progress in learning was extraordinary: his ardor and diligence almost incredible. He would often rise to study in the depth of night; and he never let the day surprise him in bed. The good Jesuits of Naples marvelled at their apt and towardly pupil: Maurizio Cataneo, "the first master in all Italy," was equally charmed with his proficiency, and when, at the age of seventeen years, he was entered at the University of Padua, the eyes of the learned were turned upon him.

The fathers of poets seem one and all to have resolved that their sons should be lawyers; and Ovid, Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Ariosto, had all alike "penned stanzas" when as dutiful sons they should have been "engrossing." The sires of these distinguished writers might have pleaded an excuse for their mistake, which, however, would not avail the poetic Bernardo. They had never lisped in numbers, whereas the elder Tasso

had been a rhymester all his life, and might have been supposed capable of entering into his son's prejudices against Trebonian and Cujacius. The legal studies of Torquato were neither more nor less successful than had been those of Ovid or Petrarch. He bewailed in smooth couplets his evil destiny; he groaned, after the approved fashion, over glosses "*de aqua arcendâ*" and "*de stillicidio*;" but after all, says his recent biographer, "he had no very great reason to complain so piteously, for he had passed a year at Padua in supposed attendance on the law lectures of the professors, and at the end of that period had produced—an epic poem!"

Of the student-life of Athens, when Bibulus and Horace were learning the properties of curves and angles, we can only form a wide conjecture. Two centuries later, indeed, we know that the Atheian professors and undergraduates banded themselves in class-rooms and nations, and that occasionally the military were called in from Corinth to keep the peace. The lecturers and students of Padua in the sixteenth century presented a very similar spectacle. That city was, at the time of Tasso's matriculation, the most brilliant and perhaps the most turbulent of Italian universities. In medicine it had always been pre-eminent; and in all studies, except theology, it had outstripped Bologna. Guido Panciroli was lecturing on civil law; Sigonio and Robortello on classical literature and grammar; Danese Cataneo and Cesare Pavese on poetry and polite letters. But these professors were for the most part angry and jealous rivals, and were surrounded by eager and combative disciples. The streets and taverns rang with "*barbara*," and "*baralipion*;" and Aristotle and Aquinas were often driven from the field by club and dagger.

Tasso entered the university with a high reputation for chivalrous as well as scholastic accomplishments. Maurizio Cataneo was equally a master of arts and of his rapier; and, together with grammar and philosophy, he had taught his pupil to ride and fence. Tasso was then only seventeen years old; but his lofty stature, his grave demeanor, his early troubles and his unusual learning, made him appear considerably older. The publication of his "*Rinaldo*" greatly extended his renown. It is little read now; and but for the "*Gierusalemme*" would be forgotten; yet it is a wonderful composition for a youth of eighteen. The earlier as well as the later epic of Tasso, displays the preponderance of the critical over the imaginative faculties.

His judgment and sensibilities transcended his conceptive powers. He has written a better poem than Ariosto, but he was far inferior as a poet. Nothing can well be less epic than the "*Gierusalemme*"—except the *Æneid*. No narrative poem, on the other hand, if we except the earliest and noblest of the class, the Homeric Epos, is so skillfully connected, or so little tedious, as a whole, as the Jerusalem Delivered. But we are sliding into criticism, instead of tracing the course of Tasso's fortunes.

His name, his accomplishments, and his poem procured for him many friendships at Padua, which served to spread his reputation at the time, and were useful to him in his subsequent calamities. His most distinguished associates were the future cardinals Annibale di Capua and Scipione Gonzaga. Tasso's university career was, however, as unsettled as his school-days had been, and as his dependence at court was destined to become. At the commencement of his second year's residence at Padua, a professional squabble caused him to migrate to Bologna. The following extract from Mr. R. Milman's pages will illustrate a "*gown-row*" of the Italians in 1562.

"Sigonio and Robortello, professors of the Greek and Latin 'humanities,' entertained a long-standing jealousy of one another. Mutual recriminations and accusations had long flown to and fro between them. No sooner did either commence lecturing on any subject than the other immediately started a rival course. Sigonio having begun to expound Aristotle's '*Poetics*,' with great elegance and eloquence, Robortello opened his antagonist school, but not with equal success. '*Inde Iræ*'—for the latter, being a fiery and violent man, took every opportunity of insulting Sigonio, who was of a meeker and more patient disposition. Their respective disciples participated in their masters' jealousies, exasperated their mutual indignation, and joined in the taunts and reproaches which they hurled at one another, even in public. One day, meeting in the street, they came to blows, and in the tumult Sigonio was gashed in the face with a poniard, and otherwise maltreated. Fearful of worse injury and desirous of peace, he migrated to Bologna, and Pendasio, another famous lecturer, and other parties with him."

Piso Donato Cesi, Bishop of Narni, had been appointed governor of Bologna by Pope Pius IV. He had rebuilt the collegiate schools and halls, and was inviting the learned, as well Ultra-montan as Italian, to repair to the city and revive the glories of the university. Among the scholars so invited was the youthful Tasso, and the Bishop of Narni's letter seems to have nearly synchronized with

the Sigonian "row." The compliment thus paid him, and the wrongs and migration of a respected tutor, determined him to quit Padua.

He did not remain long at Bologna. But his residence there was marked by two events in his literary life, the one characteristic of his early proficiency and renown; the other, an event of permanent interest to the world. Although only nineteen years of age at the time of his migration, Tasso was appointed a public lecturer at Bologna; and his "Dialogues on Heroic Poetry," as we now read them, are the expansion of his course of lectures on the same theme. At Bologna also he began and completed the first three cantos of his "Gierusalemme." The fame of his poem was almost coeval with its conception. Bolognetti, when he saw this beginning, and heard the whole plan from the lips of the young author, is said to have exclaimed, in the words of Propertius,

"Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii,
Nescio-quid majus nascitur Iliade."

"It is marvellous," observes Serassi, as cited by Mr. R. Milman, "that among the hundred and sixteen stanzas of which this commencement consists, many of the most beautiful in that portion of his poem are to be found, although his later and more finished taste made him change the greater part of the sketch, and exceedingly improve the order of the story, the sublimity of the conceptions, and the beauty of the diction." The most seemingly careless and the most obviously elaborate of the great narrative poets resemble one another in this respect. The *pentimentos* in Ariosto's manuscript are numberless; Spenser and Camoens were discontented even with their third or fourth amendments, and the shapely Pallas of Torquato's brain was slowly modelled and painfully refined, until few of its original lineaments remained unaltered.

The wrongs done to his tutor had caused him to leave Padua; he quitted Bologna on account of an insult offered to himself. A squib reflecting on the tutors, Heads of Houses, and principal citizens, was imputed, although it would seem unjustly, to Tasso. During a temporary absence from his rooms, the university beadle was ordered to seize his papers and carry them to "the judge of the place, one Marcantonio Arresio, by whom they were strictly and unceremoniously overlooked." Tasso was acquitted of all art or part in the unlucky pasquinade; but he was

so seriously offended by the insult, that, after writing a letter of indignant justification to the Bishop of Narni, he quitted Bologna, and, finally, on the solicitations of Scipione Gonzaga, returned to Padua. His next removal was apparently to high fortune, or at least to a fair vantage-ground of honors and wealth. It was really the most disastrous step of his life. At the age of twenty Torquato probably viewed his introduction at the court of Ferrara through the most roseate tints of youthful hope. At the age of fifty, and in his communications with Manso, he drew a picture of his suit and service under Alphonso, in all the colors of a transcendental sorrow,

"—— as some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse."

Our limits do not admit of our tracing the progress of Tasso's misfortunes at the court of Ferrara. Our information, indeed, in spite of the labors of so many biographers, is very unsatisfactory. We do not know whether he loved or was beloved by Leonora; or whether he preferred or was preferred by Lucretia; or whether one or both of the Ladies of Este were poetical impersonations of that metaphysical passion which poets, and Italian poets especially, seem to have held it their duty to entertain. Neither are we informed of the offence which Alphonso so cruelly avenged. On this point, as on so many others connected with Tasso, neither Manso nor Serassi can be implicitly trusted. The complexion of the Italian courts was eminently jealous; the tenure of court-favor amid so many ambitious patrons and so many anxious suitors was more than commonly precarious. We know, indeed, that the young poet had enemies, and among them one that might and did probably poison the ducal ear against him,—Giambattista Pigna, the private secretary of Alphonso. It appears, also, that either the Este family were capricious in their favors, or that Tasso himself was too incautious or too irritable for a courtier. Before he incurred the wrath of the Duke, he had displeased, or fancied he had displeased, the Cardinal d'Este. Of this enigma, which is as inextricable as the cause of Ovid's banishment to Tomi, only two points are clear,—that no indiscretion on the part of Tasso can have merited torments in comparison with which 'Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel' are ordinary penalties; and that whatever may have been Alphonso's injuries or suspicions, his fell and

ingenious vengeance stands high on the register of history's darkest crimes.

At first, and for some time after Tasso's arrival at Ferrara, "all went merry as a marriage bell." The Duke took much notice of him, and expressed deep interest in the progress of his epic. He accorded to him the privilege—in that ceremonious and heraldic age a high one—of dining at the *tavola ordinaria*, the daily dinner-table of the princes themselves. On Tasso's return from France, and even after the cooling of Luigi d'Este's favor, Alphonso appointed him one of his gentlemen, with a monthly salary of about fifteen golden crowns, and a special exemption from any particular duties, in order that he might have leisure for his studies and for the completion of his great work. The society of the Ladies of Este must have constituted, however, the halcyon-calm of his life. In their society he was restored to the soothing and graceful influences of which he had been deprived from the time that, in his twelfth year, he bade his last farewell to his mother Porzia de' Rossi. In this respect alone he was more fortunate than the most favored poet or wit in the circles of Cæsar and Mæcenas. The learned ladies of Rome, the Lælias and Cornelias, were the virtuous matrons of the Commonwealth. The intriguing Livia, the Julius and Terentias, were more witty than intellectual, and as licentious as they were witty. A metaphysical amour would have been incomprehensible to Horace; and, had so strange a phenomenon been possible at Rome, it would only have furnished him a hint for another satire. Laura, Beatrice, and Leonora are the creations of a Christian and chivalrous era. The princesses of Este were among the most accomplished women of the age; and in that age—when modern literature had as yet produced few of its master-works—an accomplished woman was also a learned one. They were versed in Latin and Greek, as well as their native literature; they were both of them excellent musicians; studious in every art and science; and attached to the society of the learned. Torquato was perhaps a dangerous companion for ladies so gifted. He was in the prime of youth. He was strikingly handsome. He excelled in all manly exercises. He had the scholar's melancholy. He sang well. He was sincere, earnest, and courteous. He surpassed all their former servants and admirers in the composition of sonnets and compliments, and in the grace with which he recited his compositions. Before his arrival in Ferrara, Tasso had celebrated

all the Este family, and the Princess Lucretia in particular. His new service was a spur to prosecute his *Gierusalemme* with fresh vigor. Before six months had elapsed six cantos were completed. He had originally intended to dedicate his poem to the Duke of Urbino. He now inscribed it to Alphonso; and made Rinaldo, a real or imaginary ancestor of the House of Este, the Achilles of his Christian Iliad. Nor were his studies confined to the sacred army and its great captain. Not a week passed without its lyrical effusion in honor of Alphonso and his sisters. "If Madama Lucrezia," says Mr. R. Milman, "had been brooding,—if Madame Leonora were unwell,—if Madame Lucrezia appeared in black,—if Madame Leonora's eyes were affected by a cold,—his harp was ever ready to admire, rejoice, or condole, to follow the glancing fingers, or to incite the removal of the envious cloud; if his lady had been singing, his choicest melodies were at hand to re-echo and prolong the sweet tones."

It was, however, during the occasional *villegiature* or country retirements of the princesses at Bel-riguardo or Cosandoli that Tasso passed his happiest hours of dependence. The morning hours were devoted to the healthy recreations of the chase, swimming, and fishing; and the evenings to social relaxation and music, to literary and philosophical discussion, or to the recitation of new sonnets and canzones. In all these evening diversions Lucretia and Leonora were well qualified to take part; and the irritable spirit of Tasso was soothed and strengthened by their applause, sympathy, and admonition. The Duke himself rarely accompanied his sisters in their retirement. Ceremony was laid aside; the court remained at Ferrara; the voice of calumny and rivalry was for a while hushed; and the distinctions of rank were, perhaps, forgotten amid the chestnut forests, the silvery waterfalls, the sheltered gardens, and the well-stocked libraries and galleries of these ancient palaces of Este. In such retreats were read the earlier scenes of "*Torrismondo*," the best of Italian tragedies, until Alfieri created the real tragic drama of Italy. The "*Aminta*" had been represented at the court theatre with every adjunct of appropriate music and gorgeous scenery and costumes, and amid the acclamations of the most beautiful women, the most chivalrous men, and the most accomplished scholars of a land and an age pre-eminent for its beauty, its chivalry, and its learning. One voice alone was wanting to complete the tribute of grate-

ful and unanimous applause. The Princess of Urbino had been unable to witness the representation of the most touching and graceful of modern pastorals. But Lucretia would not forego a delight in which thousands of meaner and less susceptible spectators had participated. The poet was invited to Urbino; he was most kindly received by Lucretia and her husband Francesco; he accompanied them during the summer heats to their villa of Castel Durante; and recited there the "*Aminta*" to his early friend, to his new patron, and to a small circle of approving courtiers and friends. The applause of the theatre was probably less welcome to the triumphant author, than the more tranquil gratulations of such an audience. It is, perhaps, idle to inquire, because it is impossible to ascertain, whether Tasso, when reciting some impassioned canzone, in such sweet seclusion, may not have indulged in sentiments too tender and perilous for a dependent of the noblest, or, at least, the haughtiest, of the princely houses of Italy.

By what envious clouds so fair a dawn was overcast, we are unable to discover. His old enemy Pigna was dead; but Pigna's successor in the secretaryship was even more embittered against him. The success of his "*Aminta*" in 1673, seems to have been the beginning of new sorrows. It provoked the jealousy of the courtiers. It was at first whispered, and next bruited abroad, that the humble dependant had dared to love a daughter of Este. Tasso's papers were once more seized. A few sonnets and canzones, and especially a madrigal,—none of which compositions, however, were addressed to any one or apparently intended to see the light,—were thought to countenance the rumor, and even to boast of a successful passion. The House of Este did not belie its character of being the proudest in Italy. The Duke was easily moved, and, when moved, inexorably vindictive. He alternately soothed and slighted Tasso. He menaced him with the Inquisition; he restored him for a moment to favor; he embroiled him with the gentlemen of his household; he gave out to the world that the poet was a maniac; and he did all in his power to make him one. The dreadful apparatus of Webster's Duchess of Malfy,—the wild masque of madmen, "the tomb-maker, the bellman, the living person's dirge, the mortification by degrees," are, so to speak, scenic representations of the tortures inflicted by Alphonso's ingenious anger. At first Tasso was confined in his own apartments, where his present misery was sharply contrasted with the hopes which had inaugu-

rated his fatal dependence upon this inhuman court. There he was placed under charge of the ducal physicians and servants, who reported to their employer every uncontrollable murmur and every impatient gesture. From the palace at Ferrara he was removed to the Duke's country-seat at Bel-riguardo, privately, to commence "the second scene of the painful drama."

For the subsequent scenes of that drama we must refer to Mr. R. Milman's pages. It is sufficient to have indicated the course pursued by Alphonso, and the sufferings endured by Tasso. We must, however, briefly contrast with each other the secrets of his prison-house, and the immediate celebrity which greeted his "*Jerusalem Delivered*."

In the gorgeous apartments of Bel-riguardo the sentence was passed upon him, that he must be a madman for the remainder of his days. He was confined in the convent of San Francisco, and two friars kept watch over him continually. They held, probably they were ordered to hold, negligent guard. He fled at different times to Naples, Venice, Urbino, Mantua, Padua, Rome, and Turin. Flight answered Alphonso's purpose as fully as imprisonment. Torquato's haggard looks, his penury, his hurried appeals, his perpetual restlessness, even the spell which carried him back at intervals to Ferrara, confirmed, wherever he went, the rumor of his madness. A Venetian nobleman, a Lombard gentleman, and the Duke of Urbino, treated him with kindness. But, in general, all men turned coldly from him. If even he were not mad, the object of Alphonso's anger might be a perilous associate.

On the 2nd of February 1579, Tasso quitted Turin, and returned to Ferrara. On the day following, Margherite Gonzaga, daughter of the Duke of Mantua, entered the city as the bride and third wife of Alphonso. Fourteen years before, Torquato had stood among the graced and distinguished spectators of that prince's nuptials with Barbara, Archduchess of Austria. He now gazed upon the masque and revelry of the marriage pageant, a homeless vagrant and a reputed maniac. To shelter him, even to speak to him, was dangerous; to slight, to mock, and revile him, was loyalty. His patience was exhausted. He broke forth into vehement reproaches against the duke, his courtiers, and the ministers. He retracted the praises he had poured upon them; he renounced the service of Alphonso; he proclaimed aloud the falsehood and cruelty which had so long tortured him; and he was hurried off to the hospital of Santa Anna.

The hospital of Santa Anna was a Bedlam of the lowest description. The mad-house which Hogarth drew will aid us in forming a conception of an Italian Bedlam in the sixteenth century. In one of the worst cells of this wretched building was the author of the "Gierusalemme" lodged. There was one alleviation to the sufferings of the other inmates of Santa Anna—they were unconscious of their misery. Even that single alleviation was wanting to Tasso. He was, at least for a while, sane and conscious, "a living ghost pent—in a dead man's tomb." His next neighbors were the mad folks. A thin partition only divided him from

"Demoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness.—"

"I am all on fire," he wrote to Scipione Gonzaga, "nor do I now so much fear the greatness of my anguish as its continuance, which ever presents itself horribly before my mind, especially as I feel that in such a state I am unfit to write or labor. And the dread of endless imprisonment perpetually increases my misery, and the indignity to which I must submit increases it; and the foulness of my beard, and my hair, and my dress, and the filth and the damp annoy me; and above all, the solitude afflicts me, my cruel and natural enemy, by which, even in my prosperity, I was so often troubled, that in unseasonable hours I would go and seek or find society."

His sufferings were perhaps increased by an accident, trivial in appearance, but, in its consequences at least, melancholy and important. Agostino Mosti, the prior or warden of the Hospital of Santa Anna, had been the scholar of Ariosto, had raised, at his own cost, a monument to his deceased master in the church of the Benedictines at Ferrara, and continued to be the zealous partisan of his fame and writings. The supremacy of Ariosto as a poet was menaced by the prisoner now under Agostino's custody. The poet of Orlando had written satires, but he was accounted, by all who knew him, affable, generous, and humane. But the disciple of Ariosto was possessed by a different spirit; and his hatred or his fears prompted him to obey implicitly, if not to exceed, the instructions of Alphonso. His vigilance was unceasing, his language harsh, his demeanor arrogant; and his afflicted captive deplored at once the choice which had subjected him to such a patron, and the chance which now put him in the power of such a keeper. His sufferings were soothed, in some degree, by the generosity of a nephew of Agostino. This worthy youth—whose scholastic accomplishments appear to have awakened in him an active sympathy with the greatest and most hapless of poets—passed many hours daily

with Tasso in his cell; acted as his amanuensis; listened patiently to his complaints, to the eager petitions or the indignant remonstrances which he poured forth to Alphonso, to his sisters, and to the princes and cardinals, the senates and universities of Italy; and charged himself with the transmission of the letters which his uncle would have suppressed, or perhaps forwarded to his unrelenting enemy. The good spirit, which, in the most poetical of Massinger's plays, soothed and sustained the dying moments of the "virgin-martyr," was scarcely more a spirit of health than was the nephew of the churlish Agostino Mosti.

New bitterness was, in September, 1580, poured into an already brimming cup. His "Jerusalem Delivered" was surreptitiously published, and published in so maimed and meagre a form, as, says Mr. R. Milman, "might well drive any author mad, much more one of Tasso's character." And it was not an enemy who did this, but one who, in a more fortunate season, had boasted of his intimacy with its author. Celio Malaspina, formerly in the service of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, obtained possession of such parts of the poem as had been privately submitted to his master's perusal, and printed them at Venice, in September, 1580. He published ten cantos entire, the arguments of the eleventh and twelfth in prose, and the four next cantos with several stanzas, which their author had rejected. The whole was lamentably incorrect, confused, and imperfect. Such was the first edition of a poem which all Italy, if not Europe, was eagerly expecting; to the composition and correction of which sixteen years had been devoted; about whose fable, episodes, and diction the most learned scholars and the most renowned universities had been consulted; which Bolognetti had hailed as a second *Æneid*; which Ronsard had greeted with a stately sonnet; and to whose immaculate and matured splendor Tasso had looked forward as to the adjustment and compensation of all his woes. About the time of this culmination of his distresses, we obtain a glimpse of the poet from an eye-witness. In the November of the same year Montaigne visited Ferrara, and of course the Hospital, where its celebrated inmate appears to have been made a show of to all whom curiosity or pity attracted to its walls. "I had even more indignation," says the honest Gascon, "than compassion, when I saw him at Ferrara in so piteous an estate, a living shadow of himself, forgetful of himself and of his works." Are we to understand that the forgetfulness was so complete as to

have made him then insensible to this last dishonor?

Beyond the walls of Santa Anna, indeed, there was consolation for Tasso, could it have reached him through the din of chains, and shrieks, and maniac laughter, and through the distractions and perturbed visions which were settling upon his mind. He was becoming the madman that Alphonso had reported him to be. But while the poet himself languished in prison, his poem itself was read and recited in city or in country, in marketplace and haven, in palace and in convent, on the populous highway, and in solitary glens, from the fountains of the Adige to the Straits of Messina, in the valleys of Savoy, and in the capitals of Spain and France. Men could not praise it enough. Fortunes were made by its sale. Two thousand copies of Ingegneri's edition were sold in a day or two.

"Everywhere," says Mr. R. Milman, "all over the country, nothing was to be heard but Tasso's echoes. The shepherd read it as he watched by his flocks on the ridgy Apennine. The boatman, rocking in the Campanian Gulf, hung over the verse of his exiled compatriot. The gondolier, waiting at the Venetian bridges, whiled away the hours with learning the stately and liquid stanzas. The brigand, lurking behind the rock in the wild passes of the Abruzzi, laid by his matchlock for the strains of love and valor. The merchant, in the inn, ceased thinking over his ships, and the shopkeeper forgot his business, in the gardens of Armida, or the enchanted forest. The prelate and the monk hurried with the book into their cells, to visit in its pages the sacred walls and holy buildings of Jerusalem. The brave cavalier and fair maiden admired the knightly feats, or wept over the tender sorrows of the champions and their ladies, in hall or in shady bower. The scholar to whom the work had been in part submitted, rushed eagerly to see how his criticism had told. Nobles and princes, and their stately dames, in addition to the interest of the poem, desired to see the verse of the famous object of princely love and princely hate. The French knights panted to see their progenitors' deeds of pious valor blazoned anew to the world in the burning words of song."

Tasso was released from his seven years' imprisonment in the Hospital of Santa Anna on the 5th or 6th of July, 1586. He was released from a life little less burdensome than imprisonment on the 25th of April, 1595. The strong man was bowed; the grave man had become saturnine; he had regained liberty, but not repose. At the age of forty-two, with impaired vigor and extinguished hope, he was as much a pilgrim and an exile as when, at the age of twenty, he

had entered the service of Alphonso, and offered his willing homage to the virtues and genius of Lucretia and Leonora. A few gleams of prosperity attended the last two years of his life. His fame pervaded Italy: it was proposed to crown Rinaldo's poet with Petrarch's laureate wreath; the noblest houses of Italy aspired to become his patrons: but he had already put too much trust in princes, and his best consolations were the friendship of Manso and the hospitality of the good Benedictines of Mont Olivet.

We must now close our imperfect sketches of the ethnic and the Christian poet. In the history of the former we have contemplated a career marked by few vicissitudes, and expressive, if not of the highest genius, yet of talents honorably exercised in extending the taste of a nation not naturally poetical, and ministering to the literary enjoyment of future ages. Philosophy was perhaps never more successfully applied in the regulation of character than it was by Horace; and external circumstances had favored his happy nature. In an age of ostentation and excess he was simple, frugal, and contented. His early asperities had yielded to the gentle influences of friendship, experience, and self-knowledge. In the ancient world he stands forward prominently as the philosopher of good sense. The life of Tasso is a more tragic volume. Throughout his few and evil days he exemplified the remark of the ancient poet, that "he who enters a tyrant's house, becomes a slave, even if he goes in a freeman." Yet the woes of Tasso, although in themselves it is difficult to consider them medicinal, fell upon a nature so chastened and elevated by endurance, that at the last we can contemplate the closing scene with feelings not purely painful. One by one, the inherent imperfections of his disposition appear to have been corrected. His passion for praise, his proneness to take offence, his impatience, his jealousy, and his pride gradually left him. The great reconciler of wrongs, impartial and inexorable death, removed every cloud from his spiritual vision—Alphonso and Ferrara faded away upon the horizon of eternity: even the fame of his Gierusalemme had become "of the earth," and indifferent to him; and his failing senses admitted alone the echoes of the consoling hymn and the words of the parting benediction. In the church of the monastery of St. Onofrio, at Rome, a small marble slab and a more stately monument inform the traveller that there, after his weary pilgrimage, rest the bones of Torquato Tasso.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LAY OF THE NIEBELUNGEN.*

WOLF, the learned German, was certainly very far wrong—as Germans in their endless speculations are apt to be—when he set himself to explain the *Iliad* without Homer; an attempt which, to our British ears, generally sounded pretty much as profane as to explain the world without God, or, according to Cicero's simile against the Epicureans, to explain the existence of a book by the mere accidental out-tumbling of alphabetic counters on the ground. The *Iliad* could not have existed without Homer—so the rude instinct of the most unlearned and most unmetaphysical English Bull declared against the cloud-woven theories and the deep-sunk lexicographical excavations of the famous Berlin professor; and the rude instinct, after much philological sapping and mining, stands ground. But Wolf did not labor in vain. Though he did not take the citadel, he made breaches into many parts of our classical circumvallation, formerly deemed the most strong, and made us change, in great measure, the fashion of our fortifications. In the same manner Niebuhr, with his knotty club, made sad havoc among the waxen images of the old Romans, which the piety of Livy—taking them for genuine granite statues—had set forth with such a wealth of fine patriotic elocution; but after this work of destruction, Rome still remains with its Tiber, and, in the minds of most sane persons, Romulus also, we imagine; while the great Julius shines a kingly star every inch, as much after Niebuhr's strong brush as before. What, then, was the great truth by virtue of which—as stupid sermons are redeemed by a good text—Wolf, with his startling anti-Homeric gospel, made so many proselytes, and such fervid apostles, among the learned and the poetic of his countrymen? Plainly this, that he seized with a keen glance, and

a grand comprehensiveness, the minstrel character of the POPULAR EPOS of early ages, as distinguished from the more artificial and curiously piled compositions of more polished times, bearing the same name. Wolf was wrong—say mad, if you please—in asserting that Pisistratus, with a whole army of such refurbishers of old wares as Onomacritus, could have put together such a glowing vital whole as the *Iliad*: but he was right, and altogether sound, when he looked upon the great Epic song of the wrath of Achilles as a thing essentially different, not only in degree, but in kind, from the *Æneid* of Virgil, or the *Paradise Lost* of our Milton. Many men of learning and taste, from Scaliger downwards, have instituted large and curious comparisons between the great national Epos of the Greeks, and that of the Romans; but the comparison of things that have a radically different character can seldom produce any result beyond the mere expression of liking and disliking; as if, among critics of trees, one should say, *I prefer a bristling pine*, while another says, *Give me the smooth beech*. Or, a result even more unsatisfactory might be produced. Starting from the beech as a sort of model tree, a forest critic, pre-determined to admire the pine also, might spin out of his brain a number of subtle analogies to prove that a pine, though bearing a different name, is, in fact, the same tree as a beech, and possesses, when more philosophically considered, all the essential characteristics of this tree. You laugh?—but so, and not otherwise, did it fare with old Homer, at the hands of many professional philologists and literary dilettantes, who, with a perfect appreciation of such works of polished skill as the *Æneid* and the *Jerusalem Delivered*—as being akin to their own modern taste—must needs apply to the same test to take cognizance of such strange and far-removed objects as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Such transference of the mould that measures one thing to another, and an altogether different thing, is indeed a common enough trick of our every-day judgments; but it is,

* *The Fall of the Niebelungers*; otherwise the Book of Kriemhild; a translation of the *Niebelunge Nôt*, or *Niebelungen Lied*. By WILLIAM NARSON LETTSOM London: Williams and Norgate, 1850.

Ueber die Iliade und das Niebelungen Lied. Von KARL ZELL. Karlsruhe: 1843.

nevertheless, a sort of criticism altogether barren of any positive results, and which ends where it begins—in talk. To the character and certainty of a science, it can assuredly have no claim. If you wish to descant with any beneficial result upon roses, pray compare one English rose with another, and not with a Scotch thistle. Bring not the fine city dame into contact with the brown country girl; but let Lady B.'s complexion be more delicate than Lady C.'s, and the brown of Bessie be more healthy than that of Jessie. Jessie, if you will consider the matter, has nothing in common with Lady B., except this, that she is a woman. As little as Homer in common with Virgil, or Tasso, or Milton. With whom, then, is Homer to be compared? A hundred years ago, Voltaire, with all his wit, could not have answered that question—the whole age of European criticism of which Voltaire was the oracle and the god could not have answered it: but thanks—after the Percy Ballads, and Cowper, and Wordsworth, and Southey, and Burns—to Frederic Augustus Wolf, that question we can answer now in the simplest and most certain way in the world, by pointing to the famous Spanish Cid, and the old Teutonic LAY of the NIEBELUNGEN.

To the Cid we may presume that those of our readers who love popular poetry, and are not happy enough to know the sonorous old Castilian, have been happily introduced by the great work of Southey. But, with respect to the other great popular Epos of Western Europe, we suspect Mr. LETTSON is only too much in the right when he says, that this venerable monument of the old German genius is "so little known amongst us, that most ordinary readers have not so much as heard of it. Even amongst the numerous and increasing class of those who are acquainted with German, few pay attention to the ancient literature of Germany: they are generally conversant only with the productions of the day, or, at farthest, with those of the most celebrated authors. So, indeed, it must be; the necessary business and amusements of life leave but few of us at liberty to follow the example of the learned Germans, and refuse to look at Helen before we have critically investigated the history of Jove's amours, and of Leda's egg. So much the more are we beholden to gentlemen like the present translator, who, by the patient exercise of those pious pains which are the pleasure of poets, put us into the condition of being able to hear the notes of that strange

old Teutonic lyre prolonged through the aisles of an English echo-chamber. Mr. Lettson has done a work, much wanted for the English lover of poetry, honestly and well: this we can say from having compared it in various places with a prose translation of the old German poem, published at Berlin in 1814;* also from the distinct recollection which we have of the character and tone of the modern German version of Marbach, which we read for the first time several years ago. But Mr. Lettson's translation bears also internal evidence of its excellence: there is a quiet simplicity and easy talkative breadth about it, characteristic no less of the general genius of the Germans than of the particular mediæval epoch to which it belongs. With a perfect confidence, therefore, in the trustworthiness of the present English version, we proceed to lay before our readers a rapid sketch of the Epic story of the Niebelungen, accompanied with such extracts as may serve to convey an idea of the general tone and character of the composition.

At Worms, upon the Rhine, (so the poem opens,) there dwelt three puissant kings—Gunter, and Gernot, and Gieselher—three brothers, of whom Gunter was the eldest, and, in right of primogeniture, swayed the sceptre of Burgundy.† These kings had a sister named Kriemhild, the real heroine and fell female Achilles of the Epos; for though she is as gentle and mild as a Madonna till her love is wounded, after that she nourishes a desire of vengeance on the murderers of her husband, as insatiate and inexorable as that which the son of Peleus, in the *Iliad*, nurses against the son of Atreus for the rape of the lovely Briseis. In fact, as the great work of Homer might be more fully designated *the wrath of Achilles*, so the most significant designation for this mediæval *Iliad* of the Germans would be *the revenge of Kriemhild*. After naming these, and other notable personages of the Burgundian court at Worms, the poet makes use of a dream, as *Æschylus* in the *Agamemnon* uses an omen, to open up, in a fitful glimpse of prophecy, the general burden and fateful issue of his tale.

* *Das Niebelungen Lied*; in's hoch Deutsche übertragen. Von AUGUST ZIEGLER. Berlin: 1814.

† These Burgundians are, in the second part of the poem, also called the *Niebelungen*, which epithet, however, in the first part, is applied to certain distant Scandinavian vassals of Siegfried. The origin of this name has caused much dispute amongst the learned.

"A dream was dreamed by Kriemhild, the virtuous and the gay,
How a wild young falcon she trained for many a day,
Till two fierce eagles tore it; to her there could not be
In all the world such sorrow as this perforce to see.

To her mother Uta at once the dream she told;
But she the threatening future could only thus unfold—
'The falcon that thou trainedst is sure a noble mate;
God shield him in his mercy, or thou must lose him straight.'

'A mate for me! What say'st thou, dearest mother mine?
Ne'er to love, assure thee, my heart will I resign.
I'll live and die a maiden, and end as I began,
Nor (let what else befall me) will suffer wo for man.'

'Nay!' said the anxious mother, 'renounce not marriage so;
Wouldst thou true heartfelt pleasure taste ever here below,
Man's love alone can give it. Thou'rt fair as eye can see:
A fitting mate God send thee, and naught will wanting be.'

'No more,' the maiden answered, 'no more, dear mother, say;
From many a woman's fortune, this truth is clear as day,
That falsely smiling pleasure with pain requites us ever.
I from both will keep me, and thus will sorrow never.'

So in her lofty virtue, fancy-free and gay,
Lived the noble maiden many a happy day;
Nor one more than another found favor in her sight;
Still, at the last, she wedded a far-renowned knight.

He was the self-same falcon she in her dream had seen,
Foretold by her wise mother. What vengeance took the queen
On her nearest kinsmen, who him to death had done!
That single death atoning died many a mother's son."

With these words ends the very short first canto, or, in the phraseology of the bard, "adventure" of the poem. The second introduces us to the most prominent male character in, the first part of the poem—for it is divided into two distinct parts or acts—the

famous SIEGFRIED, "with the horny hide," as the old German chap-book has it, which any of our readers may have for a groshen or two in Leipzig, and not more, we suppose, than a sixpence here.

"In Netherland there flourished a prince of lofty kind,
(Whose father hight Siegmund, his mother Siegelind)
In a sumptuous castle, down by the Rhine's fair side;
Men did call it Xanten; 'twas famous far and wide."

The princely youth who, like the Spanish Cid, is perfect even to the smallest hair on his beard, after having employed his early days, like ancient Hercules and Theseus, in attacking and overcoming every sort of terrible monster, in bestial or human guise, that came in his way, is dubbed knight with the

stroke of the chivalrous sword, in due form, and a festival is held in honor of the event, the description of which occupies the "second adventure." Like a dutiful son, as well as a fearless knight, he will accept royal honors, or share in the official dignities of government, so long as his father and mother live.

"While Siegelind and Siegmund yet lived and flourished there,
Full little recked their offspring the royal crown to wear.
He only would be master, and exercise command,
'Gainst those whose pride o'erweening disturbed the peaceful land.

None ventur'd to defy him; since weapons first he took,
The bed of sloth but seldom the noble knight could brook!
He only sought for battles: his prowess gifted hand
Won him renown eternal in every foreign strand."

But even the sturdy mail-clad heroes of mediæval knighthood sometimes tired of "battle;" and when they were thus weary, they had one other serious occupation, and that, of course, was love. With the entrance on this new career, the third adventure is occupied.

"'Twas seldom tear or sorrow the warrior's breast assayed;
At length he heard a rumor how a lovely maid
In Burgundy was dwelling, the fairest of the fair;
For her he won much pleasure, but dash'd with toil and care."

Siegfried opens his determination to his parents to follow the fortune of this rumor, and take to wife none other than—

"The bright Burgundian maiden, best gem of Gunther's throne,
Whose far-renowned beauty stands unapproached alone."

This resolution, of course, as is the fortune of true love, meets with opposition, at first, from the parents of the youth; but with a calm and decided answer, such as true love knows how to give, the difficulty is overcome.

"Dearest father mine,
The love of high-born women for ever I'll resign,
Rather than play the wooer but where my heart is set."

Forthwith, therefore, he sets out on an expedition to Worms, predetermined, after the common fashion of mediæval love romances, to marry the woman whom he had never seen; for in these matters, rumor, it was thought—that plays so falsely elsewhere—could not err. To make the necessary impression on so mighty a king as Gunther, the Prince of the Netherland is pranked out most gorgeously with all that woman's needle can produce of chivalrous embroidery; and, thus accoutred,—

"On the seventh fair morning, by Worms along the strand,
In knightly guise were pricking the death-defying band;
The ruddy gold fair glittered on every riding vest;
Their steeds they meetly governed, all pacing soft abreast.

Their shields were new and massy, and like flame they glowed;
As bright, too, shone their helmets; while bold Siegfried rode
Straight to the court of Gunther to woo the stately maid.
Eye never looked on champions so gorgeously arrayed.

Down to their spurs, loud clanging, reached the swords they wore;
Sharp and well-tempered lances the chosen champions bore;
One, two spans broader or better, did Siegfried sternly shake,
With keen and cutting edges grim and ghastly wounds to make.

Their golden-colored bridles firm they held in hand;
Silken were their poytrals: so rode they through the land.
On all sides the people to gaze on them began;
Then many of Gunther's liegemen swift to meet them ran."

Then follows the formal reception at the court of Worms, and, as on all great festive occasions in those days, a tournament is held, where the stranger knight, of course, acquits himself like a god rather than a man, to the admiration of all beholders, but especially of the gentle ladies, who, on occasions when propriety did not allow them publicly to appear, enjoy the dear delight of gazing on bearded swordsmen even more exquisitely from behind a window.

"At court the lovely ladies were asking evermore,
Who was the stately stranger that so rich vesture wore,
At once so strong of presence and so strong of hand?
When many a one gave answer, 'Tis the King of Netherland.'

He ever was the foremost, whate'er the game they played.
Still in his inmost bosom he bore one lovely maid,
Whom he beheld had never, and yet to all preferred;
She too of him, in secret, spoke many a kindly word.

When in the court contending, fierce squire and hardy knight,
 As fits the young and noble, waged the mimic fight,
 Oft Kriemhild through her window would look, herself unseen—
 Then no other pleasure needed the gentle Queen."

But though Kriemhild saw Siegfried | with Gunther a whole year,
 through the window, Siegfried remained |

"Nor all that weary season a single glimpse could gain
 Of her who after brought him such pleasure and such pain."

Like the disciples of Pythagoras, the | guidance of their king, Ludeger the Bold,
 amorous knights of those days had first to | and leagued with him King Ludegast of
 serve a long apprenticeship of the severe | Denmark, to attack the realm of the Bur-
 discipline of abstinence, before they were | gundians. Coming home, like a Mars-sub-
 permitted to kiss the hand of beauty, or to | duing Diomedes, from this fierce encounter,
 meet even its distant glance. The fourth | the knight of the Netherland is at length
 adventure, therefore, goes on to tell how | deemed worthy to be introduced to his des-
 Siegfried showed his prowess by fighting | tined fair. Another tourney is held, at
 with the Saxons, who had come under the | which Kriemhild publicly appears.

"Now went she forth the loveliest, as forth the morning goes,
 From misty clouds out-beaming: then all his weary woes
 Left him in heart who bore her, and so long time had done.
 He saw there stately standing the fair, the peerless one.

Many a stone full precious flashed from her vesture bright;
 Her rosy blushes darted a softer, ruddier light.
 Whate'er might be his wishes, each could not but confess
 He ne'er on earth had witnessed such perfect loveliness.

As the moon arising out-glitters every star,
 That through the clouds so purely glimmers from afar,
 E'en so love-breathing Kriemhild dimmed every beauty nigh.
 Well might, at such a vision, many a bold heart beat high."

With not less of serene beauty, and a | on first coming within the sweet atmosphere
 quiet naturalness that is peculiar to him, the | of woman's love.
 old bard describes the feelings of Siegfried |

"There stood he, the high-minded, beneath her star-bright eye,
 His cheek as fire all glowing: then said she modestly,
 'Sir Siegfried, you are welcome, noble knight and good!'
 Yet loftier at that greeting rose his lofty mood.

He bowed with soft emotion, and thanked the blushing fair;
 Love's strong constraint together impelled the enamored pair;
 Their longing eyes encountered, their glances, every one,
 Bound knight and maid forever; yet all by stealth was done.

That in the warmth of passion he pressed her lily hand,
 I do not know for certain, but well can understand.
 'Twere surely past believing they ventured not on this;
 Two loving hearts, so meeting, else had done amiss.

No more in pride of summer, nor in bloom of May,
 Knew he such heart-felt pleasure as on this happy day,
 When she, than May more blooming, more bright than summer's pride,
 His own, a dream no longer, was standing by his side.

Then thought full many a champion, 'Would this had happ'd to me,
 To be with lovely Kriemhild, as Siegfried bold I see,
 Or closer e'en than Siegfried; well were I then, I ween.'
 None yet was champion who so deserved a queen."

Thus far well. But his probation was not yet finished. Before finally joining hand and heart with the peerless sister of King Gunther, Siegfried must assist her brother in a yet more difficult work than anything that he had hitherto achieved—in gaining the love of Brunhild, a doughty princess of

Iceland, "far beyond the sea," who, being of a masculine temper and strength, had determined to submit herself to no male lord who had not proved himself worthy to wield the marital sceptre, by actually mastering his spouse in strong physical conflict.

"There was a queen high-seated afar beyond the sea,
None wielded sceptre a mightier than she;
For beauty she was matchless, for strength without a peer;
Her love to him she offered who could pass her at the spear.

She threw the stone, and bounded behind it to the mark;
At three games each suitor, with sinews stiff and stark,
Must conquer the fierce maiden whom he sought to wed,
Or, if in one successful, straight must lose his head.

E'en thus for the stern virgin had many a suitor died.
This heard a noble warrior, who dwelt the Rhine beside,
And forthwith resolved he to win her for his wife;
Thereby full many a hero thereafter lost his life."

Doubtful of his single strength to subdue so mettlesome a maid, Gunther enters into a compact with Siegfried to assist him in his enterprise—*by fair means or foul*, as it appears; and in this evil compact, and the underhand work to which it gives rise, lies already visible before the unveiled eye of the reader the little black spot on the fair blue of the epic sky, which is destined, (and the bard is ever forward to hint this catastrophe,) at a day though distant yet sure, to dilate into a wide-spreading cloud, and to burst in a fearful deluge that shall sweep hundreds and thousands of the guilty and the guiltless into destruction. This is neither more nor less than the dark old doctrine of retribution, which, in the Greek tragedians, and especially Æschylus, plays so awful a part; only

with this difference, that in the Niebelungen, as in the Odyssey, the punishment overtakes the offending parties, and not, as in the tragedians, their sons and grandsons. But to proceed: Siegfried, like Jack the Giant-killer, though commencing his career as a single mortal with no miraculous power, had in the course of his chivalrous exploits, and as the reward of his extraordinary prowess, got possession of certain wonder-working instruments, that rendered him, when he chose to use them, sure of victory against mere mortal strength. With the aid of these, Siegfried, for the sake of the love of Kriemhild, had determined (secretly and unfairly) to assist Gunther in subduing the stout Brunhild.

"I have heard strange stories of wild dwarfs, how they fare:
They dwell in hollow mountains; and for protection wear
A vesture, that hight cloud-cloak, marvellous to tell;
Whoever has it on him, may keep him safe and well

From cuts and stabs of foemen; him none can hear or see
As soon as he is in it, but see and hear can he
Whate'er he will around him, and thus must needs prevail;
He grows, besides, far stronger: so goes the wondrous tale.

And now with him the cloud-cloak took fair Siegelind's son,
The same the unconquered warrior, with labor hard, had won
From the stout dwarf Albrecht, in successful fray.
The bold and ready champions made ready for the way.

So, as I said, bold Siegfried the cloud-cloak bore along:
When he but put it on him, he felt him wondrous strong:
Twelve men's strength then had he in his single body laid.
By trains and close devices he wooed the haughty maid.

Besides, in that strange cloud-cloak was such deep virtue found,
That whosoever wore it, though thousands stood around,
Might do whatever pleased him, unseen of friend and foe :
Thus Siegfried won fair Brunhild, which brought him bitterest wo."

In order the more surely to afford his necessary aid, Siegfried appeared among the attendants of Gunther, in the character of a subordinate vassal. Having thus arranged matters, they set out for the far islands of the sea. And here, as in many other passages, it is noticeable with what a childlike, almost girlish delight, the old bard expatiates on the gay dress of his mighty men. He evidently did not live in an age

when a Napoleon would have sought to make an impression on the vulgar by "wearing the plain dress of the Institute;" nor has he the slightest conception of the soul of poetry beating in a breast of which the exterior vesture is the "hoddenn gray," or the plain plaid of our Scotch Muse. We shall quote this one passage, to serve for many similar, with which the poem is studded:—

"So with kind dismissal away the warriors strode;
Then quick the fair queen summon'd, from bow'rs where they abode,
Thirty maids, her brother's purpose to fulfill,
Who in works of the needle were the chief for craft and skill.

Silks from far Arabia, white as driven snow,
And others from Zazamanc, green as grass doth grow,
They decked with stones full precious; Kriemhild the garments plann'd,
And cut them to just measure, with her own lily hand.

Of the hides of foreign fishes were linings finely wrought,
Such then were seen but rarely, and choice and precious thought;
Fine silk was sewn above them to suit the wearers well,
Now of the rich apparel hear me fresh marvels tell.

From the land of Morocco and from the Libyan coast,
The best silk and the finest is worn and valued most
By kin of mightiest princes; of such had they good store:
Well Kriemhild show'd the favor that she the wearers bore.

E'er since the chiefs were purposed the martial queen to win,
In their sight was precious the goodly ermin.
With coal-black spots besprinkled on whiter ground than snow,
E'en now the pride of warriors at every festal show.

Many a stone full precious gleam'd from Arabian gold;
That the women were not idle, scarcely need be told.
Within seven weeks, now ready was the vesture bright;
Ready to the weapons of each death-daring knight."

With the arrival of the kingly travelers, and their reception at Iceland, we cannot afford to detain ourselves. Suffice it to say, that, by the aid of the secret invisible cloak (*Tarnkappe*) of Siegfried, and his good sword *Balmung*, Gunther is greeted by the vanquished Brunhild as her legitimate lord and master; and sails back with him to Worms, where she is most hospitably and magnificently received by her mother-in-law, dame Uta, and her now sister, the lovely Kriemhild.

double marriage then takes place; that of King Gunther with Brunhild, and that of Siegfried with Kriemhild; and the festivities which then took place furnish the poet with another opportunity for exercising his descriptive powers, and displaying the sunny

joyousness of his social nature. Herein, as in many other points, he is quite Homeric; a certain magnificence and amplitude in the common acts of eating and drinking being as essential to his idea of poetry as the luxuriant energy of more lofty functions. But in the midst of this connubial hilarity, the black spot of destiny begins perceptibly to enlarge into a threatening cloud; and the stately Brunhild begins to show herself possessed by that pride which the wise man tells us was not made for man, and which, wherever it is harbored, is not long of banishing love, confidence, peace, and happiness, from palace as from cabin. The haughty spouse of Gunther looks with an evil eye at Siegfried, whom she had known only in his assumed

character as vassal of her husband, judging it an affront that her sister-in-law should be given away to a mere vassal. The respect with which the hero of Netherland is treated by her husband, and the whole court, she cannot and will not understand. Either he is a vassal, and then her pride is justly offended at the unequal match; or he is not, and then Gunther had deceived her with

regard to the true character of his companion—and there must be some mystery beneath this, which, as a true daughter of Eve, she can have no rest till she unveils. Possessed by these feelings, she takes a course worthy of the masculine character for which she had early been so notable. On the marriage-night she resumes her old virgin obstinacy, and will not be tamed:—

“‘Sir knight,’ said she, ‘it suits not—you’d better leave me free
From all your present purpose—it must and shall not be.
A maid still will I keep me—(think well the matter o’er)
Till I am told that story.’ This fretted Gunther sore.”

Alas, poor Gunther! So has it ever fared with men who marry women with beards. The embraceless bride took a cord, which she

wove strong and tough about her wrist, and with that

“The feet and hands of Gunther she tied together all,
Then to a rail she bore him, and hung him ‘gainst the wall,
And bade him not disturb her, nor breathe of love a breath;
Sure from the doughty damsel he all but met his death.”

In this dilemma Siegfried with his invisible cloak was again called in, and did strange service a second time in helping Gunther to subjugate his refractory yoke-fellow. Brunhild then became tame, and, like Samson, lost her wondrous strength; while Siegfried, as a sort of memorial of this notable service, secretly abstracted and brought with him a golden ring which the stately lady used to wear on her fine finger, and likewise the girdle with which she had tied her lord; and

both these, in an evil hour, he gave to his wife—“a gift that mischief wrought,” as we shall presently see.

After these achievements, the horny hero retired home to the land of his father Siegmund and his mother Siegelind; and after remaining ten years with him, “the fair queen, his consort, bore him at last an heir.” All this time the haughty spirit of Brunhild was brooding over the deep wrong.

“Why should the lady Kriemhild herself so proudly bear?
And yet her husband Siegfried, what but our man is he?
And late but little service has yielded for his fee.”

And to clear up this matter, as well as for the sake of old kindness, an invitation is sent by King Gunther to the heroine in Netherland, which is accepted. Siegfried and Kriemhild, and the hoary-headed old Siegmund,

come with a great company to Worms, and are entertained in the sumptuous fashion that, as before remarked, the material old minstrel describes with so much zest:

“Sore toiled the chief cook, Rumolt; Oh! how his orders ran
Among his understrappers! how many a pot and pan,
How many a mighty cauldron retched and rang again!
They dressed a world of dishes for all the expected train.”

The high festal was kept for eleven days; but the loud merriment, which so luxuriantly was bellowed forth to Siegfried’s honor, fail-

ed to deafen the evil whisper of pride and jealousy in the dark heart of Brunhild.

“Then thought Queen Brunhild, ‘Silent I’ll no longer remain;
However to pass I bring it, Kriemhild shall explain
Wherefore so long her husband, who holds of us in fee,
Has left undone his service: this sure shall answered be.’

So still she brooded mischief, and conned her devil’s lore,
Till she broke off in sorrow the feast so blithe before,
Ever at her heart lay closely what came perforce to light;
Many a land she startled with horror and affright.”

The cloud thickens; and the first thunder-plump, prophetic of the destined deluge, will immediately burst. Jealousy is a spider that never wants flies. In the midst of the tilting and junketing, the two queens—as queens, like other idle women, will sometimes do—began to discourse on the merits of their respective husbands; in the course of which conversation, the most natural thing in the world was that Brunhild should proclaim her old cherished belief that Siegfried, as a mere dependent vassal, could never be put into comparison with Gunther, who was his king and superior. On this, Kriemhild, whose gentleness, where the honor of her lord was concerned, fired into lionhood, gave the re-

tort with a spirit more worthy of Brunhild than herself. She said that, to prove her equality with the wife of Gunther, she would walk into the cathedral publicly before her; and she did so. This was bad enough; but, following the inspiration of her womanly wrath once roused, she divulged the fatal fact of her possession of Brunhild's ring and girdle—expressing, at the same time, plainly her belief that her husband Siegfried could not have come by these tokens in any way consistent with the honor of the original possessor. Here now was a breach between the two queens, that no human art could heal. In vain was Siegfried appealed to by Gunther, to testify to the chastity of Brunhild.

“Women must be instructed,” said Siegfried the good knight,
 ‘To leave off idle talking, and rule their tongues aright.
 Keep thy fair wife in order, I’ll do by mine the same;
 Such overweening folly puts me indeed to shame.’”

“Hasty words have often sundered fair dames before.”

The haughty princess of Iceland now perceives that she had from the beginning been practised upon by Gunther, and that Siegfried had performed the principal part of the plot. Against him, therefore, she vows revenge; and, in order to accomplish this purpose, takes into her counsels HAGAN, chief of Trony, one of the most prominent characters in the poem, and who in fact may be looked on as the hero of the second part, after Siegfried has disappeared from the scene. This Hagan is a person of gigantic energy and great experience, but utterly destitute of gentleness and tenderness; all his aims are

selfish, and a cold, calculating policy is his highest wisdom. Conscience he seems to have none; and, except for a purpose, will scarcely trouble himself to conceal his perpetration of the foulest crimes. He has the aspect of Napoleon—as he is painted by the graphic pencil of Emerson. Like Napoleon, he never hesitates to use falsehood to effect his ends. Pretending extraordinary friendship for Kriemhild, he worms from her the secret of her husband's invulnerability, or rather of his vulnerability—like Achilles—on only one part of the body.

“Said she, ‘My husband's daring, and thereto stout of limb:
 Of old, when on the mountain he slew the dragon grim,
 In its blood he bathed him, and thence no more can feel
 In his charmed person the deadly dint of steel.”

Still am I ever anxious, whene'er in fight he stands,
 And keen-edged darts are hailing from strong heroic hands,
 Lest I by one should lose him, my own beloved mate—
 Ah! how my heart is beating still for my Siegfried's fate.

So now I'll tell the secret, dear friend, alone to thee—
 For thou, I doubt not, cousin, will keep thy faith with me—
 Where sword may pierce my darling, and death sit on the thrust:
 See, in thy truth and honor, how full, how firm my trust.

As from the dragon's death-wounds gushed out the crimson gore,
 With the smoking torrent the warrior washed him o'er;
 A leaf then 'twixt his shoulders fell from the linden bough—
 There only steel can harm him; for that I tremble now.”

Possessed of this secret, Hagan finds it easy to watch an opportunity for despatching him. A hunting party is proposed; and

when the hunters are dispersed in the tangled wilds of the Wask (Vosges) forest, Hagan, with Gunther, who was accessory, secretly

draws Siegfried aside to refresh himself, after hard sport, from the clear waters of a sylvan well; and, while he is kneeling down, trans-

fixes him between the shoulders on the fatal spot with a spear. Then—

"His lively color faded; a cloud came o'er his sight;
He could stand no longer; melted all his might;
In his paling visage the mark of death he bore;
Soon many a lovely lady sorrowed for him sore.

So the lord of Kriemhild among the flowerets fell;
From the wound fresh gushing his life's blood fast did well.
Then thus, amidst his tortures, even with his failing breath,
The false friends he upbraided who had contrived his death.

Thus spake the deadly wounded, 'Ay! cowards false as hell,
To you I still was faithful; I served you long and well;
But what boots all! for guerdon, treason and death I've won:
By your friends, vile traitors! foully have you done.

Whatever shall hereafter from your loins be born,
Shall take from such vile fathers a heritage of scorn.
On me you have wreaked malice where gratitude was due:
With shame shall you be banished by all good knights and true.'

With blood were all bedabbled the flowerets of the field,
Some time with death he struggled, as though he scorned to yield
Even to the foe whose weapon strikes down the loftiest head.
At last, firm in the meadow, lay mighty Siegfried dead."

The death of Siegfried is the catastrophe of the first part of the poem. Kriemhild laments the death of her peerless knight with a love more than the love of common women, and which feeds itself on the intense hatred of the murderer, and the inly-cherished expectation of revenge. The hoary old Siegmund returns home in silent sorrow, for he is too weak to offer resistance; and, to complete the matchless wrong, the thorough-

working, never-hesitating Hagan takes unjust possession of "the Niebelungen treasure"—a famous hoard bestowed by Siegfried on his wife—thus depriving the fair widow of the means of external munificence, as he had formerly stopt her source of inward consolation. Not avarice, but policy, was Hagan's motive for this, as for all his crimes. He was never a villain without a reason.

"A prudent man," said Hagan, 'not for a single hour,
Would such a mass of treasure leave in a woman's power.
She'll hatch, with all this largess, to her outlandish crew,
Something that hereafter all Burgundy may rue.'

A deep desire of revenge now takes possession of the once gentle mind of Kriemhild; and all the milk of her affections is metamorphosed into gall. The best things, it is proverbially said, when abused, become the worst; and so the revenge of Kriemhild, revealed in the second part of an essentially Christian poem, works out a catastrophe far more bloody than the warlike wrath of the heathen Pelidan, or the well-calculated retribution worked by the bow of the cunning Ulysses,—

"For Earth begets no monster dire
Than man's own heart more dreaded,
All-venturing woman's dreadful ire
When love to wo is wedded."

We have now finished a rapid outline of

nineteen adventures of the Niebelungen Lay; and there are thirty such divisions in the whole poem. Our space forbids us to detail what follows with equal fullness; but the extracts already given will have been sufficient to give the reader a fair idea of the general character of the composition. A brief summary of the progress of the story, till it ends in the sanguinary retribution, may therefore content us.

For thirteen years after the death of Siegfried, Kriemhild remained a widow. At the end of that period, a knightly messenger, Sir Rudeger of Bechelaren, came from Etzel, King of the Huns, requesting the fair sister of King Gunther to supply the place of his queen, "Dame Helca," lately deceased.

Nursing silently the religion of sorrow, the widow at first refused steadfastly to give ear to any message of this description; Hagan also, with his dark, far-seeing wisdom, gave his decided negative to the proposal, knowing well that, beneath the calm exterior of time-hallowed grief, the high-hearted queen, never forgetting by whose hand her dear lord had fallen, still nursed the sleepless appetite for revenge. The brothers of the king, however, his other counsellors, and Dame Uta, urged the acceptance of the proposal, with the hope thereby, no doubt, of compensating in some degree to the royal widow for the injury at whose infliction they had connived. But all this moved not Kriemhild; only the distinct pledge given by Rudeger that he would help her, when once the sharer of King Etzel's throne, to avenge herself of all her enemies, at length prevailed. She married a second husband mainly to acquire the means of avenging the death of the first. Under the protection of Margrave Rudeger, therefore, and with bad omens only from the lowering brows of Sir Hagan, the widow of Siegfried takes her departure from Worms, and proceeding through Bavaria, and down the Danube—after being hospitably entertained by the good bishop Pilgrim of Passau—arrives at Vienna, where she receives a most magnificent welcome from "wide-ruling Etzel," and his host of motley courtiers, pranked with barbaric pomp and gold, that far outshone the brightest splendor of the Rhine. Polacks and Wallachians, Greeks and Russians, Thuringians and Danes, attend daily, and do knightly service in the court of the mighty King of the Huns. The marriage feast was held for seventeen days with all pomp and revelry; and after that the happy monarch set out with Kriemhild for his castle at Buda. There he dwelt "in proudest honor, feeling nor woe nor sorrow," for seven years, during which time Kriemhild bore him a son, but only one, whom the pious wife prevailed with her lord to have baptized after the Christian custom. Meanwhile, in her mind she secretly harbored the same deep-rooted determination of most unchristian revenge; and towards the dark Hagan delay only intensified her hatred. Accordingly, that she might find means of dealing back to him the blow which he had inflicted on her first husband, she prevailed on Etzel to invite her brothers, with their attendants, and especially Hagan, to come from the far Rhine, and partake the hospitality of the Huns in the East. This request, from motives partly

of kindness, partly of curiosity, was at once responded to by all; only, as usual, the dark Hagan stands alone, and prophesies harm. He knew he had done a deed that could not be pardoned; and he foresaw clearly that, in going to Vienna, he was marching into a lion's den, whence, for him, certainly there was no return. But, with a hardihood that never deserts him, if for no other reason than that no one may dare call him a coward, he goes along with the doomed band, the only conscious among so many unconscious, who were destined to turn the walls of Hunnish merriment into mourning, and to change the wine of the banqueters into blood. So far, however, his dark anticipations prevailed with his unsuspecting comrades, that they marched in great force and well armed; so that when, after encountering some bloody omens on the long road, they did at length encounter the false fair welcome of the injured queen, they were prepared to sell their lives dearly, and die standing. No sooner arrived than they were well advertised by the redoubted Dietrich of Bern, (Verona,) then attached to Etzel's court, of the temper of their hostess, and of the deathful dangers that awaited them behind the fair show of regal hospitality. This information only steeled the heart of Hagan the more to meet danger in the only way that suited his temper, by an open and disdainful defiance. He and his friend Volker, the "valiant gleeman," who plays a distinguished part in the catastrophe of the poem, doggedly seated themselves before the palace gate, and refused to do homage to the Queen of the Huns in her own kingdom; and, as if to sharpen the point of her revenge, displayed across his knees his good broadsword, that very invincible *Balmung*, which had once owned no hand but that of Siegfried. This display of defiance was a fitting prelude to the terrible combat that followed. Though the knight of Trony was the only object of Lady Kriemhild's hatred, connected as he was with the rest of the Burgundians, it was impossible that the sword should reach his heart, without having first mowed down hundreds and thousands of the less important subordinates. Accordingly, the sanguinary catastrophe of the tragedy consists in this, that in order to expiate the single sin of Hagan—proceeding, as that did originally, out of the false dealing of Siegfried, and the wounded pride of Brunhild—the whole royal family of the Burgundians or Niebelungers are prostrated in heaps of promiscuous

slaughter with their heathen foemen, the Huns. The slaughter of the suitors, in the twenty-second book of the *Odyssey*, is ferocious enough to our modern feelings; but the gigantic butchery with which the *Niebelungen Lay* concludes outpurples that as far as the red hue of Sylla's murders did the pale castigation of common politicians. Eight books are occupied in describing the details of this red ruin, which a woman's revenge

worked; and the different scenes are painted out with a terrific grandeur, that resembles more the impression produced by some horrid opium dream than a human reality. Victim after victim falls before the Titanic vastness of the Burgundian heroes—Gunther, and Gernot, and Gieselher, the valiant gleeman Volker, who flourishes his broadsword with a humorous ferocity, as if it were his fiddlestick, and, above all, the dark Hagan himself:

"Well grown and well compacted was that redoubted guest;
Long were his legs and sinewy, and deep and broad his chest.
His hair, that once was sable, with gray was dashed of late,
And terrible his visage and lordly was his gait."

Finding her first attempt at midnight assassination fail, the Queen first commits her cause to Bloedel, the brother of Etzel; but in an instant his head was severed from his body by the might of Sir Dankwart. A terrible massacre ensues, during which the banqueting hall of King Etzel is turned into

a charnel-house. Then Iring, the Danish Margrave, falls in single combat with Hagan. An infuriate rush is now made by the Huns against the Burgundians, who had fortified themselves in the hall; but against such men as Dankwart, Hagan, and Volker, they avail no more than hail against the granite rock.

"Thereafter reigned deep silence, the din of war was hushed;
Through every crack and cranny the blood on all sides gushed
From that large hall of slaughter; red did the gutters run.
So much was through their prowess by those of Rhineland done."

Kriemhild then, finding all her efforts with the sword baffled, sets fire to the hall; but, the roof being vaulted, even this application of the terror that scared Napoleon from Moscow, did not subdue the Promethean endurance of the Burgundians. The noble Margrave Rudeger is at last appealed to, as bound by his promise made to Kriemhild at Worms to prosecute the bloody work of her revenge to the last; but he also, with five hundred of his men, falls in the bloody wrestling, and with him his adversary Gernot, the brother of Gunther. Last of all, the haughty, defiant spirit of the unsubdued Hagan draws, though unwilling, the redoubted Dietrich of Bern into the fight; and before his might Hagan himself is not slain, but taken

captive, that he may be reserved to glut the private appetite of the sanguinary queen. "*Bring me here John the Baptist's head in a charger!*" Nothing less than this will satisfy the terrible revenge of Kriemhild. With her own hand she lifts up the terrible sword Balmung, and meeting Hagan face to face in the dark prison, and charging him hot to the heart with his deadly wrongs, severs the head from his body. Kriemhild's revenge is now complete. But the revenge of Him who rules above required one other blow. This was immediately executed by the aged master Hildebrand, one of Dietrich's company. And the poem concludes, like a battlefield, with many to weep for, and only a few to weep.

"There now the dreary corpses stretched all around were seen;
There lay, hewn in pieces, the fair and noble queen.
Sir Dietrich and King Etzel, their tears began to start;
For kinsmen and for vassals, each sorrowed in his heart."

The mighty and the noble there lay together dead;
For this had all the people dole and dreariness.
The feast of royal Etzel was thus shut up in woe.
Pain in the steps of pleasure treads ever here below."

On the singular poem, of which a brief but complete outline now stands before us, many remarks of a critical and historical nature might be made; but we confine ourselves to three short observations, and with

these leave the matter to the private meditation of the reader. First, that the poem is not "snapt out of the air," as the Germans say, but has a historical foundation, seems sufficiently manifest—Etzel being plainly the

famous Attila, Dietrich, Theoderic the Goth, and counterparts of Siegfried and Gunther being producible from the early history of the Franks.* Besides this, it is perfectly plain, from the analogy of the *Cid*, and other popular poetry of the narrative character, that not religious allegory—as some Germans would have it—but actual, though confused and exaggerated history, is the real staple of such composition. The nucleus of the story of the Burgundian Kings, and the revenge of Kriemhild, belongs, probably, to the century following that in which Attila was so prominent a character. But the complete poem, in its present shape, is not later than the thirteenth century. Its author is not known.

Secondly, The Lay of the Niebelungen is extremely interesting, as disproving, so far as analogy may avail to do so, the Wolfian theory above alluded to, of the composition of the *Iliad* out of a number of separate ballads. Lachmann has tried the same process of disintegration with the unknown Homer of his own country; but a sound-minded Englishman needs but to read the poem as it has been given us, for the first time, complete by Mr. Lettsom,† in order to stand aghast at the extreme trouble which learned men in Germany often give themselves, in order to prove

nonsense. "*Nihil est tam absurdum quod non scripseret aliquis Germanorum.*"

Thirdly, As a poetical composition, the Lay of the Niebelungen will not bear comparison for a moment with the two great Greek works of the same class; it is even, in our opinion, inferior to its nearest modern counterpart, the *Cid*. The author of the *Iliad* possessed a soul as sunny and as fiery as those lovely island-fringed coasts that gave him birth; and in describing battles he rushes on himself to the charge, like some old French-eating Marshal Blücher, the incarnation of the whirlwind of battle which he guides. Our German minstrel takes matters more easily, and, while his pen revels in blood, sits all the while in his easy chair, rocking himself delectably, and, like a true German, smoking his pipe. His quiet, serene breadth is very apt to degenerate into Westphalian flats and sheer prosiness. When, again, he would be sublime and stirring, as in the bloody catastrophe, he is apt to over-shoot the mark, and becomes horrible. His heroes are too gigantic, and do things with a touch of their finger which no Homeric hero would have dreamt of without the help of a god. The fancy, also, of the old German is very barren and monotonous, as compared with the wealthy Greek. His similes are few; he has no richness of analogy. Nevertheless, the Niebelungen Lay remains for all Europe a very notable poem—for all lovers of popular poetry an indispensable study. Whatever else it wants, it has nature and health, simplicity and character about it; and these things are always pleasurable—sometimes, where a taint of vicious taste has crept in, your only curative.

* In the year 486, Gundacarius, king of the Burgundians, was destroyed with his followers by the Huns; and this event is supposed to be represented by the catastrophe of the Niebelungen.—LETTSOM, Preface, p. 4, and ZELLE, p. 370.

† The translation by Birch, published at Berlin in 1848, follows Lachmann's mangled text, and is otherwise very inferior to Mr. Lettsom's.

ORNAMENTAL GRAVE-YARD.—The *Architect* gives some account of the projected design of Mr. Stephen Geary—under whose charge the Cemetery of Highgate was laid out—for converting the now abandoned grave-yards of the metropolis into ornamental gardens. His general idea includes the proper completion of the work begun by Mr. Walker. Having got rid, for the future, of any fears on account

of these city and town resting-places for the dead, it now becomes a duty to the living to convert them into reservoirs of health:—as may very easily be done by throwing down useless walls, planting elms, mulberries, fig trees, and other plants which flourish in crowded thoroughfares, and laying out the surface with walks and flower-beds.

From Tait's Magazine.

A SPEECH OF OLIVER CROMWELL ON OPENING PARLIAMENT.

(NOW FIRST PRINTED.)—BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

[It would appear, then, that the labors of a certain Modern Editor, "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell," have not been altogether unfruitful—have at least stirred up inquiry concerning one real Man in a generation constitutionally somewhat oblivious of such:—whereon the Able Editor hath liberty to felicitate himself. For here is a Speech lately turned up (to the hands of an admiring Printer, or something of that sort, who wisely desires to remain nameless)—a most opportune Speech, craving earnestly to be printed, that it, too, may have a place among the Utterances—which, it will be observed, are somewhat confused at this time. And really it is to be desired, we think, that our Orthodox-controversialists and other innocent speech-weavers do stop their crazy looms awhile, and listen to it—with what patience they can.

Upon the authenticity of the present Speech, now first become printed, the Editor has nothing to say: the proof (to him very conclusive) must be found within itself—or no where: the attentive reader will exercise his judgment. He will at any rate perceive (what, indeed, is the whole sum of it) that it chiefly turns upon certain affairs which authentic history is altogether silent upon—which, it would seem, were lost sight of amid the boding troubles of the time—impracticable Talking-apparatus; foolish "risings" of Royalist apprentices; the Duke of Ormonde, fresh from Flanders, plotting "in the house of a Papist chyrurgeon in Drury-lane;" Spanish Charles-Stuart Invasion; the Dutch moving in the interest of "that young man who was the late king's son"—all grim realities enough in that old time. However, we had best take this dim allusion to unwritten history thankfully, and make the best we can of it. As for the Present Editor, he is content to abstain from printing

that "Historical Dissertation" which, at much labor, he had prepared, finding that your Speech, my brave Oliver! is really to be understood well enough without it—hath meaning enough, extending through two centuries of cant and stuffed-clotheshorseism, even for us. It will be seen, however, that the Editor has here and there ventured to interpolate an ejaculation or so, elucidatory and otherwise; and with this he commits this Speech to his grateful readers—and to the Destinies.—*Oliver Cromwell loquitur*,—with some animation:—]

My Lords and Gentlemen the Two Houses of Parliament,—

It grieveth me, indeed and indeed it does, that my country is brought to so shameful a pass, wherein, I conceive, we are all disgraced. I did hope there had been some leaven of honesty in us—I did hope it; and many times, in the midst of burdens that a man might hardly stand under, it was a comfortable thought to me that these realms, after so much expense of blood and treasure in that regard, would endeavor to arrive at all spiritual and civil excellence attainable. Nay, especially spiritual excellence; for truly it is the greater concernment, and must be so regarded if this is to be a Christian nation. [Hear his Highness!] And I would urge this upon you: To what end, if not to this, was the prosecution of our good cause, and what profit was its attainment, that we did fight so hard for? There is no man here, I think, that will deny that this was the very sword and strength of our work [brave Ironsides, to wit:—"never beaten at all" because of it]; and if this thing [means simple God-worship, so imperative to his own simple heart] is so soon to be contemned, and mere parcels of words set in its place—as it is easy for a man to see it is—while those

civil liberties we so mercifully attained to are yet enjoyed and bragged of, very ungratefully withal,—why then I dare to tell you your God is shamefully requited;—and I am not so sure but we might have found better pastime than that Ten Years' War which so afflicted this poor people.

I know, indeed, that that business—English Revolution, as it is called—is very well accounted, and how it is thought that by it our civil liberties are grounded so deep, that not every wind that blows may overcome them; and truly (under favor), I do think it was not so very ill done. [Much too modest, your Highness, indeed!] But here is this to your gratefulness: There are many worthy men, I think I may say the worthiest, among those who suffered so much and wrought so hard in the matter, who would receive your thanks but coldly, since that spirit, that determination to religious sincerity which upheld them through all, is now so lightly regarded. As for myself, gentlemen [do mark those great, dull, melancholy eyes now!]—as for myself, why, when I think of it that it is so, I could wish that God had made my path otherward, anywhither, rather than that I was compelled to!—that I never was born. Nay, I could! Oh, sirs, sirs! [Deep eloquence in his dull face now, hopelessly struggling to get born—to be words] my tongue is fashioned after the quality of my hands, and knoweth no trick of music, else I would discourse you that your hearts did ache of the danger and disgrace (as I before said) that is fallen upon us all, through the miserable noise of religion—religious *excitation*, merely—that is abroad: a great empty drum, calling the people unto folly, and beaten by a sort of persons of whom I would rather say little. I would rather.

But it needeth no subtilties of argument, haply, to convey to you some sense [perception] of what may follow after this disgrace: for I am not ashamed to say, Such sham fervor of religious zeal may well be found a tempting of Providence. For is it not enough that the Lord once raised up men to purge this nation of vanity, and false-seeming, of pride and the wickedness of the sons of pride—is it not enough that he do this *once*, I say? [Aye, my lords and gentlemen; or shall he come again, and dispatch you to Barbadoes, and other warm regions?—Hear his Highness!] However, I will but touch upon that!—[will leave that to the Fates and Providences, knowing it to be esteemed no argument at all in these times. His Highness henceforth grows a little more

explicit—approaches “nearer to that subject which is in all your thoughts.”]

By your favor, I will now approach a little nearer to my business at this time—to a subject which, I am sure, is in all your thoughts: I pray God not too absolutely. For I desire you will speedily settle [means “speedily settle your minds”] upon that subject, and altogether dispatch it, if the real Business of these realms is to be rightly considered, and *done*, by this Parliament: that being, if I rightly conceive, what it was appointed for. Nay, it was!—Indeed, this is the whole marrow of what I would proceed upon [proceed to speak on]: I do beseech you to consider that the business of this mighty nation is not a trifling thing: I pray you not to mistake it [or you may suddenly find yourselves Dissolved, his Highness thinks]. Further, that we are sent to this place to get that business *done*, to the honorable prosperity (none but honorable, I hope) of them that sent us, and not to misuse this nation's time by babbling of unprofitable things! [Seventeenth-century Inglishes glance uncomfortably at his Highness, who is somewhat emphatic at this point.]

You will easily perceive, gentlemen, what is my aim—to wit, this foolish clamor that is abroad, and so disturbs our quiet—raised, as you well know, against certain poisonous popish performances, which need no particular mention here. [Means “no minute recapitulation here,”—which is to be regretted, since the coincidences of that old forgotten time with the present seem somewhat curious. Speech first exhumed at this juncture, too!—On the whole, Let us be thankful.] Indeed, I do think, in good earnest, little mention of it in any kind is to be desired, since no possible good can come of such, but much evil mayhap; unless this Parliament hath power to question the stars as to what is yet to come, and be ruled thereby. But, I beseech you, apprehend my meaning rightly in this matter, which goeth not to justify the proceedings of this man—Pope, or whatever else it is proper to name him; for (I speak it truly) I have no more love for that man and his policies than any now in England; which perhaps you know. But, my lords and honorable gentlemen, who among you is it who had no forethought of such procedures, and did not early note those little streams which, if God's true light should not first dry them up, would swell this tide to the full—this tide, which now he so foolishly clamors to get thrust back? Surely (under favor) it is a simple man, and had

better get back whence he came, quietly and with speed, and be known in such business no more! And to him who *did* perceive the thriving of the flood, I will say his negligence is past his neighbor's folly, that he did not put his hand to the work, timeously and in earnest, to dam it out!—Now, do but judge between these men and Reason; I do think that will be found very sufficient. [For *them*, your Highness—doubtless!]

And here again do not misconstrue me, do not, I pray you; and think that in what I last said is implied restraint upon any man's civil liberties; for if to us it is so singular a mercy that we may practise our religions without fear of enemies, surely that should not breed in us enmity and injustice to other men for *their* religion's sake, even if it be that of Papists; which, as I truly believe, is the very worst and cruellest faith of all. Indeed, if it were so in us, how much better were our behavior than that of the Pope—him who was the present man's predecessor, Alexander VII., I think—towards those poor Piedmonts of late? [“Present man's predecessor—Alexander VII., I think?” Is Alexander already dead and history all awry, then?] Besides, judge with me a little, whether the question of civil liberty is not quite beside the matter. I must needs think that a taste of one kind of liberty will beget in a man's mind thirst for every kind of liberty; and I do not suppose but that error may be as subtly taught and as fondly held by chained men as by free. Have a care, then, how your thoughts do run in this channel. But what I did glance at when I spoke of damming out this flux of abominations was this: That it is very much your fault (and look to it that it be not requited upon you) that you did not industriously labor against the possibility of the reception of such, by kindling up and tenderly feeding the true light that is in every man to the perception of simple truth, instead of so plentifully encouraging a kind of English popery—nay, many kinds—which, if rightly judged, will be found a very twilight unto darkness. [Hear my Lord Protector!] I could, I think, enforce this with some particulars: *I could* do so. For what are those various sects—Lights of Conference, Lofty Church Lights, nay, many such Denominations—but poperies, sucking poperies of a very tyrannical sort? I conceive we have had some assurances of this; assurances which should be conviction enough, that if any of these parties be permitted to arrive at any head (which, please God, they shall not!), these poor nations will be as fast

carried to ruin as any Roman popery could do it. They will, if God help us not. And if you are truly so importunate for the real religious well-being of the people, you had best send far other teachers than these to them,—than these Denomination and Church Lights, I mean; for, I say, if there is a danger at all, you will do well to seek it here. For, at the worst, Roman popery is a foreign sort of popery, alien to us, and therefore more suspect and to be rigorously examined of the people; a people, by your leave, not well affectioned to foreign things [“generally;” not at all, your Highness]; and, withal, though verily it is the most detestable, yet it is the cheaper kind of popery (as it now seems), which really is a little to be considered in hard and burdensome times. [Somewhat grim of look, my Lord Protector.] Now do but look a little at the other side. It may be said, in a sense, that the popery which cries against that other is natural to us, is bred in us, is of us and amongst us, and therefore can the more easily work in us—with more subtlety: and abuse us, yea, to our very senses! If a man have a crooked limb, he may indeed strive to get cured of that; but if also his blood be full of diseaseful humors, he had best leave that limb awhile and seek to get cured of *it*. I do think so. [Very correctly, Oliver: it is pharmacy of an altogether undeniable kind. Hear him!]

What, then, my lords and gentlemen, does this thing [will not call it “question”] now resolve into? Why, this; if you will permit me. It is a company of little poperies, not yet come to growth, making furious noise at one great popery, which haply has arrived at too great growth—has *over-grown* itself, if it please God, so far as may concern this realm in any wise. Our care, then, in this matter, if those whose servants we are appointed are to be rightly served, is this: To let that great Thing die, with as much comfort as may be: duly considering that a spent lamp lives yet longer for being stirred. As for that other kind of popery, why, look you diligently, I heartily beseech you, that it grow no bigger! But constantly, by example of simple true godliness, making every chamber wherein you enter a chapel in which to perform works of forbearance and goodwill; by constant example of painful endeavoring after new excellences and attainments, as servants of God and servants of the Commonwealth; and more than this, in charitable gifts to poor persons in this bitter weather, do you bring the nation to other

foundations of spiritual being than those which have lately got some establishment; for I may as truly say of some of these present Denominations and Churches as I said of Popery a little while ago in this place [Speech, 20 Jan., 1858], that they are fostered by men of an episcopal mind, of whom it were hard to say whether temporalities or spiritualities are the things they strive after; they are like unto the feet of Nebuchadnezzar's figure—iron and clay mixed; which is not durable at all.

And now give me leave to conclude, for I do perceive it approaches near to the hour of dinner. Indeed, I would not at so great length have touched upon this matter, for truly it is not worthy, only for the satisfying of some tender consciences, which is but right. [Which is, your Highness?—the tender consciences or the satisfying of them? His Highness is in haste—has dinner-time full in view now, and not mere rhetoric.] But let me conclude with this;—to impress this upon your thought is, indeed, my chief business to-day: See that you mistake not the noise of incontinent brawlers for the people's voice—at all times that is a thing of frequent and dangerous concernment; and yet more specially look to it that you *yourselves* be not found empty brawlers, instead of so ministering to the common business, and so conducting it to speedy and worthy issues, that this nation may be manfully upheld: a nation which, we may thank God, is an astonishment to the world in honest industrious striving after prosperity. It is!

And now if, after all I have besought, some men be found here who *still* endeavor to bring that foolish storm that is without

more foolishly to rage in *this* House, let me beseech him at any rate first to consider what he will *do*, what he would see *done*, when the noise is wearied out? If he can answer this continually in his own thought—why let him proceed, in the Lord's name! But this I will say, that whatever foolishness such proceeding may issue in, I have this comfort to Godward: I have sufficiently warned you of it!

[*Exeunt omnes*—in some astonishment, we may suppose—to dinner. And thus ends this Speech, with its oblivions, its dim twilight prophesyings and bodings, all which, and more than which, we have seen dismally realized in rabid Popish Plots and persecutions some twenty years later, and in much else, alas! of which we will presume the historical reader to be sufficiently aware. Nor need even the *un-historical* reader, if he be of good digestion, digestion of the ostrich kind, altogether despair. Let him gird up his loins, and, taking affectionate leave of his friends, throw himself upon that dreary waste which is satirically called Newspaper Literature—a waste extending now through two months: he will discover, haply, that this Nineteenth Century hath as great capacity for rabidness of a certain kind as any century might desire to boast. On this point, however, we will say nothing here: will allow "Popular Indignation" to shout itself into quietude—hoarse, hopeless, and forlorn! But our present business with him being concluded, once more we bid Farewell to the noble Oliver, who gradually, having said so much, falls back into his eternity of rest, after his many noble, manifold labors.]

OERSTED, THE NATURALIST.—At Copenhagen, Dr. Oersted, the well-known discoverer of electro-magnetism, has been celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his appointment as professor at the Royal University of that city. We English are not accustomed to have our literary men spoilt as they spoil them in Denmark, and some other civilized countries. All ranks contended to do the philosopher honor on this occasion. The King sent him the grand cross of the order of Dannebrog;—the University sent new

insignia of his Doctor's degree, including a gold ring whereon a cameo bears the head of Minerva;—and the citizens presented him with a beautiful villa, situated at Fredericksburg, in the outskirts of Copenhagen. King and people agree in a strange estimate of the value and status of the scientific man, according to our insular notions. We do not see how they could have improved on this sort of testimonial if he had gained a battle. Dr. Oersted is upwards of eighty years of age.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR ON SOUTHEY.

IN A LETTER TO THE REV. C. CUTHBERT SOUTHEY.

It is not because I enjoyed your father's friendship, my dear sir, that I am now about to send you my testimony to his worth. Indeed, that very friendship, and the frequent expression of it in his letters for more than forty years, have made me hesitate too long before the public.

Never in the course of my existence have I known a man so excellent on so many points. What he was as a son is now remembered by few; what he was as a husband and a father, shows it more clearly than the best memory could represent it. The purity of his youth, the integrity of his manhood, the soundness of his judgment, and the tenderness of his heart, they alone who have been blest with the same qualities can appreciate. And who are they? Many with one, some with more than one, nobody with all of them in the like degree. So there are several who possess one quality of his poetry; none who possess the whole variety.

For poetry there must be invention, energy, truth of conception, wealth of words, and purity of diction. His were indeed all these, excepting one; and that one often came when called for—I mean energy. This is the chief characteristic and highest merit of Byron; it is also Scott's, and perhaps more than equally. Shelley is not deficient in it; nor is Keats, whose heart and soul are sheer poetry, overflowing from its fermentation. Wordsworth is as meditative and thoughtful as your father, but less philosophical; his intellect was less amply stored; his heart was narrower. He knew the fields better than men, and ordinary men better than extraordinary. He is second to your father alone, of all poets, ancient or modern, in local description. The practice of the ancients has inculcated the belief that scenery should be rare and scanty in heroic poetry. Even those among them who introduce us into pastoral life are sparing of it. Little is there in Theocritus, hardly a glimpse in Moschus or Bion: but Virgil

has more and better of (what is called) *description* in his *Æneid* than in his *Eclogues* or *Georgics*. The other epic poets, whatever the age or country, are little worth noticing, with the single and sole exception of Apollonius. I am inclined to think there is more of beautiful and appropriate scenery in *Roderic* alone, than the whole range of poetry, in all its lands, contains. Whatever may be the feeling of others in regard to it, I find it a relief from sanguinary actions and conflicting passions, to rest awhile beyond, but within sight. However, the poet ought not at any time to grow cool and inactive in the field of battle, nor retire often, nor long.

The warmest admirers of Wordsworth are nevertheless so haunted by antiquity, that there are few among them, I believe, who would venture to call him, what I have no hesitation in doing, the superior both of Virgil and of Theocritus in description. And description, let it be remembered, is not his only nor his highest excellence. Before I come to look into his defects, I am ready to assert that he has written a greater number of good sonnets than all the other sonnet-eers in Europe put together: yet sometimes in these compositions, as in many others of the smaller, he is expletive and diffuse, which Southey never is. Rural and humble life has brought him occasionally to a comparison with Crabbe. They who in their metaphors are fond of applying the physical to the moral, might say perhaps that Wordsworth now and then labors under a diarrhœa; Crabbe under a constipation; each without the slightest symptom of fever or excitement. Immeasurably above Crabbe, and widely different, less graphic, less concise, less anatomical, he would come nearer to Cowper, had he Cowper's humor. This, which Wordsworth totally wanted, your father had abundantly. Certainly the commentator who extolled him for *universality*, intended no irony, although it seems one. He wanted not only universal-

ity, but variety, in which none of our poets is comparable to Southey. His humor is gentle and delicate, yet exuberant. If in the compositions of Wordsworth there had been this one ingredient, he would be a Cowper in solution, with a crust of prose at the bottom, and innumerable flakes and bee-wings floating up and down loosely and languidly. Much of the poetry lately, and perhaps even still, in estimation, reminds me of plashy and stagnant water, with here and there the broad flat leaves of its fair but scentless lily on the surface, showing at once a want of depth and of movement. I would never say this openly, either to the censurers or the favorers of such as it may appear to concern. For it is inhumane to encourage enmities and dislikes, and scarcely less so to diminish an innocent pleasure in good creatures incapable of a higher. I would not persuade, if I could, those who are enraptured with a morrice-dancer and a blind fiddler, that those raptures ought to be reserved for a Grisi and a Beethoven, and that if they are very happy they are very wrong. The higher kinds of poetry, of painture, and of sculpture, can never be duly estimated by the majority even of the intellectual. The marbles of the Parthenon and the Odes of Pindar bring many false worshippers, few sincere. Cultivation will do much in the produce of the nobler arts, but there are only a few spots into which this cultivation can be carried. Of what use is the plough, or the harrow, or the seed itself, if the soil is sterile and the climate uncongenial?

Remarks have been frequently and justly made on the absurdity of classing in the same category the three celebrated poets who resided contemporaneously and in fellowship near the Lakes. There is no resemblance between any two of them in the features and character of their poetry. Southey could grasp great subjects, and completely master them; Coleridge never attempted it; Wordsworth attempted it, and failed. He has left behind him no poem, no series or collection of his, requiring and manifesting so great and diversified powers as are exhibited in *Marmion*, or *The Lady of the Lake*, in *Roderic*, or *Thalaba*, or *Kehama*. His *Excursion* is a vast congeries of small independent poems, several very pleasing. Breaking up this unwieldy vessel, he might have constructed out of its materials several eclogues; craft drawing little water.

Coleridge left unfinished, year after year, until his death, the promising *Christabel*. Before he fell exhausted from it, he had done

enough to prove that he could write good poetry, not enough to prove that he could ever be a great poet. He ran with spirit and velocity a short distance, then dropped. Excelling no less in prose than in poetry, he raised expectations which were suddenly overclouded and blank, undertook what he was conscious he never should perform, and declared he was busily employed in what he had only dreamt of. Never was love more imaginary than his love of Truth. Not only did he never embrace her, never bow down to her and worship her, but he never looked her earnestly in the face. Possessing the most extraordinary powers of mind, his unsteadiness gave him the appearance of weakness. Few critics were more acute, more sensitive, mere comprehensive; but, like other men, what he could say most eloquently he said most willingly; and he would rather give or detract with a large full grasp, than weigh deliberately.

Conscience with Southey stood on the other side of Enthusiasm. What he saw, he said; what he found, he laid open. He alone seems to have been aware that criticism, to be complete, must be both analytical and synthetic. Every work should be measured by some standard. It is only by such exposition and comparison of two, more or less similar in the prominent points, that correctness of arbitrament can be attained. All men are critics; all men judge the written or unwritten words of others. It is not in works of imagination, as you would think the most likely for it, but it is chiefly in criticism, that writers at the present day are discursive and erratic. Among our regular bands of critics there is almost as much and as ill-placed animosity on one side, and enthusiasm on the other, as there is among the vulgar voters at parliamentary elections, and they who differ from them are pelted as heartily. In the performance of the ancient drama there were those who modulated with the pipe the language of the actor. No such instrument is found in the wardrobe of our critics, to temper their animosity or to direct their enthusiasm. Your father carried it with him wherever he sat in judgment; because he knew that his sentence would be recorded, and not only there. Oblivion is the refuge of the unjust; but their confidence is vain in the security of that sanctuary. The most idle and ignorant hold arguments on literary merit. Usually the commencement is, "*I think with you, but,*" &c., or "*I do not think with you.*"

The first begins with a false position; and

there is probably one, and more than one, on each side. The second would be quite correct if it ended at the word *think*; for there are few who can do it, and fewer who will. The kindlier tell us that no human work is perfect. This is untrue: many poetical works are. Many of Horace, more of Catullus, still more of Lafontaine; if, indeed, fable may be admitted as poetry by coming in its garb and equipage. Surely there are several of Moore's songs, and several of Barry Cornwall's, absolutely perfect. Surely there are also a few small pieces in the Italian and French. I wonder, on a renewed investigation, to find so few in the Greek. But the fluency of the language carried them too frequently among the shallows; and even in the graver and more sententious, the current is greater than the depth. The Illissus is sometimes a sandbank. In the elegant and graceful arrow there is often not only much feather and little barb, but the barb wants weight to carry it with steadiness and velocity to the mark. Milton and Cowper were the first and last among us who breathed without oppression on the serene and cloudless heights where the Muses were born and educated. Each was at times a truant from his school; but even the lower of the two, in his *Task*, has done what extremely few of his preceptors could do. Alas! his Attic honey was at last turned sour by the leaven of fanaticism. I wish he, and Goldsmith, and your father, could call to order some adventurous members of our poetical yacht-club, who are hoisting a great deal of canvass on a slender mast, and "unknown regions dare explore" without compass, plummet, or anchor. Nobody was readier than Southey to acknowledge that in his capacity of laureate he had written some indifferent poetry; but it was better than his predecessor's or successor's on similar occasions. Personages whom he was expected to commemorate looked the smaller for the elevation of their position; and their naturally coarse materials crumbled under the master's hand. Against these frail memorials we may safely place his *Inscriptions*, and challenge all nations to confront them. We are brought by these before us to the mournful contemplation of his own great merits lying unnoticed; to the indignant recollection of the many benefices, since his departure, and since you were admitted into holy orders, bestowed by chancellors and bishops on relatives undistinguished in literature or virtue. And there has often been a powerful call where there has been a powerful canvasser. The father puts on the colors of the candidate; and the candidate,

if successful, throws a scarf and a lambskin over the shoulder of the son. Meanwhile, the son of that great and almost universal genius, who, above all others, was virtually, truly, and emphatically, and not by a vain title, Defender of the Faith,—defender far more strenuous and more potent than any prelatical baron since the Reformation; who has upheld more efficiently, because more uprightly, the assaulted and endangered constitution of the realm than any party-man within the walls of the Parliament-house; who declined the baronetcy which was offered to him and the seat to which he was elected;—he leaves an only son, ill-provided for, with a family to support. Different, far different, was his conduct in regard to those whom the desire of fame led away from the road to fortune. He patronized a greater number of intellectual and virtuous young men, and more warmly, more effectually, than all the powerful. I am not quite certain that poets in general are the best deserving of patronage; he, however, could and did sympathize with them, visit them in their affliction, and touch their unsoundness tenderly. Invidiousness seems to be the hereditary ophthalmia of our unfortunate family; he tended many laboring under the disease, and never was infected. Several of those in office, I am credibly informed, have entered the fields of literature; rather for its hay-making, I presume, than for its cultivation. Whatever might have been the disadvantages to your father from their competition, will, I hope, be unvisited upon you. On the contrary, having seen him safe in the earth, probably they will not grudge a little gold-leaf for the letters on his gravestone, now you have been able to raise it out of the materials he has left behind. We may expect it reasonably; for a brighter day already is dawning. After a quarter of a million spent in the enlargement of royal palaces and the accommodation of royal horses; after a whole million laid out under Westminster Bridge; after an incalculable sum devoted to another Tower of Babel, for as many tongues to wag in; the Queen's Majesty has found munificent advisers, recommending that the entire of *twenty-five pounds annually* shall be granted to the representative of that officer who spent the last years of his life, and life itself, in doing more for England's commerce than Alexander and the Ptolemies did for the world's. He quelled the terrors of the desert, and drew Eng and and India close together.

Your affectionate Friend,

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

WORDSWORTH, CARLYLE, AND MILTON.

For well nigh thirty-four years the public curiosity has been excited by the knowledge that there existed in MS. an unfinished poem of very high pretensions and extraordinary magnitude, from the pen of the late—is he to be the last?—poet laureate of Britain. At the tidings, Lord Jeffrey made himself very merry, and sought for a powerful calculus to compute the supposed magnitude of the poem. De Quincey, on the other hand, had read it, and, both in his writings and conversation, was in the habit of alluding to, quoting, and panegyriizing it as more than equal to Wordsworth's other achievements. All of it that is publishable, or shall ever be published, now lies before us; and we approach it with curiously mingled emotions—mingled, because, although a fragment, it is so vast, and in parts so finished, and because it may be regarded as at once an early production of his genius, and its latest legacy to the world. It seems a large fossil relic—imperfect and magnificent—newly dug up, and with the fresh earth and the old dim subsoil meeting and mingling around it.

The "Prelude" is the first *regular versified* autobiography we remember in our language. Passages, indeed, and parts of the lives of celebrated men, have been at times represented in verse, but in general a veil of fiction has been dropped over the real facts, as in the case of Don Juan; and in all the revelation made has resembled rather an escapade or a partial confession than a systematic and slowly consolidated life. The mere circumstances, too, of life have been more regarded than the inner current of life itself. We class the "Prelude" at once with Sartor Resartus—although the latter wants the poetic *form*—as the two most interesting and faithful records of the individual experience of men of genius which exist.

And yet, how different the two men, and the two sets of experience. Sartor resembles the unfilled and yawning crescent moon; Wordsworth the rounded harvest orb: Sartor's cry is, "Give, give!" Wordsworth's, "I have found it, I have found it!" Sartor cannot, amid a universe of work, find a task fit for him to do, and yet can much less be

utterly idle; while to Wordsworth, basking in the sun, or loitering near an evening stream, is sufficient and satisfactory work. To Sartor, Nature is a divine tormentor—her works at once inspire and agonize him; Wordsworth loves her with the passion of a perpetual honeymoon. Both are intensely self-conscious; but Sartor's is the consciousness of disease, Wordsworth's of high health standing before a mirror. Both have a "demon," but Sartor's is exceedingly fierce, dwelling among the tombs—Wordsworth's a mild eremite, loving the rocks and the woods. Sartor's experience has been frightfully peculiar, and Wordsworth's peculiarly felicitous. Both have passed through the valley of the shadow of death; but the one has found it as Christian found it, dark and noisy—the other has passed it with Faithful, by daylight. Sartor is more of a representative man than Wordsworth, for many have had part at least of his sad experiences, whereas Wordsworth's soul dwells apart: his joys and sorrows, his virtues and his sins, are alike his own, and he can circulate his being as soon as them. Sartor is a brother man in fury and fever—Wordsworth seems a cherub, almost chillingly pure, and whose very warmth is borrowed from another sun than ours. We love and fear Sartor with almost equal intensity—Wordsworth we respect and wonder at with a great admiration.

Compare their different biographies. Sartor's is brief and abrupt as a confession; the author seems hurrying away from the memory of his wo—Wordsworth lingers over his past self like a lover over the history of his courtship. Sartor is a reminiscence of Prometheus—the "Prelude" an account of the education of Pan. The agonies of Sartor are connected chiefly with his own individual history, shadowing that of innumerable individuals besides—those of Wordsworth with the fate of nations, and the world at large. Sartor craves, but cannot find a creed—belief seems to flow in Wordsworth's blood; to see is to believe with him. The lives of both are fragments, but Sartor seems to shut his so abruptly, because he dare not disclose all his struggles; and Wordsworth,

because he dares not reveal all his peculiar and incommunicable joys. To use Sartor's own words, applied to the poet before us, we may inscribe upon Wordsworth's grave, "Here lies a man who did what he intended;" while over Sartor's disappointed ages may say, "Here lies a man whose intentions were noble, and his powers gigantic, but who, from lack of proper correspondence between them, did little or nothing, said much, but only told the world his own sad story."

The points of resemblance between Milton and Wordsworth are numerous—both were proud in spirit, and pure in life—both were intensely self-conscious—both essayed the loftiest things in poetry—both looked with considerable contempt on their contemporaries, and appealed to the coming age—both preferred fame to reputation—both during their life-time met with obloquy, which crushed them not—both combined intellect with imagination, in equal proportions—both were persevering and elaborate artists, as well as inspired men—both were unwieldy in their treatment of commonplace subjects. Neither possessed a particle of humor; nor much, if any, genuine wit. Both were friends of liberty and of religion—their genius was "baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

But there were differences and disparities as manifold. Milton was a scholar of the first magnitude; Wordsworth no more than respectable in point of learning; Milton may be called a glorious book-worm; Wordsworth an insect feeding on trees; Milton was London born and London bred; Wordsworth from the provinces; Milton had a world more sympathy with chivalry and arms—with the power and the glory of this earth—with human and female beauty—with man and with woman, than Wordsworth. Wordsworth loved inanimate nature better than Milton, or at least he was more intimately conversant with her features; and has depicted them with more minute accuracy, and careful finish. Milton's love for liberty was a wiser and firmer passion, and underwent little change; Wordsworth's veered and fluctuated; Milton's creed was more definite and fixed than Wordsworth's, and, perhaps, lay nearer to his heart; Wordsworth shaded away into a vague mistiness, in which the Cross at times was lost; Milton had more devotion in his absence from church than Wordsworth in his presence there; Wordsworth was an "idler in the land;" Milton an incessant and heroic struggler.

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MRS. BROWNING AND MISS LOWE.*

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"Affection's Gifts," and "Friendship's Keepsakes," you will be sure to find one or two of her vague wandering—melodies we cannot call them, unless slow, dull, autumn breezes, whining through a keyhole, deserve that appellation. Always the same leafless gloom, amidst which, here and there, a little pale, frightened flower, colorless and marred, may perk its head up, and yield you a sickly smile, and smile itself to death again!

We do not wish to upbraid more of these doleful lady-singers, and truly their number is countless. "Breezes sigh," they may answer us, "why should not we? rain-drops weep, why are tears denied us? night mourns, why should we be gay? True, there is heaven above: when we go thither, we will sing more gladly with the angels!" Now, this is a very pretty lady-poetess's speech: only, unfortunately, she would have condemned us to listen to as many stanzas of eight lines each, as there are thoughts, or rather fancies, in our answer: any one of the class in question could do it, and their composition would be as like as two T's; a little better or a little worse, to be sure, as far as rhyme and language are concerned, but all "so very sweet," "so charming really." Well, is this a true count, or is it not? Do we exaggerate? Now, all poetesses are *not* of this order and caliber, witness the two names at the head of this article. Besides, there is Mrs. Southey, of whom we take shame to ourselves for knowing so little; but what we do know has seemed to us of sterling quality; and, again, there is Mary Howitt, some of whose sweet, fresh, cheerful strains are really pure as the dew-drops of the morn, not like the tears of an autumn mist: and, no doubt, there are others who ought to be mentioned (we beg any lady poetess who reads this, and has published, to take for granted she is included amongst the number), and still one general verdict must stand against the lady-singers. We know not whether there is essentially or necessarily an absence of concentration in female thought: judging from many novels we have seen, and many letters also, we should say, No! The memory of Miss Edgeworth only forbids the thought. Women are not necessarily or usually thus morbid in their talk: were they so, they would by no means be the queens of creation we consider them. It is only *female poetry* which is thus deficient in healthfulness, cheerfulness, and sound sense. With regard to the latter quality, it is our mature opinion that women are usually more sensible than men;

but you certainly would not guess it from their poetry, where they seem to think it *necessary* to be weak and foolish. Of course this dictum is to be taken with a due degree of allowance for its sweepingness.

Foreign poetesses are not a whit better than English; think of Madame Desbordes-Valmont (we think that is the way she spells her name), think of her pitiful wails and lamentations, "Mes Pleurs" and "Mes Larmes" innumerable, enough to fill an ocean. As for Germany's songstresses, though she has several, they are all unknown to fame, save "Betty Paoli," whom we admire greatly, and should rank upon a level with Mrs. Browning and Miss Lowe, for artistic power; that is, we recognize hers as a kindred spirit with those of Germany's greatest bards, one who may justly claim equality with them; but then we have always called her "the female Byron," so sad is she, so bitter, so painfully passionate; nevertheless, she is great. We recommend Betty Paoli's poems to the study of every lover of German poetry; they are pure and noble artistic creations, earnest-hearted and earnest-minded, and, above all, *not diffuse* (wonderful to relate); her words rarely or never outrun the thoughts they represent.

Still, in every country, female poetry is doleful or morbid, and generally speaking it is weak and diffuse, and therefore, as we said at starting, it does not present a too delightful theme.

But it is far otherwise with the strains of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Helen Lowe, who, though widely different, are both true poets; not *poetesses only*; each taking a high rank amongst her bardic peers, and one which, if we mistake not, she is destined long to keep. We cannot aver that either is wholly free from that shade or tinge of morbid sorrow from which no female poetess has ever yet escaped; but in neither of them is this the predominant feature; it rather forms the background in both instances (if we may consider their poetry as two great master-pieces by some illustrious artist), from which the main subject stands out in bold and bright relief, commanding our hearty admiration. As a lyric poet, Mrs. Browning takes high rank among the bards of England: there are few to surpass her; perhaps none in her especial beauties,—in the combination of romantic wildness with deep, true tenderness and most singular power. And so, again, Miss Lowe need not fear comparison with great dramatists: in her works there is little or no display of passion; all is calm, concentrated

power, fixed energy of thought, a certain reserve of greatness. This latter lady has not been acknowledged, we believe, as she should and must be, though the "Quarterly" hymned her praises after its own fashion some years ago: and this is not wonderful, for her powers do not dazzle; there is little to startle or amaze, and, though there is much to thrill the thoughtful, there are few appeals to tears. "The Prophecy of Balaam" is, in our estimation—and we speak advisedly—one of the grandest dramatic poems in existence. Once read by one who is capable of reflection, it can never be forgotten: it is based on eternal truth, and its power is only deeper and more real from the total absence of effort. All is grand, stately, and yet beautiful, like some fixed marble statue: only *here* there is life in the veins; a heart throbs beneath the marble,—"it could arise and walk!" What wonder that contemporary criticism should neglect such a work? The old adage applies as ever:—the boys pick up the shining pebbles by the sea-shore, but they cast the pearls away. Then, for "The Queen's Choice," what sweet, calm, happy grace and plaintive mournfulness breathe from this drama! If we compare it with the successful plays of the day (and we are willing to acknowledge the occasional power and pathos of "Marston," despite his abominable taste, and the stage-cleverness of Lovel), we feel that we are passing at once from the world of false to that of true art,—from fiction to reality. Even on the stage, adequately represented, "The Queen's Choice" would excite a profound sensation; but our voice cannot reach managers; and if it could, wrapt in their comfortable mantle of solidity, they would turn a deaf ear to our assertions.

But to our more general theme:—Mrs. Browning is not exclusively lyric, nor Miss Lowe dramatic; for the former's "Drama of Exile" is an exquisite work of its kind, and some of Miss Lowe's poems, though we do not like them as well as her plays, have much real merit, merit of a quiet and somewhat sombre character, like the beauties of an autumn twilight, sinking down on a fair landscape, fringed with dark and leafy woods. We cannot hope to do justice to both of these ladies, or perhaps to either of them, on the present occasion: perhaps we have acted wrongly in stringing their names together.

Mrs. Browning may well feel that she had a right to an article for herself alone, as much as her great poet-husband, to whom we strove to do tardy justice but lately. He and she are kindred spirits; yet there is a vast difference between them. His genius is essentially,

we might almost say exclusively, dramatic. The simplest line that falls from him, no matter in what shape, is a strong dramatic utterance. He has an instinctive knowledge of the hearts of men, a power of identifying himself with the passions of others, and of realizing them in their most fiery outbursts, making them his own. Thus far he is impulsive, *most* impulsive, *dramatically* so; but there his impulse, comparatively, ends: free lyric power is *not* his characteristic. A contemporary has said this but lately, and it is true; yet it is not from lack of impulsive power that Browning fails here; nay, he does not fail, for he never makes the attempt: he is too *exclusively* dramatic, as we have said. His earnestness of passion forbids all lyrical redundancies. It is utterly false that—as the same critic asserts, as it is not unfashionable to say,—he is devoid of *beauty*. He has the highest beauty, the highest grace: witness "Paracelsus," "Pippa Passes," "Colombe's Birthday." But he never seeks beauty for beauty's sake: his aim is the reality of passion, good or bad: if beauty is consistent with the truth, then it will be certain to be there: but the passion may so arrest your sight as to blind your eyes to the beauty! your heart is too strongly appealed to, to allow of your stopping to admire!—A mere love of words for their own sake, this he does not seem to possess. Now a true lyric poet must! He sings because he loves singing: true, he must have something to sing about, but this need not be much: the nightingale sings, no doubt, of the beauty of the early spring, but not over distinctly. Now Mrs. Browning is oftentimes possessed with the fine lyrical "afflatus," the *passion of song*, and pours herself forth in verse. This is what Browning seldom or never does, in the same sense or way; yet he is not a *made* poet, but a *born* one: it is his instinct to be dramatic, "*voilà tout!*" Both he and Mrs. Browning feel intensely; he thinks, perhaps, most deeply, yet she is a thinker too; both have a wild imagination and a potent fancy; he has a genuine vein of humor; she has a pleasant, genial, meditative lofty strain, such as inspired her "Wine of Cyprus." Upon the whole, we think Browning's the higher and the master spirit; hers the more tender, and the more musical also.

But to the volumes before us, which we must deal with, we fear, very summarily. "The Drama of Exile" is a fervid and yet a sacred strain. At the gate of Paradise, where Milton left our first parents, the spirit of the poetess has met them, has listened to

their wails of fond regret, and recorded their first wandering out into the sterile earth, thenceforth to yield man bread by the sweat of his brow. It is a grand and a solemn composition; somewhat too diffuse, perhaps, and shadowy, and mixing up ideal conceptions, abstract ideas personified, such as the Spirits of the Earth and of the Creatures, with real actual sentient beings, in a manner we can scarcely approve. This, unintentionally, gives an unreal effect to much that would be otherwise very beautiful, and even holy. And even if we admit of these twain impersonations of the powers of nature, what shall we say to those shadows of shadows, the signs of the Zodiac—vast spectral forms representing these signs being made to form a circle round the exile wanderers? We do not see the meaning of this, and we are sure that its effect is unhappy. Again, we must blame the almost ludicrous and hopeless pertinacity with which the chief of fallen angels is represented as troubling those with his presence who incessantly request him "to go." There is something even comic in this, and we beg Mrs. Browning to believe that we do not make the remark irreverently; the opening discourse between Gabriel and Lucifer is almost entirely, on the former's part, a series of first commands, and then entreaties, to the latter to retire: it is obvious that Gabriel should not be made to speak so forcibly at first, if he has no power to enforce his commands; and his entering into long reasonings afterwards on the same theme, is a token of weakness we should not have expected from an angel. We almost fear we are waxing irreverent, which it is certainly far from our intention to be, firmly as we believe in angelic agency, and strongly as we desire to do honor to those blessed spirits which stand in the presence of our God around the throne. The first scene, very fine in parts, is followed by an exquisite chorus of Eden spirits, while Adam and Eve fly across the track traced for them by the glare of the sword of fire, self-moved, for many miles along the waste. There are seven lines in this chorus which seem to us particularly beautiful, and which recur oftentimes in their mournful sweetness, with slight changes, adapting them to the various singers, from the Spirits of the trees, rivers, flowers, &c. Take the second of these:—

"Fare ye well, farewell!
The river-sounds, no longer audible,
Expire at Eden's door!
Each footstep of your treading
Treads out some murmur which ye heard before:

Farewell! the streams of Eden
Ye shall hear nevermore."

Is not that melancholy music, recalling the sweet songs of our own early childhood? Mark the lingering sweetness of the last two lines, where the cadence falls and rests. There is a plaintive tenderness in this rarely surpassed. The song of the Bird-spirit should be quoted, but we have no space for it. Then follows a beautiful colloquy between Adam and Eve, held on the verge of the sword-glare: both characters are nobly conceived. We find no trace of selfishness in what falls from either of them; only the love God seems no longer to tenant their hearts; intense love of each other has taken its place. We have not space to go through the drama *seriatim*; it is grand throughout. To our mind it is very questionable whether Lucifer should be represented as fraught with love for anything, even for his own morning-star. Scripture represents hate and scorn as his essence, and in these consist his enmity to God. However, the song of the Morning-Star to Lucifer is exceedingly wild and glowing; we regret that we have not space to enrich our pages with it. All the lyrics introduced in this poem are noble; but most intense, is perhaps, the power displayed in that song of the Earth-spirits, when they curse our first parents for having brought the curse on them (p. 59). Its wildness is great, but is exceeded by its power:—

"And we scorn you! There's no pardon
Which can lean to you aught.
When your bodies take the guerdon
Of the death-curse in our sight,
Then the bee that hummeth lowest shall transcend
you:
Then ye shall not move an eyelid,
Though the stars look down your eyes;
And the earth, which ye defiled,
She shall show you to the skies,
'Lo! these kings of ours—who sought to comprehend
you!"

"First Spirit.

"And the elements shall boldly
All your dust to dust constrain;
Unresistedly and coldly,
I will smite you with my rain!
From the slowest of my frosts is no receding.

"Second Spirit.

"And my little worm, appointed
To assume a royal part,
He shall reign, crowned and anointed,
O'er the noble human heart!
Give him Counsel against losing of that Eden!"

What a magnificent rhythm for scorn and

irony! The final apparition of our Lord is calmly and grandly treated. Altogether, the "Drama of Exile" is a great, though somewhat sad, creation: it is like the eyrie of the eagle, built high and near the stars, but rather cold and lonely. We cannot speak as favorably of "The Seraphim," also dramatic in its form, and, upon the whole, only an ambitious failure: it should have been excluded from the volumes before us. Its "Part the First" is peculiarly meaningless; in which all the myriads of the angel-host having departed to gaze on the Crucifixion, two only, the interlocutors, Ador and Zerah, remain at the gate of heaven, also intending to follow their brethren, but stopping in the first instance for the bare purpose of talk-talk-talk, as dreary as it is meaningless. We are sorry to speak thus harshly, but the theme of the Crucifixion is too awful and too blessed not to have forbidden such a desecration as this, however unintentional. The whole poem labors under a painful sense of unreality, and that in treating of the greatest of all realities. There is an irreverence to our feelings in the stage-directions, so to speak, respecting the shut heavenly gate, which shocked us even at starting. The everlasting gates, which rolled aside when He, our Lord, ascended to His glory, were not "a gate:" rather were they intervening spheres, or worlds of darkness and of majesty. Does not Mrs. Browning feel that the glories of heaven are too great for her earthly grasp? that it far rather becomes her on such a subject to tremble and adore? Let her pardon our frankness; but we confess this poem (if so we must call it, where we see few poetic sparks from first to last) shocks us, and forms, in our judgment, a most unworthy sequel to her "Drama of Exile!" As critics, and as Christians, we entreat that "The Seraphim" may be removed from the next edition!

The translation of "Prometheus," which follows, has great merit; but we do not wholly like it. It displays Mrs. Browning's usual power, especially towards the close, as in the mad song of "Io;" but Prometheus's complaints are rather too rhetorically rendered, without sufficient dramatic earnestness. Pass we to the lyrics. First come two long strains, both noble, yet not amongst our favorites. "A Vision of Poets" reminds us of Tennyson's "Two Voices;" but it is far less thoughtful and more indistinct. It is emphatically a vision, and possesses only visionary beauties; and yet it is neither devoid of sublimity nor tenderness of heart. We

object to what *seems* suggested by some expressions,—that every great poet must be unhappy; that he must be earnest, we believe. The portraits of the poets, drawn with a few bold lines, are sometimes very striking. Take, for instance,—

"Here, Homer, with the broad suspense
Of thunderous brows, and lips intense,
With garrulous god-innocence."

Or again,

"Hesiod old,
Who, somewhat blind and deaf and cold,
Cared most for gods and bulls."

Or,

"And Ossian, dimly seen or guessed:
Once counted greater than the rest,
When mountain winds blew out his rest."

Or, once more,

"And Goethe—with that reaching eye,
His soul reached out from, far and high,
And felt from inner entity."

How true of that sublimest of egotists, who became so objective at last as to be no longer a human being; who from very selfishness lost self! There is beauty and majesty in this long poem, but we cannot moralize on its bearings. Pass we to the companion "Poet's Vow," which we like not much. It is poetically executed, indeed, but sadly unreal. The hero gives up earthly happiness and a loving bride from mere unnatural misanthropy. He will not be happy, since so many of his fellow-men are not; and so shuts himself up, and lives and dies, useless to himself and others, a blot upon the face of nature. Such a song as this is like a picture of the desert: the leagues on leagues of weary sand may lie in the broiling sun before us, as white, as sterile, and as hideous as on the desert's self, but where was the good of painting them! If there ever *were* such a misanthrope, surely it would have been better to leave him "to perish in his self-contempt." Now follows one of the wildest romances in the English, or in any tongue, but it is also most beautiful. The title is the "Romaunt of Margaret." It is a weird tale of wo and spectral horror; but how wonderfully told! and the clinging faith of the heroine through her terrific trial endears the poem to our hearts. We shall not quote it, or quote from it, but refer our readers to the volume. This, however, we may say: it is like some wild forest scene at midnight, with just one break in the dark round of trees, where the silvery moon shines through, sadly, palely, and sweetly, while a woodland

brooklet murmurs by. Had Mrs. Browning written this alone, she had earned our most earnest admiration. "Isabel's Child" is less perfect in its execution, we think; but very beautiful in conception. A mother, by her earnest prayers, (such prayers have power!) has prevailed on God to spare her infant, assailed by deadly fever; but as she is keeping watch over the reviving babe, a strange apparition chances: it looks upon her with thoughtful eyes, through which gleams a spirit in maturity, and it finds a voice and speaks, imploring no longer to be stayed from the blessed joys of heaven. At morn the nurse finds the child dead on the mother's knee, and that mother blesses God for having taken away her darling.—Then come the Sonnets, which, generally speaking, are very fine. Let us be pardoned for suggesting that the first, "The Soul's Expression," is a little, a very little, too self-asserting! But we pass that by. There is great power in these sonnets; a concentration of thought and expression, of which ordinary lady-poetesses could form no conception in their dreams. Perhaps we should cite one.—

"I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless.
That only men, incredulous of despair,
Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air,
Beat upward to God's throne in loud access
Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness
In souls, as countries, lieth silent-bare
Under the blenching vertical eye-glare
Of the absolute heav'ns. Deep-hearted man,
express
Grief for thy dead in silence like to death;
Most like a monumental statue set

In everlasting watch and moveless woe,
Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.
Touch it: the marble eyelids are not wet:
It it could weep, it could arise and go."

We thought of naming the more singularly beautiful sonnets, but there are so many beautiful, that we must refrain. We pass to the second volume. Here come all our prime favorites, which we are unable to dwell on now as we should wish. Here is "The Romaunt of the Page," sad and sweet: may not blue-bells ring out such music to fairy ears when the summer winds pass over them? Yet, no; there is too much of gloom and sorrow here: rather may the elfs of the woods list such wild strains, sung to them by autumn breezes rustling the green leaves of the old oak tree. Then comes the magnificent "Onora, or Lay of the Brown Rosary," as it is entitled. We should like to tell the story of this last; but we may not. A good and gentle girl, who abandons heaven to keep her life! Her lover is returning from the wars, yet she must die, unless she make her unhallowed compact: and she makes it; and her little brother suspects the terrible truth; and at the altar her lover—but no, we will tell no more. Only let us say, never was wilder, sweeter ballad sung or said! And for the second part, where Onora is sleeping, and the angels dare not draw too nigh her, since she has forsaken God, and the evil spirit bids her yield her good dream, in which she wanders with her dead father through the summer fields—What say you to this, reader ours?—

"*Evil Spirit in a Nun's garb by the bed.*

"Forbear that dream! forbear that dream! too near to heaven it leaned.

"*Onora in sleep.*

"Nay, leave me this—but only this! 'tis but a dream, sweet fiend!

"*Evil Spirit.*

"It is a thought.

"*Onora in sleep.*

"A sleeping thought—most innocent of good—

It doth the Devil no harm, sweet fiend! it cannot, if it would.
I say in it no holy hymn,—I do no holy work,
I scarcely hear the Sabbath-bell that chimeth from the kirk.

"*Evil Spirit.*

"Forbear that dream—forbear that dream!

"*Onora in sleep.*

"Nay, let me dream at least!

That far-off bell, it may be took for viol at a feast—
I only walk among the fields, beneath the autumn sun,
With my dead father, hand in hand, as I have often done.

* * * * *

" Evil Spirit.

"Thou shalt do something harder still.—Stand up where thou dost stand,
Among the fields of dream-land, with thy father hand in hand,
And clear and slow, repeat the vow,—declare its cause and kind,
Which, not to break in sleep or wake, thou bearest on thy mind.

" Onora in sleep.

"I bear a vow of wicked kind, a vow for mournful cause:
I vowed it deep, I vowed it strong—the spirits laughed applause:
The spirits trailed, along the pines, low laughter like a breeze,
While, high atween their swinging tops, the stars appeared to freeze.

" Evil Spirit.

"More calm and free,—speak out to me, why such a vow was made.

" Onora in sleep.

"Because that God decreed my death, and I shrank back afraid.—
Have patience, O dead father mine! I did not fear to die;
I wish I were a young dead child, and had thy company!
I wish I lay beside thy feet, a buried three-year child,
And wearing only a kiss of thine, upon my lips that smiled!"

We break off abruptly, where it seems sacrilege to abbreviate; every word is so beautiful. We shall not tell the issue. Then follows the "Rhyme of the Duchess May," most exquisite, and withal most powerful; "The Romance of the Swan's Nest," with a kind of innocent infantine beauty; "Bertha in the Lane," very sad, but still sweeter; "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," most noble, with a mighty sweep of verse, and a corresponding grandeur of feeling; the wild, passionate outcry of "the Runaway Slave;" the deeply-pathetic "Cry of the Children," never surpassed, and not to be surpassed, for lyrical freedom and exceeding tenderness, and still more exceeding power. We quote one verse; it is the factory children who are speaking (we trust they are saved now):—

"True," say the young children, 'it may happen
That we die before our time.

Little Alice died last year—the grave is shapen
Like a snowball, in the time.

We looked into the pit prepared to take her—

Was no room for any work in the close clay:

From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
Crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day.'

If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,

With your ear down, little Alice never cries!—
Could we see her face, be sure we should not
know her,

For the smile has time for growing in her eyes,—
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in
The shroud, by the kirk chime!

'It is good when it happens,' say the children,
'That we die before our time.'

Was there ever keener pathos? And one
more verse:—

"For, all day the wheels are droning, turning,—
Their wind comes in our faces,— [burning,
Till our hearts turn,—our hand, with pulses
And the walls turn in their places—

Turns the sky in the high window blank and
reeling—

Turns the long light that droppeth down the
wall—

Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—

All are turning, all the day, and we with all.—

And all day, the iron wheels are droning;

And sometimes we could pray,

'O ye wheels,' (breaking out in a mad moaning,
Stop! be silent for to-day!"

We have not even space to enumerate our favorites: "The Fourfold Aspect;" "The Virgin Mary to the Child Jesus;" "To Plush my Dog," sweet and tender, and cheerful-hearted; "The Cry of the Human," passionate and powerful; "The Sleep," mournfully holy; "Cowper's Grave," sublime in its deep tender pathos; "The Lady's Yes," "A Woman's Short-comings," "A Man's Requirement," all three happy strains; one of a higher order, "A Year's Spinning," rarely surpassed or equalled for its expression of deep grief; "Catarina to Camoens," most tender of canzonets; and "Sonnets from the Portuguese," the veil of which it behoves not us to rend away; suffice it to say, "they are beautiful exceedingly." And that is *all*: all we can at least find a space for, and enough, in our judgment, to crown a lady Queen of Song; and that is Mrs. Browning. Certainly she is not a faultless poet; she deals too much in frequent double endings, some of which are strained and forced; she is apt to play Greek freaks with her English tongue; she is sometimes too weird; rarely too sentimental. And now, that we are about to leave her, we feel as if we had said nothing about her; nothing truly to the point. But necessity commands, and so we leave the theme.

Still more unjustly are we constrained to treat Miss Lowe; we had hoped to linger over some of her calm stately lyrics also; so self-possessed in their sadness. There is "Zareefa," which gives its name to one volume, thus characteristically opening:—

"When I consider time's unfolded page,
Where man his soul hath graven on each line,
And note his wrongs in every clime and age
To woman, yet how evermore doth shine
Her spirit over his, almost divine,
When most reviled in goodness eminent;
I marvel much, and grieve, yet rest content."

There is a slap in the face for male critics at starting! but we will not be rebuffed. The tale is a very graceful, though a sad one, most gracefully told. In strong contrast with Mrs. Browning, Miss Lowe is rarely outwardly impulsive; she gives you, mainly, results of past thoughts and emotions; does not fling her feelings forth in the very act of composition. Indeed, there is a peculiar reserve about Miss Lowe's poetry in this respect, which distinguishes it from almost all other poetry written by ladies; but we are already lingering. The song, "Peace, O peace!" is a peculiarly characteristic strain, and very beautiful; we must cite it:—

"Peace, O peace! the air is still;
Sighs are spent, and sorrow dead:
Look around and take thy fill
Of quiet joys around thee spread.—
No! the past no power can break:
Still its mournful memories wake,
Every care is vain.
Not till throbs thy pulse no more,
Till life's fever'd dream be o'er,—
Shalt thou rest from pain."

"The Burden of Britain," "Threnodia,"
"An Evening Ode," "The Vallisneria,"

"Milton," "The Departed," and other lyrics in this volume, have a calm, still beauty of their own.

But these lyrics are far inferior, in our judgment, to the two dramas we meant to have dilated on. First, that charming "Queen's Choice," so utterly void of all aim at power, and yet so full of the thing itself: the deepest seas are apt to be most still: but here this image is out of place, for this drama is sunny on the whole, and leaves a happy memory behind it. Yet more highly do we think of "the Prophecy of Balaam," all the characters introduced are strongly individualized,—the mean and selfish, and yet strong-souled prophet, emblem of genius misapplied; the reckless warrior-youth, Zuriel; the wise and holy Thirza; the gentle Milcab; the fierce Prince of Midian; all are painted with a master-hand: all are truth itself. Here is power, and yielding tenderness, and subtle wisdom; strong sound sense being perhaps, after all, the most marked characteristic. We must conclude: some day or other, we trust yet, to do more justice to Miss Lowe; we cannot think the theme exhausted; indeed it has scarcely been touched.

One circumstance is very remarkable, connected with our subject; it is, that both these poetesses in their spheres, so far greater in the boldness and grandeur of their thoughts than their sister-singers,—are comparatively *learned*! both are good Greek scholars; Miss Lowe, we believe, is well read in Hebrew also:—has this aided to impart or sustain the grandeur which they do most undoubtedly possess? Can we draw an argument from this fact for making our young maidens classical adepts? We would not do that; but the fact, we think, should be recorded.

ILLNESS OF HEINE.—"Poor Heine," says the *Leader*, "is dying. Paralysis has killed every part of him but the head and heart; and yet this diseased body—like that of the noble Augustin Thierry—still owns a lordly intellect. In the brief intervals of suffering Heine prepares the second volume of his 'Buch der Lieder,' and dictates the memoirs of his life—of which he will make a picture gallery, where the portraits of all the remarkable persons he has seen and known

will be hung up for our inspection. Those who know Heine's wit and playful sarcasm will feel, perhaps, somewhat uncomfortable at the idea of sitting for their portraits; but the public will be eager 'for the fun.' There is little of stirring interest in the events of his life; but he has known so many remarkable people, and his powers of vivid painting are of an excellence so rare in German authors, that the announcement of his memoirs will create a great sensation."

From Sharpe's Journal.

TRIUMPHS OF STEAM.

OUR readers will readily unite in a tribute of hearty thanks to the mighty locomotive power of the nineteenth century. During the past summer, unrivaled in the annals of traveling, which of them has not been indebted to the agency of steam for some invigorating change of scene, for mountain air or ocean breezes, for rural seclusion or city excitement? City denizens have no small cause to bless the memories of Watt and Stephenson, as emerging from a commodious carriage after an easy ride of fifty or sixty minutes, in less time, and with incomparably less fatigue, than they could walk from Tower Hill to Hyde Park Corner, they find themselves in a new world, amid corn-fields and hop-gardens; or within ten minutes' walk of rocks carpeted with seaweed, foaming billows, and snowy sea-gulls. Nor are country residents behindhand to honor gratefully those master minds, and congratulate themselves on the existing facilities for exchanging sea-coast scenes for inland beauties, during a few weeks; or peaceful balmy valleys for the bracing breezes of our ocean shores; besides multiplied trips of pleasure and profit to "the great metropolis." Many of us who were mostly confined in our olden excursions to the precincts of our island home, now realize by personal inspection the marvels and the beauties of the Seine, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Bosphorus.

Nor does Britain alone participate in these benefits; Europe and America alike share and enjoy them. In River Navigation our Western brethren have greater advantages to boast of than ourselves, and Jonathan may well praise the memory of Fulton—though he neglected him during his life, and left him to die in penury—as he navigates his stupendous lakes and rivers, reveling, amid their wondrous wilds, in every comfort, on board the luxurious steamboats of the Hudson and the Mississippi. He likes railroads too, as well as steamboats, and his recorded preference will find an echo in many a bosom on this side of the Atlantic. "I

like railroads," says Jonathan; "anybody may hate railroads, despise railroads, or rail at railroads, but I like railroads. I like, when I arrive at the station a quarter of an hour before starting, to be shown into a nice warm room, where the quarter of an hour passes quicker than five minutes in a dirty coach-office or a coffee-room, where the waiters try to look you into a glass of brandy-and-water for the sake of the house, or out of a sixpence for the sake of themselves. I like the ample room of a steam-carriage, where there is no necessity for your neighbors to dig holes in your sides with their elbows, or lay their soft heads upon your soft shoulders. I hate to wait for anything; men must wait, and so must horses, but steam-coaches know no dependence, and are never in love. I like to have to do with porters who charge nothing for being civil, and haven't time to put their hands into their pockets, which is a vulgar and idle habit. I like to travel fast. I dread vicious horses, and feel for distressed ones. I don't like going down-hill—drag-chain breaking—coach upsetting—coachman dying, leaving a wife and twelve children—myself doubled up in a ditch with a broken leg, when I'm going to be married next week, and no three-penny assurance offices to pay the doctor."

Though far from wishing to depreciate the high advantages of the personal pleasure and health promoted by our "fire-caravans," the benefits conferred by them are seen in an infinitely more important and imposing aspect, when viewed with reference to the substantial results of the wonderfully facilitated intercourse between men and nations in every variety of relationship. Rapidly to glance at the multiform advantages, commercial, social, and civilizing, of this puissant locomotive agent, would be to elicit grateful acclamations from peer and peasant, nabob and navy, purseful and poor, traveler and trader, retrospective excursionists of 1850, and expectant Industrial Expositionists of 1851, together eliminating a whirlwind of

praise from the thirty-six cardinal points of the compass.

Such as have not before explored the early history of the great discovery of the power of steam, and its application to locomotion, must, in their late journeyings in pursuit of business or pleasure, have burned to know all that can be learned of the past history, the origin, rise, and progress of its wonderful machinery. It is possible some unthinking mortals may step time after time into a railway train without a thought about the origin of railroads or steam-engines. The first might be the effect of the Noachian deluge, and the second, the natural product of some South Pacific Island, with directions for use wrapped up in the boiler, for anything they know or care about, to the contrary. But in this educated age, such *cygni nigri* must be very rare birds indeed. Few must be the number of those who have not thought o'er the past, replete with the most ingenious and successful inventions and rapid improvements, before the present high state of perfection in our means of travelling has been attained. Ay, and penetrated, too, the distant future in their speculations and previsions of what the further unfolding of the mighty powers of steam and engineering talents will achieve in the world's history. To these the following memorabilia of steam, its existing effects, and gigantic promises, cannot prove wholly uninteresting.

PART II.

Our first impulse is to look around, and gazing with wonder on the contrast presented between *now* and *then*—meaning by the latter adverb the middle of the last century—to explore with ever-increasing admiration the details of the mighty engineering works sounding and abounding in all directions.

But, as our object is rather to sketch the prominent achievements of steam in the history of locomotion, we shall touch very lightly upon the mechanical and scientific, and confine ourselves chiefly to resultant facts in connection with travel. And as practical water transit, by the impulsion of steam, dates from an earlier period than land traffic by the same agency, we propose (prefixing a very brief outline of the early history of steam and the steam-engine) to treat, first, of aquatic triumphs, and, secondly, of the rail and its grim-headed caravans; subsequently indulging in speculations on the future mighty effects which the power of

steam may be expected to impress upon the habitable globe.

Our readers are aware that water increases its bulk about seventeen hundred times, when evaporated under the weight of the atmosphere at the earth's surface. The increase of volume which water thus undergoes by its conversion into steam, is of course diminished or increased in proportion to the amount of pressure under which it may be confined. "A pint of water may be evaporated by two ounces of coals. In its evaporation it swells into two hundred and sixteen gallons of steam, with a mechanical force sufficient to raise a weight of thirty-seven tons a foot high. The steam thus produced has a pressure equal to that of common atmospheric air; and by allowing it to expand, by virtue of its elasticity, a further mechanical force may be obtained, at least equal in amount to the former. A pint of water, therefore, and two ounces of common coal, are thus rendered capable of doing as much work as is equivalent to seventy-four tons raised a foot high." Two hundred feet of steam can be condensed in one second, by four ounces of water, and their expansive force reduced to one-fifth.

The power exerted by steam appears to have been known to some extent at a very early period, although the ancients did not at all comprehend theoretically its source. They had no idea of the expansive force exerted by water in the state of vapor, but imagined that the air expelled from water by heat exercised in its expulsion that immense power, the existence of which under these circumstances they had discovered. It was left for Dalton and Mariotte to evolve the laws of pressure common to all elastic fluids, though the *fact* of the elasticity of steam was known in the seventeenth century.

It is interesting to have ascertained that the Greeks and Egyptians derived some practical benefits from their acquaintance with steam; the latter in adding to the imposing effect of their stupendous monuments of industrial labor—the former, in administering to their voluptuous refinement. But the swarthy worshippers of Isis and Osiris, whatever their obligations to steam, would hardly feel flattered while contemplating their great pyramid, five hundred feet in height, standing upon a base measuring seven hundred feet each way, and weighing twelve thousand seven hundred and sixty million of pounds; requiring for its erection the labor of one hundred thousand men for twenty years, according to Herodotus—could they

be made aware of Dr. Dionysius Lardner's calculation that "the materials of this pyramid would be raised from the ground to their present position by the combustion of about four hundred and eighty ton of coals:" which reflection, mathematically expressed, would present to the indignant Pharaohs a rather odd and depreciatory equation. If gratified to know that men of yore profited by their knowledge of steam, there is yet more cause to lament over the abuse of that power in their hands, for it appears to have been pressed chiefly into the service of superstition, and to have aided in promoting the delusions of heathen idolatry.

Dr. Wm. Bell, in a learned and interesting paper on "*Æoliphiles, or the Earliest Application of Steam to the Purposes of Superstition*," suggests that this jugglery in the use of steam, this prostitution of its power to the designs of infamous pretenders, might have caused its powers, though well known, to remain undeveloped through the series of ages which elapsed before it was shown to the world in its practical application as an agent in arts and manufactures. He believes that a considerable knowledge of the powers of steam was possessed so early as two centuries and a half before the Christian era; and how many centuries might then have elapsed since the first reasoner on this subject had given his discoveries to the world, was hidden in an impenetrable veil of obscurity. Several drawings of human and animal figures have been exhibited by Dr. Bell, showing that each was only a sort of steam-boiler cast in that shape, with one hole for pouring in the water, and another out of which the oracular sounds were to proceed. These figures had been found in England, (the Cauld Lad of Hilton, Staffordshire, and at Basingstoke, Hants,) in Norway, Scandinavia, Germany, the Crimea, and other parts. The priests, it would seem, used them to strike terror into the hearts of their devotees, by the unearthly sounds they emitted, and the mode of use was to stop up one aperture and to raise the steam inside the figure until it attained sufficient power to force out the stopper; the confined steam rushing out with a whistling screeching sound, and filling the place where the devotees were assembled, their minds were soon impressed with the belief that they were in the presence of a supernatural being; and of their fears the priests were not slow to take advantage. Many learned quotations are adduced in support of Dr. Bell's opinion, and reference is made especially to accounts which have come down of a German figure of

this kind, which, even so late as the sixteenth century, was looked upon as a deity possessed of strange powers.

The Cauld Lad of Hilton, in connection with which the Manor of Essington, in Staffordshire, was held of the feudal lord of Hilton, was a figure of this kind, the use of which had been converted from paganism to suit the times, when another form of worship prevailed.

The feudal service was, that the lord of Essington should, at a certain period, take a goose into the great hall at Hilton, and drive it three times round the fire, while Jack of Hilton (the image) blew the fire; that then the goose became the property of the lord of Hilton, and the lord of Essington received a mess of meat from the lord of Hilton's table. Now, this was clearly an old Saxon custom, applied as a bond for feudal service. The goose was a bird sacred under the Saxon Edda; the image was the idol of the same heathen system; the fire was the altar; the goose was brought to sacrifice, and the subsequent feasts were but parts of the same pagan rite. One curious figure of this kind is cast in the form of a knight, armed at all points, seated on horseback.

It was known, that in the time of the Crusades, Christian knights who were captured, were made to suffer the cruel torture of being roasted to death in their armor, on horseback, and it is very possible that the form of this image might be suggested by the desire to have some imitation of the horrid sport, when the barbarians who practised it had not the means of providing the reality. It has been said that the oracular noises which are reported to have proceeded from the head of the Memnon were caused by water in the interior raised to a high temperature by an Egyptian sun; but these sounds appear more probably to have arisen from the peculiar vibrations excited in the particles composing the granite by the sudden change of temperature at sunrise; for it is well known that some kinds of granite, especially when cleft emit sounds like those described by Pausanias and Philostratus as emanating from the statue in question.

The earliest detailed record we possess of a veritable steam machine is that constructed by Hero, the philosopher of Alexandria, who collected the science and inventions of the ancients along with some of his own into a systematic treatise written in Greek, more than 120 years before the Christian era. His work on *Pneumatics and Steam Machinery* was one of the first and finest specimens

yielded by the printing-press. Thus the press made the first advances in the interchange of benefits between printing and steam; that steam has fully repaid the attention may be satisfactorily ascertained by a visit to "Captain Hoe's last fast press," which, with four men to supply the blank sheets, and four more to bear away the printed ones as they are issued, works off *twelve thousand* impressions an hour. The construction of this machine is as beautiful as it is complete, and, notwithstanding its rapidity of motion, it cannot be heard at work in an adjoining room. That nothing may be wanting to secure expedition, it may be added, that Captain Hoe has produced other machinery by which, in one hour, 3,600 of these newspapers are folded.

Attention was attracted to the power of steam shortly after the printing of Hero's work, and steady progress has attended the prosecution of the study, until the present high pitch of efficiency has been attained in steam machinery.

One of the first names appearing in the annals of steam, after this period, is that of Blasco de Garay, a Spaniard, whose experiments were made about the year A. D. 1543, and of whom we shall again have occasion to speak. Solomon de Caus, a French architect and engineer, a native of Normandy, prosecuted his researches about A. D. 1614. He was evidently ignorant of the elasticity of steam, for his theorem is, "that the parts of the element water mix for a time with the parts of the element air; the fire causes this mixture, and that on removing the fire, and dissipating the heat, then the parts of the water mixed with air return to their proper place, forming again part of the water."

In January, 1618, David Ramsey, a page of the king's bedchamber, obtained a patent "to exercise and put in use divers new apt formes or kinds of engines, and other pfitable invencons, as well to plough grounds without horse or oxen, and to make fertile as well barren peats, salts, and sea-sands, as inland and upland grounds within the realms of England, &c. As also, to raise waters, and to make boats for carriages running upon the water as swift in calms, and more safe in storms, than boats full-sayled in great winds." The water-raising engine, and water-carriages, have long been perfected; and Sir Willoughby d'Eresby has lately added the steam-plough.

A curious æoliphile was constructed by Giovanni Brasca, an Italian, in 1629. It consisted of a close copper vessel, in the

shape of a negro's head, which was filled with water, and furnished with a small tube proceeding from the mouth. Steam was generated within, and issuing from the tube, was directed against the vanes of a horizontal flat wheel, turning it round, and thus imparting motion to a pestle and mortar, employed in the alchemist's laboratory.

But the honor of inventing and constructing the first steam-engine at all analogous to the present method of applying the power of steam, is certainly due to Edward Somerset, Marquis of Worcester. If Newton's grand discovery originated in his observation of a ribstone pippin, the Marquis was under equal obligations to an Irish stew. The downfall of an apple attracted the notice of the astronomer; and the upstart of a pot-lid arrested the attention of the mechanician. During his imprisonment in the Tower, as a Royalist agent, the Marquis observed the lid of the saucepan, in which his dinner was preparing, to fly off; and rightly conjectured that the moving power might be applied to a rather more useful purpose. On regaining his liberty, he pursued the idea, and succeeded in constructing a high-pressure steam-engine. Of his work he has left a record, couched in mysterious language, in the well-known volume entitled "A Century of the Names and Scantlings of such Inventions as at present I can call to mind to have tried and perfected, which (my former notes being lost) I have, at the instance of a powerful friend, endeavored now, in the year 1655, to set these down in such a way as may sufficiently instruct me to put any of them into practice."

It was not, however, until thirty years after the death of the Marquis of Worcester, that the first *practical* steam-engine was made. This was the condensing engine, invented by Captain Thomas Savary, in the year 1697. Eight years subsequent to Savary's invention, an immense improvement was effected by Thomas Newcomer, an ironmonger, jointly with J. Cauley, an ingenious glazier; Newcomer being the inventor of the principle of the atmospheric engine. Dr. Papini, a Frenchman, introduced about this time the floating piston, and safety-valve, and indicated indeed the atmospheric principle. His countrymen have sought to attribute to him the honor of having invented the steam-engine; but he has no just pretensions to the discovery. The Landgrave of Hesse employed Dr. Papini in 1698, to exert the agency of steam for the purpose of raising water, and his machinery was constructed upon the principle which had been indicated by the

Marquis of Worcester. His efforts were unsuccessful; but Leibnitz, who was then residing in England, forwarded to him a description and plans of the engine constructed by Captain Savary; and the Doctor published no account of his own experiments until ten years after Savary had obtained his patent.

Henry Beighton and James Brindley both effected improvements on Newcomer's engine before the giant genius of James Watt appeared to exhibit the vast resources with which the steam-engine was endowed by his unparalleled ingenuity. Before his inventions this mighty machine was still comparatively in its infancy; though it may be said to have been weaned from its juvenile nurses, the cock-boys, and taught to help itself, by one of these attendants, Humphrey Potter, whose duty it was to open and shut the cocks at the required intervals; but a taste, not confined to the sunny shores of Italy, for the *dolce far niente* led him to add *scoggan*, as he called it, (derived from the verb *scog*, to skulk,) which consisted in a series of strings, by which the cocks were so connected with the moving parts of the machine, that they were opened and shut by its own movements, independently of all outward attention, and with a precision and regularity far superior to that attained by the most attentive of cock-boys. This contrivance was much improved by Beighton, and was the first in that series of inventions which has since rendered the steam-engine so pre-eminent as a self-acting machine.

We must not stay even to mention all Watt's ingenious and most important improvements, among which the *Separate Condenser*, the *Condenser Pump*, the *Double-acting Engine*, the *Parallel Motion*, and the *Governor*, are most conspicuous. He obtained his patent in 1769, for the invention of the "Double Impulse" engine by which the steam was made to act above, as well as below, the piston, and which constituted the first great improvement, by which the steam-engine could be successfully employed as the motive power in the propulsion of vessels.

PART III.

This leads us to the next branch of our subject,—the triumphs of steam in the art of Navigation, and affords us the opportunity to redeem our promise of further reference to Blasco de Garay. On the 17th of June, 1543, this Spanish sea-captain experimented before Charles V. at Barcelona, with an en-

gine he had constructed, by which "ships and vessels of the largest size could be propelled even in a calm, without the aid of oars and sails." The ship selected for the experiment was the *Trinity*, Capt. Peter de Scarza, a vessel of 200 tons burden, which was made to travel at the rate of three miles an hour. Revolving wheels were attached to the side of the ship, and a prominent part of his apparatus appeared to be a huge kettle of boiling water. No further particulars are known, as the inventor never disclosed the construction of his engine, nor did he make any practical use of it, as it did not find favor in high places, though the Emperor suffered him not to go altogether unrewarded.

Whatever merit Blasco de Garay may have deserved is lost to him, through his selfish taciturnity, and the recognized original inventor of steamboats is Jonathan Hulls, who obtained a patent for a boat of this description in December, 1736, and published an account of his machine in the following year, under this title, "Description and Draught of a new-invented Machine, for carrying Vessels or Ships against wind and tide, or in a calm, &c." The "Draught" represents a strong boat, with a smoking chimney, towing a two-decker; wheels are depicted on each side of the stern, to the axis of which six paddles are attached; and motion, originating in a steamengine, is imparted by ropes passing round the circumference of the wheels. Thomas Paine succeeded Hulls in the study of steam navigation, and sought, indeed, to obtain the credit of having invented steamboats, but their plans were not reduced to practice. In France, the Comte d'Auxiron, in 1774, and after him J. C. Perrier, conducted experiments on the Seine, but though the latter employed superior machinery, both must be considered to have failed.

A steamboat was constructed on the Saone, at Lyons, in the year 1781, by the Marquis de Jouffroy. His boat was 147 feet in length. The result of his experiments at this time was far from satisfactory; but more successful on the Rhone and the Seine, in the early part of the present century. It was about this period that Suratti sought in Italy to succeed in the production of practical steamboats.

We now arrive at the important epoch in our history; the period when Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton, launched the first successful steamboat in the world. This gentleman, a man of great enterprise and genius, had de-

voted considerable attention to wheel-boats, and had constructed a twin-boat, with a wheel in the centre, which had safely voyaged to Sweden and back, in the year 1789. The application of wheels to the propulsion of boats was by no means a new invention, for they had even been employed by the Egyptians, the wheels being moved by oxen working in a gin on the deck of the vessel. Such boats also were used by the Romans as transports, men or horses driving the wheels. Mr. Miller was so deeply impressed and affected by the sufferings of sailors from shipwreck, that he spared no energy or expense in his attempts to improve the art of navigation. He was materially assisted in his experiments by Mr. James Taylor, a gentleman engaged as tutor in Mr. Miller's family. Mr. Taylor, indeed, was the first to suggest the application of steam as the motive power in the wheel-boats; the practicability of which was at first much doubted by Mr. Miller, but he subsequently determined upon making the trial, leaving to Mr. Taylor the chief superintendence of the work. The aid of Mr. William Symington, an Edinburgh engineer, was now sought, who undertook to construct the engines required for the boat.

All preparations for the trial were completed in October, 1788, and the boat selected was a twin (or double) pleasure-boat, twenty-five feet in length, and seven feet in breadth: the engine, the cylinders of which were four inches in diameter, was fixed on one side on a strong oak frame; the boiler was placed on the opposite side, and the paddle-wheels were situated in the centre. The experiment was tried at Loch Dalswinton, in Dumfriesshire, and was attended with complete success, the speed obtained being five miles an hour. Encouraged by the very prosperous results of this first attempt, Mr. Miller proceeded to conduct experiments on a larger scale, and accordingly purchased a *gabert* at the Forth and Clyde Canal, for which Mr. Symington constructed a double engine, at the Carron Foundry, with cylinders eighteen inches in diameter. This vessel was submitted to trial in November, 1789, on a level reach of the Canal at Lock Sixteen, about four miles in length, and was witnessed by many spectators, but the insufficient strength of the paddle-wheels precluded a fair experiment. In a memorial to the Chairman of the select committee of the House of Commons, appointed in 1824 to investigate the subject of steam navigation, Mr. Taylor gives the following account of this voyage,

and of the more successful one in the following month.

"After passing Lock Sixteen, we proceeded cautiously and pleasantly for some time, but, after giving the engine full play, the arms of the wheels, which had been constructed too slight, began to give way, and one float after another broke off, till we were satisfied no accuracy could be obtained in the experiment, until the wheels were replaced by new ones of a stronger construction. This was done with all possible speed, and upon the 26th of December we again proceeded to action. This day we moved freely without accident, and were much gratified to find our motion nearly seven miles per hour. Next day we repeated the experiment with the same success and pleasure. Satisfied now that everything proposed was accomplished, it was unnecessary to dwell longer upon the business; for indeed, both this, and the experiment of last year were as complete as any performance made by steamboats even to the present day."

The canal was too narrow to admit of this boat working freely, and the banks being injured by the great undulation which the action of the wheels occasioned, it was found necessary to lay it aside.

Satisfied with his success, Mr. Miller relinquished these pursuits in favor of certain branches of agriculture, especially the cultivation of clover grass. He expended in his experiments no less a sum than thirty thousand pounds. The subject was not, however, abandoned by Symington, who commenced business at Falkirk, and received powerful and effective support from Thomas, Lord Dundas of Kerse. This nobleman, a large shareholder in the Forth and Clyde Canal Company, was desirous of introducing steam tug-boats to supersede the use of horses, for towing vessels on that canal, and accordingly engaged W. Symington in a series of experiments for this purpose, in January, 1801. A vessel was launched the following year in the month of March, named the "Charlotte Dundas," in honor of the late Lady Milton, the daughter of Lord Dundas; and his lordship, accompanied by Mr. Symington, and other gentlemen, went on board the vessel at Lock Twenty of the canal, which, Mr. Symington tells us, "took in drag two loaded vessels, (the *Active* and *Euphemia*), each upwards of seventy tons burden, and with great ease carried them through the long reach of the Forth and Clyde Canal to Port Dundas, Glasgow, a distance of nineteen miles and a half, in six hours, although the

whole time it blew a very strong breeze right ahead."

To Symington therefore belongs the honor of having produced the first "practical steam-boat." The use to which it had been applied had been recommended sixty years before, as we have seen, by Jonathan Hulls, but had never previously been carried into execution. The engine employed was constructed on the principle of Watt's "double-acting engine," to which was united the connecting-rod and crank invented by James Pickard in 1780, and his own patented invention, the union of the crank to the axis of Miller's improved paddle-wheel. "Thus," says Mr. Bennet Woodcroft, to whom we are indebted for other interesting details—"Thus had Symington the undoubted merit of having combined together, for the first time, those improvements which constitute the present system of steam navigation." The ingenuity and perseverance of this engineer seemed likely to obtain the reward he merited of personal advantage, by the successful introduction of steamboats; for he received from the Duke of Bridgewater an order to build eight boats to ply on his canal, such as that he had built for Lord Dundas. His experiments for the latter nobleman occupied him till April, 1803; and the expenses incurred amounted to upwards of £7000. Alas for the vanity of human expectations! Disappointment was to be the lot of Mr. Symington. The Forth and Clyde Canal Company feared the destruction of the canal banks if steam-vessels were introduced; and "on the same day that Symington was informed by Lord Dundas of the final determination of the committee not to allow steamboats to be employed on the canal, he received intelligence of the death of the Duke of Bridgewater."

But let us turn our attention to our transatlantic friends, and we shall find that they have not been backward to lend their aid in promoting the accomplishment of navigation by steam. The aspect of the physical features of the United States of America must itself have been a strong incentive to the prosecution of this art. There was the spectacle of their majestic rivers, which ought to have been (and now are) such valuable instruments of internal intercourse, then comparatively useless for such a purpose. The navigation of these noble waters was beset with difficulties, for it was only with extreme labor that boats could return against the stream; the voyage up the river Mississippi from New Orleans to Pittsburgh, a distance

of 2,000 miles, only being accomplished by many efforts of rowing, and warping by successive lines fixed to the trees, and occupying a period of from four to nine months—a distance now achieved in a few days. One class of boatmen, indeed, on the Mississippi, dropped down to New Orleans from the interior with their produce in arks, fastened only by wooden bolts, which they unbuilt at the end of the voyage, and after selling the timber, they returned home slowly overland.

As early as the year 1783, James Rumsey and John Fitch conducted experiments on steam-ships in America. Rumsey explained his project of steam navigation to General Washington in 1784, and shortly afterwards Fitch exhibited a model of his proposed boat to the general. Not long after this period, Oliver Evans prosecuted the same study, but John Fitch undoubtedly produced the first steamboat in the United States. He was born at East Windsor, Connecticut, where he was apprenticed to a watchmaker, and before the revolutionary war he had established himself in the business of clock-making, and engraving and repairing muskets, at New Brunswick, in New Jersey. When this State was overrun by the British troops, he retired to the interior of Pennsylvania, where he employed himself in repairing guns for the American army. He himself states that when the idea first occurred to him of propelling boats by the force of condensed vapor, "he did not know that there was such a thing as a steam-engine in existence." In 1788, he obtained a patent for the application of steam to navigation in the States of Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, &c., and succeeded by unwearied exertion in interesting about twenty persons in his plan, and inducing them to take shares of fifty dollars each. The company was formed under his state patents, the proceedings of which have been recorded by Dr. Thornton, a principal shareholder. He says: "We worked incessantly at the boat to bring it to perfection, and some account of our labors may be seen in the travels of Brissot de Warville in this country; and under the disadvantages of never having seen a steam-engine on the principles contemplated, of not having a single engineer in our company, or pay, (we made engineers of common blacksmiths,) and after expending many thousand dollars, the boat did not exceed three miles an hour." Many of the shareholders were discouraged, and wished to abandon the project, but Dr. Thornton and a few others undertook to at-

tain a speed of eight miles an hour within eighteen months, or forfeit all the expenditure on failing.

These terms were accepted, and a second experiment was made. Dr. Thornton says: "I was among the number who proceeded, and in less than twelve months we were ready for the experiment; a mile was measured in Front street (or Water street), Philadelphia; every precaution was taken before witnesses, the time was shown to all, the experiments were declared to be fairly made, and the boat was found to go at the rate of eight miles an hour, or one mile within the eighth of an hour." This boat was built in 1787, and subsequently accomplished eighty miles in one day. Governor Mifflin, attended by the council of Pennsylvania, came in procession, and presented to the company a superb silk flag, prepared expressly for the occasion, and containing the arms of Pennsylvania. About this time Mr. Fitch visited France, hoping to introduce his invention into that country. This hope was disappointed, owing to the unhappy state of France, then plunged in the horrors of the revolution. On his return to America, he made improvements in his boat, but was unable to obtain the necessary means for perfecting his invention. Disheartened and impoverished, he abandoned himself for the temporary alleviation of his distresses to excessive indulgence in strong drink, and "retiring to Pittsburgh, he ended his days by plunging into the Alleghany."

Rumsey, a native of Virginia, came to London, where he was backed by a wealthy American merchant, and obtained the support of some enterprising citizens, who defrayed the expenses of his experiments. Unfortunately, the death of Rumsey occurred when his steamboat was nearly completed, after two years spent in preparations, but his supporters launched the vessel in February, 1793, when she was found capable, by repeated trials on the Thames, of attaining the speed of four knots an hour against wind and tide. A boat constructed in 1804, by John Cox Stevens, propelled by a screw, on the principle of the common smoke-jack, travelled with equal velocity, and for a short distance maintained even seven miles an hour. Mr. Stevens, jun., conducted this vessel from the Hudson to the Delaware, thus performing the first sea-voyage that was made in any steamboat. Although Mr. Stevens spent sixteen years of his life, and 20,000 dollars upon his experiments, they never yielded him any personal advantage;

and Robert Fulton died in embarrassed circumstances, though his name is the one chiefly associated with the practical introduction of steamboats, and he it was who constructed the first vessel of that class employed for public accommodation.

Fulton's father was a native of Ayrshire, but he was himself born in America. "He was brought up," Mr. Bell says, "in the line of a painter, and was an excellent hand-sketcher, and likewise a good miniature painter. He was not brought up an engineer, but was employed to come to this country to take drawings of our cotton and other machinery; that led him to become an engineer, and he was quick in his uptake of any thing." Chancellor Livingston was his great patron, and aided him in building his first boat, which was named the Clermont, after the chancellor's country-seat. His success drew from his biographer, Cadwalader Colden, the following magnificent poetical peroration:—

"A bird hatched on the Hudson will soon people the floods of the Woolga; and cygnets descended from an American swan will glide along the surface of the Caspian Sea. Then the hoary genius of Asia, high-throned upon the peaks of Caucasus, his moist eye glistening while it glances over the ruins of Babylon, Persepolis, Jerusalem, and Palmyra, shall bow with grateful reverence to the inventive spirit of the Western World."

The first "American swan," whose metaphorical progeny were to curl their smoke, if not their necks, above the Caspian waters, first sought its native element on the Hudson River, from the building-yard of Charles Brown, in August, 1807. After some improvements in the arrangement of the paddles, the steamboat built by Livingston and Fulton was advertised to start for Albany from New York on a certain afternoon. Fulton's narrative to Judge Story, in his own words, will best describe this voyage. "When I was building my first steamboat," he said, "the project was viewed by the public at New York either with indifference or contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet—

"Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land,
All shun, none aid you, and few understand."

"As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered, unknown, near

the idle groups of strangers gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh rose at my expense; the dry jest, the wise calculation of losses and expenditure; the dull but endless repetition of *'the Fulton folly!'* Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish cross my path.

"At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be made. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I wanted my friends to go on board and witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest they did it with reluctance, fearing to be partakers of my mortification, and not of my triumph. I was well aware that, in my case, there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new, and ill-made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unacquainted with such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent and agitation, and whispers and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you so,—it is a foolish scheme. I wish we were well out of it.' I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, and examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight malformation of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was put again in motion; she continued to move on. All were still incredulous;—none seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the Highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; yet even then imagina-

tion superseded the force of fact. *It was doubted if it could be done again, or if, in any case, it could be made of any great value!*"

Perhaps the severest struggles of genius are the contentions with unsympathizing and unreasoning incredulity which the sons of science have continually to undergo. On his return to New York, Mr. Fulton published the following account of his voyage in "The American Citizen," addressing the editor of that journal.

"SIR—I arrived this afternoon at four o'clock in the steamboat from Albany. As the success of my experiment gives me great hopes that such boats may be rendered of great importance to my country, to prevent erroneous opinions, and give some satisfaction to the friends of useful improvements, you will have the goodness to publish the following statement of facts:—

"I left New York on Monday at 1 o'clock, and arrived at Clermont, the seat of Chancellor Livingston, at 1 o'clock on Tuesday;—time, 24 hours; distance 110 miles. On Wednesday, I left the Chancellor's at 9 in the morning, and arrived at Albany at 5 in the afternoon;—distance 40 miles; time 8 hours; equal to nearly 5 miles an hour, &c.

"(Signed) R. FULTON."

Thus this journey of 150 miles was accomplished in the space of thirty-three hours, a distance now occupying considerably less than ten. The Clermont, or North River, as she was also called, was 130 feet in length, and 16½ feet in breadth. The engine, made by Boulton & Watt, was of 18-horse power; the boiler of which was 20 feet long, 7 feet deep, and 8 feet broad; the cylinder being 24 inches in diameter, and the stroke of the piston 4 feet. She continued to run between New York and Albany, and was soon crowded with passengers; but the Clermont was not suffered to navigate the Hudson unmolested; for the boatmen plying on the stream, fearing that the intruder would ultimately supersede their slower craft, purposely ran foul of her, seeking to inflict damage; and so persevering were these attempts, that the legislature found it necessary to enact a law "to punish, by fine and imprisonment, any person who attempted to destroy or injure her." Perhaps the boatmen sought also to retaliate for the alarm they suffered on her first appearance, which is thus related by C. Colden:—

"On her passage from New York to Albany, the Clermont excited the astonishment of the inhabitants of the shores of the river, many of whom had never heard even of an engine, much less of a steamboat. She was described by some, who had indistinctly seen

her passing in the night, as a monster moving on the waters, defying the winds and tides, and breathing flame and smoke. She had the most terrific appearance from other vessels which were navigating the river when she was making her passage. The first steamboat (as others yet do) used dry pine-wood for fuel, which sends forth a column of flame several feet above the flue; and whenever the fire is stirred, a shower of sparks fly off, which in the night have a brilliant and beautiful appearance. This uncommon light first attracted the attention of the crews of other vessels. Notwithstanding the wind and tide were adverse to its approach, they saw with astonishment that it was rapidly advancing towards them; and when it came so near as that the noise of the machinery and the paddles was heard, the crews, in some instances, shrank beneath their decks from the terrific sight, and others left their vessels to go on shore; others, again, prostrated themselves, and besought Providence to protect them from the approach of the horrible monster, which was marching on the tides, and lighting its path by the fires which it vomited."

Fulton was by no means the *inventor*, but he was the successful *introducer* of steam-boats. He had frequently inspected the Charlotte Dundas of Symington, while she was lying at Lock Sixteen; and had adopted Symington's invention. The engine itself he purchased of Messrs. Boulton & Watt, it is said under an assumed name: and for the forms and proportions of his vessel, he was indebted to the calculations of Colonel Beaufoy. After the Clermont, there followed in succession from Brown's Yard, the Raritan, the Car of Neptune, the Paragon, and the Fire Fly. Before his death, which took place in 1815, Fulton had the satisfaction of seeing steam navigation introduced in both the old and new hemispheres. Thirty years after his first experiment on the Hudson, it was computed that 1300 steamboats had been built in the United States, of which 260 had been lost by various accidents. The first explosion, an example since so widely and fearfully followed in America, is believed to have occurred in the Washington on the Ohio River, in the year 1816.

A profound thought, issuing from the secluded study of some deep thinker, oftentimes has conferred more benefits upon the world than the life-performances of its most energetic actors. Yet to a casual observer the quiet scholar would be an object of incomparably inferior interest to the successful pro-

tititioner. So Symington's Charlotte Dundas lay up at Lock Sixteen, might have been regarded by careless spectators as a useless abortion. This vessel was, however, the germ of steam navigation in America as well as in Europe. We have seen that the first practical American steam-vessel, the Clermont, originated in Fulton's inspection of the Charlotte Dundas, and in like manner the first boat of this description used for the service of the public in Great Britain, was built by Bell, after the same model. Indeed, Symington's vessel is pronounced "*superior* in its mechanical arrangements to either Fulton's Clermont or Bell's Comet."

It would appear that the American was indebted to Mr. Bell for the attraction of his attention to his successful pursuit. The latter had fruitlessly endeavored to excite the interest of the British Government in his experiments; first in 1800, afterwards in 1803, and again in 1813. Conscious of the valuable results which would accrue from the employment of steam as a ship-propelling power, he explained his object to many foreign governments, including that of the United States: and the last-named government, when he explained the great utility that steam navigation would be to them on their rivers, they appointed Mr. Fulton, as he states in a letter written, in 1824, to John Macneil, Esq., of Glasgow, to correspond with him; "so in that way," he concludes, "the Americans got their insight from your humble servant, Henry Bell."

This gentleman, a native of Helensburgh, completed his first vessel on the 18th of January, 1812. He built it of 40 feet keel, and 10½ feet beam, and fitted it with an engine of three horse power. She was named the Comet, (because a comet had appeared that year, in the north-west part of Scotland,) and was established on the Clyde as a passage boat, between Glasgow and Greenock. At first the speculation did not prove very profitable to the proprietors, the expenses being scarcely cleared during the first year; "for so great," says Bell, "was the prejudice against steamboat navigation, by the hue and cry raised by the fly-boat and coach proprietors, that for the first six months very few would venture in her. But in the course of the winter of 1812, as she had plied all the year, she began to gain credit; as passengers were carried twenty-four miles as quick as by the coaches, and at a third of the expense, besides being warm and comfortable. But even after all, I was a great loser that year. In the second year I made

her a jaunting boat all over the coasts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, to show the public the advantage of steam navigation over the other mode of sailing." The voyage was accomplished in three hours and a half, and the fares demanded were three shillings for the second, and four for the best cabin.

After the efficiency of the Comet became apparent, the number of travelers speedily increased; for whereas previously eighty up and eighty down formed the average number of passengers, four years afterwards, as Stuart informs us, "it was not unusual for five or six hundred persons daily to enjoy the healthful amusement of a water excursion, and the enchanting beauties of the Clyde." Emulation was soon excited by this success in many parts of the kingdom: the efficacy of steamboats was fully established, and they quickly multiplied. In 1812 there was "but one in the United Kingdom, the solitary Comet; in 1820 there were 43; in 1830 there were 315; in 1840 they numbered 824, and in 1848 they had increased to 1100; when their aggregate length, it has been calculated, was 125,283 feet; their aggregate breadth 19,741 feet, their aggregate tonnage 255,371 tons, and their aggregate of horse-power 92,862. Among other enterprises, Mr. Lawrence, of Bristol, introduced a steamboat on the Severn, which he afterwards conveyed to London, to ply on the Thames; but met with so much opposition from the watermen, who dreaded such a powerful rival, that he was compelled to withdraw his vessel, which was subsequently sent to Spain. Obstacles of this nature could no more be tolerated on the Thames than on the Hudson; and accordingly Mr. Dawson, who had previously experimented in Ireland, established a steamboat on that river in 1818, to run between London and Gravesend. She was named the Margery, and started daily from the Dundee Arms, Wapping. Her wheels were uncovered, and afforded a famous subject of ridicule to the watermen by their tremendous splashing. Sometimes by collision these wheels were broken, and the vessel was delayed for an "hour or so," "before a jury duck-foot could be fitted, and, perhaps, before another mile was done, there was another break and another stoppage." This steamer was not well supported; she had many disadvantages in her construction, not the least of which was "shooting off," not only steam but *boiling water*, which inflicted severe scalds; and after a short trial she was abandoned as a failure. The Old Thames, and

afterwards the Majestic, succeeded the Margery, and river steamboats soon became very general.

These earlier ones occupied, it is true, from five to seven hours in their transit from London to Gravesend, but even this speed was an improvement upon the rates achieved by the sailing boats, which occupied four-and-twenty hours, and sometimes a day and a half, in effecting the voyage. The old "tilt-boats" are still remembered, which were exactly like the present Trinity House ballast-lighters. These "were succeeded by the Dundee boats," as quoted in Porter's Progress of the Nation, "which, as fast sailers, were the wonder and admiration of all who witnessed the improvement. They were, however, of the most inconvenient nature, as the passengers were frequently not only called upon to embark in the middle of the night, in order to have the first of the flood, and after tacking and beating about, together with sometimes too much wind, sometimes too little wind, or none at all, besides being huddled in a low inconvenient cabin, were frequently, after being six or eight hours on the water, compelled to land at Woolwich, Blackwall, or Greenwich, and then have to find their way in the best manner they could to the metropolis." The distance (thirty-one miles) is now performed in less than an hour and a half. The rate of increase in the number of river steamers has been as follows:—In 1820 there were only four; in 1835 they equalled forty-three in number; and in the present year (1850) they have increased to sixty-nine. We learn from a correspondent of the Morning Chronicle that these steamers perform 120 trips daily up and down the river, the average number of passengers each run being 1280, and the average amount paid during the season in transit by river steamers exceeding £255,170. These boats have conveyed during the six months this year of "the season," which is supposed to begin on Easter Monday, no fewer than 27,955,200 passengers; the amount thus expended, as we have seen, exceeding a quarter of a million sterling. Nearly 800 persons are now employed in the steam navigation of the Thames, and it is calculated that on this river no less than 8,280 miles are performed daily by river steamboats.

In the meantime steam navigation has not been confined to rivers. Steam vessels were soon adventured, and with complete success, upon the performance of dangerous coasting voyages, connecting all the chief ports in the kingdom; and were boldly and safely steered

across to Dover Straits, and the Irish and St. George's Channels, but the noblest triumph is the successful navigation of the Atlantic Ocean, realizing to some extent that bridge of nations which lends such material

aid in uniting all countries into one nation, one-kindred, one tongue. The details of this and other very interesting portions of our history must be reserved for a future number.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.*

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

It is not our purpose, in the brief notice we are about to present of the distinguished man whose name stands at the head of this article, to enter into an examination of his religious character and doctrines, neither is it in our power to do more than glance at the effect his writings are likely to produce upon English literature, and—what is perhaps better—upon the moral and social well-being of his country and of our own.

In the year 1826 Channing first came before the world as an author, by the publication of an "Essay on the Character and Writings of Milton." This performance was soon followed by an "Essay on the Life and Character of Napoleon Buonaparte," which was shortly succeeded by an "Essay on the Character and Writings of Fenelon."

These three works found their way to England, and were highly admired by the men of judgment and reflection into whose hands they happened to fall, not only for their elegance of style, but for the elevated tone and noble spirit that pervaded them. It was seen that no common man had arisen to adorn literature, and to instruct and benefit mankind.

We do not know whether it was before or after the able and highly laudatory notice of Channing appeared in the "Westminster," that the attack upon him by Hazlitt was published in the "Edinburgh." That attack we did not see at the time; and we have not since given ourselves the pain of reading it. Channing calls it "abuse," and we should have thought it likely to be so, if we had not had his word for it. Hazlitt created two or three idols during his life—Buonaparte being one; and he hated and reviled every man

who would not bow down to them and worship them, partly because such denial was, as he conceived, an insult to the said idols, and partly because the denier presumed to differ in opinion with William Hazlitt. However this be, beyond the article in the "Westminster," we believe that no deliberate criticism of Channing's works had appeared in an influential review in 1830, or for some years afterwards, calculated to establish or even to extend the reputation of this author.

Meanwhile, his reputation was extending in spite of the indifference or passive hostility of the English critics. His published lectures on the "Importance and Means of a National Literature," on "Temperance," on "Self-culture," on the "Elevation of the Working Classes," on "Self-denial," and on "War," and his letters to Mr. Clay, on the Annexation of Texas, in 1837, were imported into England, reprinted for a wider circulation, and read with avidity by thousands, not of the higher and the middle classes alone, but of the mass of the people. And well may the working men of America and of England be grateful to Channing for his exertions towards their moral and intellectual elevation; for an attentive perusal of his works—especially of such as are addressed to them, will do more to effect that object than the writings put together of all the men that have published in the English tongue during the present century.

The spirit in which he wrote may be gathered from these words, extracted from a letter to a friend. "I honor those who write for the multitude, in the true sense of the word, and should value little the highest labors of genius, did I not believe that the mass, the race, were to be the wiser and better for them."

We need hardly observe that a man who

* Memoir of William Ellery Channing, with extracts from his Correspondence and Manuscripts. 3 vols. London: Chapman, 1848.

writes with this noble object ever in his view, is sure to make enemies, especially amongst those who regard literature as something that ought to be directed exclusively to the recreation or delight of a certain class, or that ought to subserve the interests of a certain party, whether that be done by nominally enlisting under its banner, or by book or pamphlet advocacy of its doctrines.

Accordingly, we find the Edinburgh Review, in 1839, making a second attack upon Channing, in an article purporting to be a review of an essay published twenty-three years before, namely, the *Essay on the Character and Writings of Milton*. It is true, this effusion professes merely to criticise the author's style, and to denounce his bad taste; but the evident design is to bring Channing's literary character into contempt.

It is curious to observe sometimes how malignity defeats its own object, either by too great an eagerness to rush, however unprepared, into the conflict, or by causing another to do so, who is still less prepared. We must cast a glance upon this article.

The reviewer says: "Not content with describing Milton as a profound scholar, and a man of vast compass of thought, and imbued thoroughly with all ancient and modern learning, Dr. Channing must add for effect, and in order to say something out of the ordinary way, that he was 'able to master, to mould, to impregnate with his own intellectual power his great and varied acquisitions.' Now, this is saying not only something out of the ordinary way, but something beyond ordinary comprehension. A man may master, and he may mould by his intellectual power,—but what is he to master? Dr. Channing says 'his own acquisitions!'—as if he had said, 'this man is so wealthy that he is about to buy his own estate.'"

No, if Dr. Channing had said that, he would have said nonsense, which it was left to the reviewer to write. A man's acquisitions are the things he acquires, and who does not know that they may be moulded and mastered? Acquire a pig of lead, and it may be moulded; acquire an estate and you are its master. The truth is, a man by his intellectual power can mould *nothing but* his acquisitions.

Let us take another specimen. The reviewer asks, "Can anything be more useless, and less precise, or even comprehensible, than ambitious writing like the following description of Milton's power over language? "It belongs not to the musical ear, but to the soul. It is a gift or exercise of genius," (as

if a man should say, "that pound you gave me or spent for me, which is quite the same thing,") "which has power to impress itself upon whatever it touches, (so that genius has been turned from a giver and an exerciser, into a die or mould.")

What idleness is this? Channing uses the word "gift," in one of its acknowledged significations, viz., that of a quality conferred upon a man; and may it not with propriety be said that the quality of genius, or the exercise of it, has power to impress itself? Does not the reviewer himself tell us further on, that "the admiration of ages has been stamped" upon Milton's poetry? As to the flippancy about the "die or mould," that is worse than the other, for a die or mould has not the power of *itself* to impress itself upon anything.

But, surely, the man who is so mightily intolerant of bad taste in composition, has taken very good care that he shall not be caught tripping? We shall see.

Speaking of bad writers, whom he cannot abide, the reviewer says, that they utter such a base gibberish, that "really, Swift or Addison, should *they* come alive," would not understand them. Here we see "either" converted in a trice into "both," and the two "come alive." We have heard of "gone dead," but "come alive" is new to us. They are equally elegant.

The reviewer says of these bad writers, that, "Once persuade them that clearness and distinctness is not an essential requisite of diction," &c., and of their style, that "simplicity and nature in the ideas is sacrificed to far-fetched conceits." Speaking of examples of simple energy of language, he remarks that "the writings of the Greek orators and Greek tragedians, as well as the finest passages of *both* Herodotus, Thucydides, and Livy, are full of similar instances."

Mrs. Malaprop thought Cerberus three gentlemen at once, but here are three venerable gentlemen turned into two.

"The scientific writings of later years," says this denouncer of bad taste and broken metaphor, "have been *debased* by the vicious taste, the foolish vanity of *running after* ornaments that deny themselves to the ornamental."

One more example and we have done. Showing us how *he* can write of Milton, he says: "His *picture* of Death—by Milton first made awful and horrid without any mean or low association—because by him first severed from the *picture* of a skeleton, and involved in impenetrable and terrible obscurity, which,

for that very reason, we may add in passing, Fuseli never should have committed the gross blunder of endeavoring to *paint*."

Here we have a man making one picture by severing it from another, and involving it in impenetrable and terrible obscurity, which is a reason why a second man should not paint a third picture.

So much for this denouncer of false taste in composition. After this, no wonder Channing could write to his friend in London:—

"As to the review of my writings which you refer to, I do not need much solace under it. I wish I could ascribe my indifference about such matters to philosophy or religion. I suppose it has grown in part out

of my exposure for years to like attacks. But there is a deeper cause. My nature inclines me to keep out of the world, and to interest myself in subjects more than in persons. This tendency I have to resist, as injurious to the affections and to Christian sympathy. But one effect of it is, that what is said of me makes little or no impression. Indeed, I forget it in a few days. There are some who can "forgive, but not forget." The difficulty with me is, that I cannot forgive because I soon forget. I have so many subjects more interesting than my opponent, that he is crowded out of mind. In all this there is no virtue, but much comfort."

From Hogg's Instructor.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

BY WILLIAM HURTON.

THE lives and characters of some men may be traced in their writings with extraordinary accuracy; and of this class the whole range of literature does not furnish two more eminent examples than our own Goldsmith, and Hans Christian Andersen, of Copenhagen, who may emphatically be styled the living Goldsmith of Scandinavia. Without instituting anything like a close parallel between the career and the writings of these two great men, it may be observed, that both earned fame solely by the persevering legitimate exertion of their genius—both led for some time an adventurous wandering life—both are remarkable for the frequent personal revelations they introduce into their works—both have a style which for grace and geniality is unrivaled in their respective languages—both draw the most enchanting pictures of domestic felicity, although passing their lives in bachelorhood—both are noted for their childlike simplicity, and love of little ones—and both have won the warm and enduring esteem of all who have enjoyed their friendship. Goldsmith's career has been closed three-quarters of a

century; what Andersen's may yet be, One alone can tell; but that it may be long, and increase in happiness and lustre with its length, is the fervent wish of many besides the writer of this sketch.

The number of distinguished men produced by *little Denmark* (the oldest kingdom in Europe), is truly amazing, when it is considered that the whole of Denmark Proper contains only one million and a half of people. Six years ago, there were living at Copenhagen three Danes, all united in the closest bonds of brotherhood, all enjoying more than European celebrity. The first of these was Bertel Thorvaldsen, the mightiest sculptor the world ever produced; the second was Adam Oehlenschläger, the Shakespeare of the north; the third was Hans Christian Andersen—now, alas! the only survivor. At the present day, the array of Danish authors, in every department of literature, who may be styled not merely men of talent, but of undoubted genius, is greater than that of many kingdoms boasting ten or twenty times the population of Denmark; and the government of the latter nobly encourages its gifted

subjects, by granting *stipendiums* to young authors, sculptors, and painters, to travel abroad for a term of years for improvement in their several professions; and also grants most liberal permanent pensions to nearly every deserving author and artist, besides presenting them with university professorships, and other sources of honorable emolument. Were it not for this munificent fostering aid, the remuneration derivable from so small a public as the Danish authors are confined to, from the peculiarity of their language, would be utterly inadequate for their support, in a majority of instances. What a lesson to our own mighty land, that a poor little country, possessing neither the wealth nor the population of a single English county, actually does immeasurably more in this respect than Great Britain—the first nation in the universe! Denmark, taking it all in all, is the most intellectual country of modern times—or, possibly, of all times. This may seem, at first sight, a startling assertion, but it is nevertheless correct.

The annals of the world cannot furnish a more interesting ensample of innate genius bursting the trammels of poverty, and winning itself, with resistless impulse, a position commensurate with its worth, than does the career of Hans Christian Andersen. He was born at Odensee, the chief town of the Island of Fuen (in Denmark Proper), on the 2d April, 1805. His father was a very poor shoemaker, a man of gloomy, brooding temperament, dashed with a spice of dreamy enthusiasm, verging towards insanity. He also possessed latent germs of poesy, and is understood to have made some desultory attempts to develop this power. He died during the childhood of his son, who was shortly afterwards put to work at a manufactory, where, for a time, his position was easy, as he conciliated the men by singing to them whilst they labored—having at that time a voice of extraordinary pathos and beauty. After a while, however, he experienced so much ill-treatment, and, on account of his timidity and awkwardness, was so ridiculed and persecuted by other boys, that he was compelled to leave.

As poor little Hans grew older, his passion for poetry and theatricals was strikingly evinced. He doated on every play-bill he could lay his hands on—he spelled over some plays he procured (including a translation of one or two of Shakspeare's)—and he himself actually composed some tremendous tragedies, which excited astonishment in the neighborhood, but exposed the sensi-

tive child-author to remorseless ridicule. No matter, the electric spark of genius had been struck, however faintly, and all the sneers and taunts of the world could not extinguish the sacred fire. A single expression of commendation will, in the estimation of an aspiring boy, far outweigh volleys of derisive laughter. Yet, even then, Hans seems to have been not altogether destitute of encouragement. His poetical efforts attracted the notice of one or two families in the higher walks of life, and one lady, especially, took him under her protection. His mother, with a mother's intuitive perception, had hopes, though not of a very tangible nature, that her child would become something "more than common," and "wise" women of her acquaintance fanned the idea by sanguine predictions to the same effect. Hans himself fed his ardent yearnings by gloating over the stories of great men, who once were poor little boys, as lowly, despised, and buffeted, as he then was. Still he continued childlike in his ordinary amusements and pursuits, but the notion of working his way to distinction by the medium of the stage, laid strong and abiding hold of his fervid imagination.

When about fourteen years of age, he finally got his mother's consent to go to the capital to seek his fortune. He set off with a little hoarded money in his pocket, and a note of introduction to a lady belonging to the Theatre Royal. The solitary young adventurer arrived in Copenhagen in the autumn of 1819, but his bashful, awkward address, and his utter ignorance of life, added to his very imperfect education, proved bars at the outset, and his reception was sadly disheartening. There was no employment for him on the stage; and he had next recourse to a mechanical trade. This he was still more unfitted for—planing boards, and hammering together boxes, was no congenial work for a delicately constituted and poetic dreamer. No doubt, with regard to such a calling, he felt the lines of Shakspeare eminently put—"There was a small love between us in the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on further acquaintance!"

His occupation was once more gone—plank after plank slipped from under his feet, yet his hopes were not at all shipwrecked; he did not yield to despair—his nature was too buoyant for that. He prayed to God for help, and when the clouds gathered darkest, a light shone through them. Some eminent professional people took him by the hand, and obtained for him vocal instruction.

His voice broke after a time, and his patrons sent him to a public school for general education. The master of it was far from rightly appreciating the character and genius of his pupil, and, deeming him a stupid fellow, treated him with a harshness which he afterwards deeply repented.

Step by step did Andersen struggle on; and about his twenty-fourth year he produced a work, entitled "A Pedestrian Journey from Holmen's Canal to the East Point Amager,* in the years 1828 and 1829." This is only a small work, and has never been translated into German and English—probably on account of its local nature, and because the greater portion of it is poetry. It at once made the fame of the author. The public were surprised and delighted by the grace of its language, and the charming play of fancy and fertility of imagination it displayed. Andersen doubtless now regards it with the affection which every author feels for the firstborn of his genius. Still, it was only a promise of better things; and from that time forward, the author found himself becoming a man of note, and had a willing audience for his future efforts. Several minor works followed, including "Love on St. Nicholas' Tour" (a vaudeville), and some volumes of poems (in 1830), which became highly popular. His next work of magnitude was entitled "Skyggebilleder" (literally "Shadow Pictures"), and was translated by his friend Beckwith into English, under the more explicit and comprehensive title of "Rambles in the Romantic Regions of the Hartz Mountains." It ought to be premised that he had previously received a *stipendium* from government to travel, and this work was one fruit of it. Various pieces for the theatre followed, all more or less successful. In the year 1835, appeared the first series of his "Eventyr,"† a work of world-wide celebrity. He has continued it up to the present time, with undiminished success. Also in 1835, he produced the most enthusiastic and most highly esteemed of all his works—"The Improvisatore," translated into English by Mary Howitt. In 1836, was published "O. T." (a novel);

* Holmen's Canal is in Copenhagen, and Amager is a very remarkable island joined to the city by long bridges.

† We have no equivalent in the English language for this word. "Fairy tales" comes nearest, but that does not convey the correct meaning, for there is greater latitude of subject in "Eventyr" than would be presumable from "fairy tales." The popularity of these "Eventyr" in the north, and throughout Germany, &c., is incredible.

and also "Part and Meet" (an idyllic drama, for the stage). In 1837, appeared "Only a Fiddler," (a novel.) During the next two years, he brought out several poems, and in 1839, "The Invisible on Sprogø" (a farce).* In 1840, he produced the "Mulatto" (a romantic drama), and this was quickly followed by a tragedy, entitled "The Moorish Girl." He visited Italy a second time, in 1840; and on his return, appeared (in 1842) his very delightful work, "The Poet's Bazaar," most admirably translated into English by Beckwith. After that, "A Picture Book without Pictures," and a volume of poems. His last novel was "The Two Baronesses," also translated by Beckwith. A long poem, called "Ahasuerus," followed. His own "Autobiography" alone remains to be mentioned; and a new work is preparing for early publication in England.

Andersen has traveled throughout Germany, Italy, Switzerland, France, Greece, Sweden, &c., and many a glowing page of description has he given the world of the scenes he has beheld. He has enjoyed the friendship of the most eminent men of literature and science, in every land he has visited. He received the honor of knighthood in four different countries. Perhaps fewer of his works have been translated into English, than most other European languages. Nearly all of them have been translated into Swedish, German, and French, and have enjoyed a large circulation in the respective countries. Some of his works have appeared in Russian and Dutch. Nay, a number of his poems have been translated into the Greenland language, and are said to be sung daily by the hardy natives of the regions of "thick-ribbed ice!"

Rarely a week passes without one or more small poems by Andersen appearing in the daily journals of Copenhagen. Never was any poem of his heard for the first time under such intensely affecting circumstances as the one on the death of Ehlerschlæger, the *digter-konge* (poet-king) of Scandinavia. As the body of that poet was being conveyed to the tomb, on the 26th of January, 1850, the immense procession stopped opposite the house in which he was born, and the verses, by his bosom friend Andersen, composed for the occasion, were sung over the inanimate remains. Andersen's "Farvel" (farewell) to Ehlerschlæger, a noble tribute, was published on the same day in the Copenhagen "Fædrelandet" (Fatherland), a daily paper,

* Sprogø means literally "language island." It is situated in the Great Belt, between Corsuer, in Zealand, and Nyborg, in Fünen.

There is no English author to whom Andersen can be fitly compared—Goldsmith, perhaps, alone excepted. The style of these two authors is, however, essentially different. They chiefly resemble one another in the benignancy of their tone, the exquisite play of their fancy, their truthfulness to nature, their deep feeling, their winning geniality, the *purpureum lumen* which they throw around their ideals of loveliness. But Andersen is far more impassioned, more enthusiastic, more imaginative, more abrupt, than Goldsmith. His mannerism is purely original, and it may be said to be, in its degree, inimitable. There is a charm in his way of telling the most ordinary everyday occurrences, that everybody feels, but which is too subtle to be described. Who but Andersen could sit down, and pen a delightful chapter on the fact, that *his old boots were worn out!* He has done this in his "Poet's Bazaar," in a way which irresistibly enchains the interest of the reader, although, in any other hands but his, the subject would have proved ludicrous and absurd. He has a loving heart, and an imagination steeped in poesy. He thus sees everything through a medium so different from the majority of people, that when he tells us his sensations and thoughts about any object whatever, we are amazed and delighted to recognize our homely household familiars dressed up in garbs celestial. It must not be supposed that he lets his imagination run riot in opposition to common sense. He makes his Pegasus feel the restraint of bit and curb. His religion is unfeigned, and, from childhood, has been of a deep, absorbing character; but it is the religion of the heart and soul, not the lip-service of the mere professor. He does not wear his faith pinned on his sleeve, to be seen by the world; but he walks humbly with his God in secret, and a manly, touching spirit of Christianity pervades all his writings, and influences all his daily actions. A profound philosopher he is not; neither is he pre-eminent for his knowledge of human nature in all its depths. He never makes a set attempt at moralizing; but he scatters the seeds of good-will, faith, hope, and charity, with a profuse hand. He cannot be said to keep one great aim in view in any of his works, but he simply and trustingly weaves "pictures" luminous with sympathy, radiant with hope. The great secret of his power is in speaking unpremeditatedly and unreservedly, *from the heart to the heart*. He appeals to all the finer and more ennobling feelings and aspirations of humanity, and never appeals in vain. He desires to reconcile us

to our lot in life—to show us that we are surrounded with the elements of joy and happiness, if we will but make use of them—to induce us to feel the holy truth, that we are all children of one Father, heirs to immortality, brothers in spirit and in flesh. This he does, not by dry-bone disquisitions, but by touches of the kind which "make the world one kin." In a word, he emphatically finds "sermons in stones, and good in everything;" and realizes his own happiness in diffusing happiness around.

In person, Andersen is extremely tall, with a slight stoop in the shoulders, and a somewhat peculiar gait. His head is well developed; his features are open and cordial as his nature; and there is a sparkle and luminous depth in his eye, eminently suggestive of indwelling poetical power. His manners are peculiarly frank, genial, and prepossessing. No literary man in any country has enjoyed more familiarly the society of the most gifted spirits of the age than he has, and no one can pour forth such inexhaustible reminiscences of their conversation and daily life. Andersen is naturally of a wandering disposition. He is not a "philosophical vagabond;" but he has an ardent thirst for roaming over foreign parts, not to "spy their nakedness," nor to moralize upon their scale of civilization, but to note every little touching or fanciful scene that falls within the sphere of his desultory observation, and to work up the most simple incidents into charming "pictures," as he delights to denominate his sketches. Much as he has sojourned in different countries, I believe I am right in asserting that he cannot speak any language but his own; at any rate, not at all with facility. Like many highly imaginative men, he is a very poor linguist; and I have heard his friends marvel how it is he manages so well among people with whom he can with difficulty make himself understood. Moreover, once out of Scandinavia, let him travel wherever he may, he would not meet with one educated man in ten thousand capable of conversing with him in a language so little cultivated by foreigners as Danish; and the number of his own countrymen scattered abroad must necessarily be very small. A sort of instinct seems to guide him, in lieu of the gift of tongues. The Danish language is by no means either plastic or copious. Those who are thoroughly conversant with the merits of both languages, say that some of Beckwith's translations of Andersen's works read better than the original itself. Moreover, Andersen is an author peculiarly diffi-

cult to translate, owing to the intensely vivid imagery which pervades every sentence; and it is a hopeless task for any translator to dream of doing justice to his fine qualities, unless he himself possesses very considerable power of language, and kindred poetic feelings and fancy.

Wanderer as Andersen is, and enthusiastically as he speaks of fair southern climes, he nevertheless is passionately attached to his "Scandinavian home," as he calls it; and, when on his frequent wanderings, many a sigh does he send towards his loved fatherland, *gamle Danmark* (old Denmark); and many a yearning remembrance of his endeared Danish friends does he gratefully indulge in. His "home" is Copenhagen; and there, at the present time, he resides, leading a very quiet, frugal, regular life. His circumstances are easy. He dresses fashionably, and with notable neatness, and is a frequent and welcome visitor in the best society. His conversation is lively and interesting; his manners amiable, winning, and gentlemanlike. He is emphatically a kind-hearted man, happy in his vocation, his wide circle of deeply-attached friends, and the appreciation of the world. None can make his personal acquaintance, without speedily entertaining a feeling of sincere esteem for the man, as well as admiration for the poet. He is honestly proud of the fruits of his genius, and is tremblingly sensitive to the satirical attacks they have from time to time been subjected to. Such onslaughts are the common penalties to which celebrity has ever been liable, and, in his case, they are mainly attributable to sheer envy on the part of less gifted and less fortunate aspirants. It is related that Andersen and his most able, as well as most bitter, literary foe happened to meet at Rome, and from that time forward became warm and constant friends.

Andersen has a most extraordinary affection for children, and will play with them for hours together, joining heart and soul in their sports, entering into the spirit of their enjoyments, laughing and rollicking with them as though he were himself a child once more. I have indeed heard, that when Andersen had attained an age when some precocious youths would have been inditing "a sonnet to their mistress's eyebrows," he was wont to privately indulge in dressing dolls and other pursuits of very young children. However this may be, I can, at any rate, vouch for the fact, that he does at this day respond to the feelings and aspirations of children in a most remarkable degree; and he is never happier

than when he gets a merry group of little ones around him, eagerly listening to the amusing fairy tales he extemporizes for their especial gratification.

He has never married; and, according to Copenhagen gossip, he never will. A Danish lady told me that he has been in love—once, and once only—but probably never will be again. Her statement is strikingly confirmed by a sweet little poem of his, entitled "What I love," in which occur the lines—

"And woman! ah, one only ever gain'd my heart,
But she became a bride: compell'd from her to part,
I love the sad remembrance cherish'd in my
breast."

When it is considered that Andersen, like Goldsmith, habitually introduces in his writings snatches of his varied personal experiences with undoubted fidelity, and that he ever speaks unfeignedly from the heart, these lines seem to settle the question. So far as fraternal friendship with the angelic portion of our race is concerned, Andersen has ever had his share. Among the Scandinavian celebrities of the fair sex with whom he has for many years been on terms of unreserved intimacy, are Jenny Lind, Miss Bremer, and Frue Flygare Carlen. He has paid touching tributes to the genius and goodness of Jenny in one of his works. With regard to Frue Flygare Carlen, it may not be generally known that her reputation as a novelist far transcends that of Miss Bremer in their native country—Sweden. I found, throughout Norway, and even so far north as the vicinity of the North Cape itself, she is literally loved by all classes for her delightful fictions. The Swedes themselves told me that Miss Bremer is only a "parlor novelist"—meaning that she delineates merely the life of the upper classes of society in her beautiful works, and leaves an impression on the foreign reader, that Sweden must be a sort of terrestrial paradise—which it most certainly is not.

In conclusion, a few words may be said concerning the portrait of Andersen, accompanying this paper. Last March I called at his rooms in *Nyehavn Byens Side*, on the morning of my departure for Norway. He showed me a great variety of engraved portraits of himself, wishing me to select one. I preferred that he should make his own choice, and he accordingly took a Swedish lithographed one, which he considered the most faithful. He was about to sign his autograph at the foot, when he suddenly rose from the table, and, taking a volume from his book-case, turned its leaves rapidly over. I

could not imagine what he wanted it for, as it was a volume of Mr. Beckwith's English translation of his "Poet's Bazaar." He carefully copied a sentence from this translation, writing it at the foot of the portrait, and appending his signature. When he presented it to me, I read with a thrill of emotion the words—

"The first moment of arrival at home, is, however, the bouquet of the whole voyage!

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN."

Nothing could be more finely appropriate than this, for I was, and am, a wanderer, long away from my kindred and home. Even yet, I have not seen that loved home again; but should God vouchsafe me the felicity of once more standing beneath the roof that sheltered my natal day, I doubt not that from the depths of my beating heart will gush forth in broken accents the prophetic words of my friend—the gentle and gifted poet of Scandinavia!

MANUFACTURE OF PORT WINE.

In a series of recent pamphlets on the wine trade of Portugal,* the whole art and mystery of wine-making and wine-compounding in that country is thoroughly exposed; and for the first time we learn that even the farmers of the Alto Douro are all but uniformly in the practice of mixing their wines with the elder-berry, sugar, and brandy—the first to impart to it a flavor somewhat but distantly resembling port of the best quality, the second to give it sweetness, and the last to add body and strength. In consequence of the prevalence of this system, there is probably more than double the quantity of port wine exported that is actually produced in the wine district. Hence it is that the genuine juice of the grape of the Alto Douro, so much esteemed by our aristocratic ancestors, has now sunk into the character of a kitchen wine, and is little more thought of by the fashionable world than the "heavy wet" of the London hackney-coachmen. The pamphlets above referred to reprobate the present system, and call upon the wine-farmers to abandon it, as injurious to their own interests as well as those of their country. These pamphlets seem throughout to be characterized by an honesty and independence of sentiment which are but little akin to the mere mercantile or money making spirit.

It has been alleged by the favorers of the above system, that the English taste with

respect to port wine has changed; and that instead of wine possessing a fine delicate aroma, derived from the superior climate of certain exposures in the district of the Alto Douro, the English wine-drinkers now demand port that is black, strong, and sweet; and the wine-farmer being bound to conform to the tastes of his customers, has no alternative but to mix his wine with elder-berry, brandy, and sugar, in order to produce the article required. Although the substances here said to be used are far from poisonous in their nature, yet they are all of a coarse and indigestible description, and when largely partaken of, are calculated to impair the functions of the stomach, and to induce a heaviness and lethargy, the reverse of genial or agreeable; and the system followed has at last resulted in the wines of the Alto Douro being in a great measure excluded from the dining-tables of the aristocracy of England. The quantity of elder-berry used may be estimated by the fact, that it is more extensively grown in the district of the Douro than the grape itself, and is admittedly used in an equal quantity in the wine manufacture.

The wine district of Portugal, where the port wine of commerce is produced, extends along the banks of the river Douro from the town of Mazatrio to a short way beyond the town of I. Jaao da Pesqueira, being an extent of little more than eight leagues. The district varies in breadth, but it may be stated as averaging about three leagues. The grape grown in the district varies in richness

* By Mr. Joseph James Forrester, of the firm of Offley, Webber, and Forrester, wine-merchants, Oporto.

according to the quality of the soil, its proximity to the river, and its exposure to the genial breezes of the south and west. The richest soils are those which border on the river, especially on its northern bank; for, having a southern exposure, they uniformly produce grapes of the best quality. As you rise into the more elevated situations, where the air is chiller, and the exposure to the storms of winter is greater, a grape is produced whose juice is thinner and more watery, and altogether different from the produce of the richer soils near the river. The port wine district is thus of a circumscribed extent, and the portion of it where wines of the best quality are produced is still more limited, and would thus be capable only of supplying a limited demand. There is grown, however, a sufficient quantity of grapes to produce 20,000 pipes of port of the first quality annually—the total annual production amounting to about 100,000 pipes.

The pamphlets to which we have referred show that the genuine unmixed wine of the most elevated point of the Douro district is of itself sufficiently rich and nutritious (with

the addition of about from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 10 per cent. of brandy, which is necessary for its preservation,) to form a healthful and exhilarating beverage; and but for the extraneous substances with which it is drugged, even it would create a demand which would much enhance its price in the market, and restore its character among the upper classes of England. If the same attention, indeed, were bestowed on the cultivation of the vine that is devoted to the mixing and adulterating of the wine, a greater quantity of port wine would be produced and exported than at present, and a much higher price obtained for it; thus illustrating the old adage in a larger sense than usual—that “honesty is the best policy,” and that we cannot do injustice to our fellow-men, and hope to thrive by it. The productions of a country, indeed, form a good barometer, indicating strikingly the moral and intellectual attributes of its population; for where the articles produced are of the best quality, and free from adulteration, it evinces a deep sense of truthfulness on the part of the producers, which is uniformly accompanied with all other blessings.

STANZAS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON, THE POET LAUREATE.

Come not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.
There let the wind sweep, and the plover cry;
But go thou by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime,
I care no longer, being all unblest;
Wed whom thou wilt; but I am sick of time,
And I desire to rest,
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie.
Go by—go by!

From the *Edinburg Review*.

LORD CAMPBELL'S CHIEF JUSTICES.*

Among the felicities of Lord Campbell's long and prosperous career, the comparative leisure which he enjoyed from 1841 to 1850 was, perhaps, one of the greatest. It is to that interval of leisure that he probably will owe his widest and his most permanent fame. Had he retained the Irish seals, or exchanged them for the high office which he now holds, he would have been remembered as a successful advocate and a distinguished judge. His decisions would have been quoted by lawyers, and historians must have noticed him as a debater; but his literary reputation would have depended on his speeches. Now speeches, however admirable, are seldom popular. Of the hundreds, probably the thousands, of orators, who, from the times of Ulysses down to those of Guizot, have ruled or charmed their hearers, there are really only two, the great Greek and the great Roman, whose speeches are familiarly read.

During centuries the greatest masters of thought and of language that ever spoke or wrote threw into public speaking the whole force of their brilliant talents and unwearied diligence. Many of their orations are preserved, but they are used only as materials of history or as commentaries on Demosthenes; and would be probably as much studied, or nearly so, if they had none of the high qualities to which their authors devoted the labour of years. Some outlines, indeed, of Pericles are well known, because they have been worked into the enduring fabric of Thucydides, but they are not speeches but essays:—wonderful examples of acute observation and elaborate reasoning, but too compressed and perhaps too refined to be followed by even an Athenian audience. All Roman oratory, except that of Cicero, has perished: it did not retain sufficient interest to repay transcription. Modern eloquence has been embalmed by the printing press; but it is

preserved like a mummy. It does not perish, but it is not looked at. Who now reads the vast body of eloquence which rendered the bar of France illustrious? How few consult, as collections of works of rhetorical art, the records of her deliberative assemblies? Mirabeau is known in consequence of the interest excited by his strange social, and by his brilliant historical, life; but of the speeches which influenced the destinies of Europe little is now read except some dazzling sentences. The world had almost forgotten that Robespierre was a great orator, when Lamartine disinterred a few specimens of the cold argumentative enthusiasm which made him master of the Jacobins and of the Convention.

There are few English libraries that do not contain whole lines of volumes of Pitt, Fox, Burke, Windham, Erskine, and Sheridan; but which of them, except those of Burke, are ever taken from the shelf? and Burke's speeches are read principally in consequence of the very qualities which interfered with their efficiency when delivered,—their penetrating philosophy and widely-drawn and varied illustrations. We do not believe that Lord Campbell will be an exception to the general law which confines the orator to evanescent celebrity: which puts him on the same footing with the other artists whose business it is to produce immediate and powerful but transient effects: to excite and animate and delight those who see and hear them, but to leave behind them a reputation depending, like the peculiarities of the Church of Rome, not on Scripture, but on tradition.

From this fate the *Lives* of the Chancellors and the *Lives* of the Chief Justices will preserve him. He has enriched the literature of England with contributions which will probably never die, because they will always amuse, and it is the power of amusing that confers literary immortality. The writer who has merely conveyed instruction, may leave a permanent name, but it soon outlives the popularity of his works. They are among the quarries from which his suc-

* *The Lives of the Chief Justices of England, from the Norman Conquest to the Death of Lord Mansfield*. By JOHN LORD CAMPBELL, LL.D. F.R.S.E. Two volumes. London: 1849.

cessors dig materials to be employed in constructing more spacious edifices, which, in their turn, serve merely as materials to another generation of philosophers. Few, even among scholars, know much of Plato: every schoolboy is familiar with Plutarch. The 'Rambler' and the 'Idler' have become mere names. It is in the 'Lives of the Poets,' in the 'Journey to the Hebrides,' and, far more than those, in the gossip of Boswell, that Dr. Johnson really lives.

There is, indeed, in Lord Campbell's works much instruction. His subjects have been so happily selected, that it was scarcely possible that there should not be. An eminent lawyer and statesman could not write the lives of great statesmen and lawyers without interweaving curious information, and suggesting valuable principles of judgment and useful practical maxims: but it is not for these that his works will be read. Their principal merit is their easy animated flow of interesting narrative. No one possesses better than Lord Campbell the art of telling a story: of passing over what is commonplace; of merely suggesting what may be inferred; of explaining what is obscure; and of placing in a strong light the details of what is interesting from its strangeness or its importance.

Of course it is impossible to notice all, or even the majority, of so numerous a list of biographies. We shall select a few names, which, either from their intrinsic interest or from the manner in which they have been treated by Lord Campbell, appear to us to deserve especial consideration.

We shall begin by Sir Edward Coke.

He is obviously a favourite with his biographer; and Lord Campbell, being a judicious patron, has heightened the flavour of his praise by a judicious mixture of blame. Still we cannot but think that he puts his hero too high:—

'Most men,' he says, 'I am afraid, would rather have been Bacon than Coke. The superior rank of the office of Chancellor, and the titles of Baron and Viscount, would now go for little in the comparison; but the intellectual and the noble-minded must be in danger of being captivated too much by Bacon's stupendous genius and his brilliant European reputation, while his amiable qualities win their way to the heart. Coke, on the contrary, appears as a deep but narrow-minded lawyer, knowing hardly any thing beyond the wearisome and crabbed learning of his own craft, famous only in his own country, and repelling all friendship or attachment by his harsh manners. Yet when we come to apply the test of moral worth and upright conduct, Coke ought, beyond all ques-

tion, to be preferred. He never betrayed a friend, or truckled to an enemy. He never tampered with the integrity of judges, or himself took a bribe. When he had risen to influence, he exerted it strenuously in support of the laws and liberties of his country, instead of being the advocate of every abuse, and the abettor of despotic sway. When he lost his high office, he did not retire from public life "with wasted spirits and an oppressed mind," overwhelmed by the consciousness of guilt, but bold, energetic, and uncompromising, from the lofty feeling of integrity, he placed himself at the head of that band of patriots to whom we are mainly indebted for the free institutions which we now enjoy.'^{*}

To most of the readers of the Histories of those times the names of Bacon and Coke appear to be contrasts. Yet there were many points, and those very important ones, in which their characters agreed. Both were the slaves of ambition and of avarice. Ambition drove Bacon to trample on Essex, and Coke to trample on Raleigh. Coke's integrity did not show itself until he was on the Bench. Lord Campbell admits that while Attorney-General he unscrupulously stretched the prerogatives of the Crown, was utterly regardless of public liberty, and perverted the criminal law by much individual oppression.† So much for his public morality! In private life we find him deliberately sacrificing the whole happiness and, as it turned out, the honour and the virtue of his young daughter, to the hopes of reconciling himself to the Favourite and to the King. This is perhaps less despicable than the corruption of Bacon, but more odious. Both Bacon and Coke were eager to acquire money; but the covetousness of Bacon was stimulated by the desire of magnificent expenditure; that of Coke by the desire of vast accumulation. And as the wish to accumulate is less urgent than the wish to spend, Coke kept his passion under better controul than his great rival. Avarice seduced Bacon into dishonour—Coke only into meanness.

Both Bacon and Coke are entitled to a high rank among the benefactors of mankind; and many of our readers may be surprised at our discussing as a question their comparative pre-eminence. The services rendered by Bacon are acknowledged by the whole civilised world. Every head bows at the name of the reformer of philosophical inquiry. The merits of Coke are known only to lawyers and historians; and even historians have in general passed slightly over his parliamentary career, and have treated his judicial

* Vol. i. p. 345.

† Vol. i. p. 263.

independence merely as honourable to him, without attaching to it great public importance. Yet we are inclined to place Coke, as an object of the gratitude of posterity, not merely on a level with Lord Bacon, but perhaps even above him. Bacon's services in pointing out the true road to scientific discovery were unquestionably very great. To him we owe mainly the rapid progress of physical science. But it must be recollected, in the first place, that he did comparatively little to advance mental science. After three and twenty centuries, we find rhetoric, criticism, and logic nearly as they were left by Aristotle. If our knowledge of politics exceeds his, we owe it principally to our enlarged experience. If our morality is purer, it is owing perhaps altogether to Revelation. The Nicomachean ethics seemed to have pushed the science of mental pathology and the art of morality as far as unassisted reason could carry them. In the mental sciences and arts, as far as we can infer from the results which they obtained, the methods employed by the Greeks did not require correction from Bacon. Hume's expectation of the 'like reformation in all moral disquisitions' from the experimental method, has not yet been realised.

In the second place, there seems no reason to believe that if Bacon had never existed, the advance even of physical science would have been materially retarded. The real emancipator of the human mind was Luther. After principles of belief so ancient and so firmly established as those which he attacked had been uprooted, it was impossible that the baseless assumptions of ontologists and cosmogonists could remain unchallenged. It was impossible that Philosophy could long be permitted wantonly to assume her premises, after Faith had been forced to submit hers to the test of inquiry. Sooner or later the bubbles of the schools would have been punctured by common sense, and they would have collapsed as completely as they did under the hands of Bacon.

And lastly, the knowledge to which he led the way, important and even glorious as it is, is not the knowledge on which human happiness principally depends. Abstract and physical science have been cultivated with most success in France—moral and political science in England; and how different has been the degree of happiness enjoyed by the respective countries! Even in the arts to which physical science is subservient, we far excel those who furnished the principles of which we make use. We

are better navigators, better engineers, and better manufacturers than those on whose discoveries we found our processes. If a people enjoy the institutions which are favourable to security of property and to freedom of action and thought, it will obtain moral and political knowledge; and it is on that knowledge, and on the habits of acting and feeling which that knowledge produces, that its happiness principally depends.

Now it is the glory of Coke, that he was one of the illustrious band to whom we owe the parliamentary independence on which our free institutions are based, and the judicial independence by which they are preserved. The most celebrated part of his history is, perhaps, his magnanimous firmness as a Judge. For in that struggle he was alone. A Judge, a removeable officer of the Crown, appointed and dismissed according to the caprice of the monarch, was as much a servant as any page in the royal household. When Coke, to the question whether he would stay proceedings in obedience to a royal order, answered that 'When the case happened he would do that which it should be fit for a Judge to do,' he took a position from which all his colleagues fled, and which none of his immediate predecessors had ever assumed, or probably had ever thought of assuming. And he not merely risked influence and station, he knowingly abandoned them. Surrounded by such rivals and enemies, without supporters or even friends, old and unpopular, he could not hope to beard so despotic a monarch as James and to retain his office; he could not rely on even his personal safety. That he preserved his fortune and his liberty was more than he had a right to expect. But wealth and freedom to a man deprived of power and exiled from court, were not then what they are to us, or what they were even fifty years afterwards. The sovereign was then really the fountain of honour, and those on whom he looked coldly were frowned on by the world. We admire a man who sacrifices power to principle, though he is rewarded by immediate popularity; Coke made the sacrifice, but had to wait many years for the reward.

The splendour of Coke's conduct as a magistrate has somewhat obscured his reputation as a statesman. Yet the part which he took in securing to us internal freedom of trade, by abolishing monopolies, and to obtain for us extended free trade, by opposing the restrictive system which was then beginning to infuse its poison into our commercial code, would have given immortality to any

man who had not other and stronger claims to it. It was fortunate for his fame as a political economist, that England was still an exporter of agricultural produce, so that the immediate and obvious interests of the governing classes were promoted by free trade; this enabled him to say, 'I never yet heard that a bill was ever before preferred in Parliament against the importation of corn, and I love to follow ancient precedents.' We doubt whether if he had lived in 1846 he would have ventured to undo the legislation of 150 years. His defence of usury laws, on the ground of God having forbade usury to his own people, and because usury is contrary to the law of nature, is not promising.

Still more meritorious was the Protestation of 1621, in which, replying to the King's command to the House of Commons, 'that none therein should presume henceforth to meddle with anything concerning our government or deep matters of State,' he declared, 'that the arduous and urgent affairs concerning the king and State, and the making and maintenance of laws, and the redress of grievances, are proper subjects and matter of counsel and debate in Parliament, and that the Commons in Parliament have and ought to have liberty and freedom to treat of such matters in such order as in their judgment shall seem fittest.'

More important still were the resolutions of 1628, which affirmed, 'that no freeman ought to be detained in prison unless some cause of the detainer be expressed for which by law he ought to be detained, and that the writ of habeas corpus cannot be denied to any man that is detained in prison or otherwise restrained by command of the King, the Privy Council, or any other:' resolutions on which is founded a degree of personal liberty which no other portion of Europe, not even France after sixty years of revolution, has yet acquired.

But his greatest claim to our gratitude is as the framer of the Petition of Right, which laid so firmly the basis of parliamentary, as opposed to monarchical, government, that it was only by civil war that Charles could hope to shake it. His speech, in moving the rejection of the Lords' amendment 'that nothing contained in the bill should be construed to trench on the *sovereign power* of the Crown,' has a simplicity and brevity which amount to eloquence. 'This is a petition of right, grounded on Acts of Parliament and on the laws which we were born to enjoy. Our ancestors could never endure a "*salvo jure suo*" from kings—no more than our

kings of old could endure from churchmen "*salvo honore Dei et Ecclesiæ*." We must not admit it, and to qualify it is impossible. Let us hold our privileges according to law. That power which is above the law is not fit for the king to ask or the people to yield. Sooner would I have the prerogative abused, and myself to lie under it: for, though I should suffer, a time would come for the deliverance of the country.'

We have left to the last the portion of Coke's achievements on which his reputation has chiefly rested,—his legal writings. In his Reports and his Institutes he left a memorial, now crumbling into dust, of his unwearied diligence, his exact memory, and his wonderful power of analogical reasoning. And he left in them also a memorial of his utter unfitness to discover or even to understand the real purposes for which laws ought to be made. One of the most important of these purposes is to lay down the rules according to which landed property is to be enjoyed, transmitted, and transferred. The different problems into which this great question may be subdivided, are not all resolvable in the same way in every state of society. There are some political institutions to which permanent entails are suitable, others in which a less durable power of entail is advisable; and there may be some in which none ought to be permitted. Some great nations—such as France—repudiate, except in a very slight degree, testamentary power; others—such as England—insist on its existing absolutely uncontrolled. But there are two rules which appear to be universally expedient,—to be applicable in a new or in an old community, in a monarchy, in an aristocracy, or in a democracy. They are, first, that where a man has the power, and has clearly manifested the will, to give property, or a partial interest in property, to another, the conveyance should be effectual; and, secondly, that the law should oppose, or at least should not facilitate, the acquisition of property by wrongful acts.

Now the law of England, as expounded in the courts of common law, not only has neglected, but has systematically and intentionally violated, both these rules. It has surrounded the transfer of property with a network of quicksands and reefs, through which a narrow channel winds, dangerous to even the most cautious and the most experienced pilot. Even now, after the track has been buoyed by the decisions of centuries; after act of parliament on act of parliament had endeavoured to widen and improve it;

and after the courts of equity—with a courage and a good sense which are above all praise—have applied their powerful machinery to float us over its dangers and obstructions,—even now the English system of conveyancing is a disgrace to a civilized nation. The law of real property, as created and administered by the common law judges, instead of being a collection of rules founded on convenience, is an arbitrary science, like heraldry, or astrology, or freemasonry, based on definitions and similes, and sacrificing without scruple both justice and reason, to preserve its metaphors unbroken. Thus one sort of uncertain future interest, called a contingent remainder, was said to be supported by a previous interest, which the courts thought fit to say must be an interest for life. If this interest was absent or destroyed, the support failed. Therefore, in pursuance of the metaphor, the remainder failed too. A science resting on verbal subtleties might have been expected to possess at least an accurate terminology. So far, however, is this from being the case, that the words 'right,' 'possibility,' 'estate,' 'contingent,' 'executory,' 'limitation,' 'purchase,' 'power,' and in fact most of the important technical terms in conveyancing, are promiscuously used in half a dozen different senses; and grave decisions have been grounded, and even rules of law established, on syllogisms, in which the middle term was used in one sense in the major and in another in the minor.

But while the law dug these pitfalls around the honest purchaser, devisee, or inheritor, it devised a whole science, called the learning of deforcement, for the benefit of the fraudulent or violent intruder. It divided wrongful possessors into classes, such as abators, disseisors, deforciant, and intruders, and allotted to them their several modes of defeating the claim of the lawful owner. We will illustrate its proceedings by a case within our own experience. A man without near relations devised his property to a friend who was not his heir. The devisee died a few days before the testator. The devisee's son thought it hard that such an accident should deprive him of an estate. Provisionally, therefore, he took possession; and consulted his lawyer as to the means of retaining it. The answer was, that he was an abator, and that the means given to him by the law for the purpose of defeating the lawful heir were, a feofment and a fine. Both these proceedings were adopted. But on taking further advice, he was told that he had not used them in their proper order. He had,

it seems, levied the fine before he made the feofment, and the charm, therefore, would not work. So he reversed the process, first made the feofment, and then levied the fine. Again, however, it was found that he had done wrong. Both the feofment and the fine having been perfected during a vacation, the fine had reference to the preceding term, and overreached the feofment. So he began again, and made a feofment in one term, and levied a fine in the next. At last the professors of the dark art declared that the legal magic had been properly employed; and he is now the undisputed, indeed the indisputable owner. A recent act of parliament has destroyed this science by abolishing tortious conveyances; but until a few years ago they were in constant use. They were used by persons having terms of years, who wished to rob the reversioner of his fee simple; by persons in possession, who wished to despoil contingent remaindermen; and, as in the case which we have mentioned, by mere intruders, who wished to seize on property to which they had not the shadow of a claim.

It is to this system, and to the expense and insecurity which it seems to have been intended to create, that we mainly owe one of our greatest political inconveniences and dangers,—the separation of the great mass of our population from the ownership of land. In the larger portion of Europe,—almost everywhere, indeed, except in Spain, in parts of Italy, and in the British Islands,—the greater part of the soil belongs to small proprietors. They are less skilful than our farmers, but they are more diligent, more economical, and more provident. They marry late, and consequently have small families: in France the average number of children to a marriage is only three. They defend the rights of property, because they possess them; dependence on public relief or on private charity, instead of being as it is with us the rule, is the rare exception. From this fertile source of happiness and moral improvement our peasantry, indeed our middle classes, are cut off by our system of conveyancing. The French peasant, as soon as he has agreed with his neighbour for the purchase of half an acre, goes with him to the notaire, and has it transferred into his name; and if he wishes to sell, can part with it as easily as he obtained it. A small purchaser with us has to ask for the abstract of the title, to send it to his lawyer, to pay for its being examined, to pay for further inquiries being made, to pay for the consideration of the answers to those inquiries,

and, perhaps, after half a year's delay, finds that he has purchased a chancery suit. As the amount of these expenses in no respect depends on the value of the property,—for the title to an acre may be as intricate as that to a whole manor,—they operate as an almost prohibitory tax on small purchases. We once bought a small freehold as a qualification; the price was 40*l.*,—the expenses were 30*l.* To this cause, also, is to be attributed the comparatively low value of land in England. France is a poorer country than England; landed property there is a less advantageous investment: it is subject to enormous direct taxation, and does not give the social pre-eminence which attends it in England. But it sells for one-third more. Forty-five years' purchase is as common in France as thirty years' purchase is with us. If instead of clamouring for protection from foreigners, the landed interest had asked for protection from lawyers,—if they had required from the legislature, of which they are the most powerful portion, a rational system of conveyancing, they would have done what they have failed to do,—they would have really raised the value of land.*

Now this monstrous system was Sir Edward Coke's idol. It was this silly, but yet mischievous rubbish, which he thought the perfection of reason. He resisted its correction by the courts of equity,—and by the clearness with which he expounded its principles, and the sagacity with which he endeavoured to reconcile its discrepancies, he contributed more than any other writer to its permanence. No man knows its faults better than Lord Campbell: no man has laboured more zealously or more ably in the arduous work of correcting them. We rather wonder, therefore, at his rating so highly as he appears to do the services of Coke as its expounder, and, to a considerable degree, its creator. We confess that the utter ignorance of the real objects of legislation which is betrayed by Coke's writings, almost leads us to modify our praise of his parliamentary conduct. We cannot but suspect that the measures which he carried, great and well

directed as they were, were almost as much the fruit of his quarrel with the Government as of his wish to promote the welfare of the people. With our imperfect nature, when benefits have been conferred, we ought not, perhaps, to scan nicely the motives by which our benefactors may be supposed to have been influenced. Great services ought to be repaid by great gratitude. Still it must be admitted that Coke's opposition to monopolies, to arbitrary imprisonment, and to arbitrary taxation, would have conferred on him a still higher reputation, if we had been sure that it had been prompted by an enlightened desire of the public good, unassisted by blind resistance to change, or by well-founded resentment against the Crown.

Coke's successor, Montague, need not detain us long. The only remarkable event of his Chief-Justiceship was his having to pronounce sentence on Sir Walter Raleigh. The concluding passage of his address to the prisoner is very striking:—

'I know you have been valiant and wise, and I doubt not but you retain both these virtues, which now you shall have occasion to use. Your faith hath heretofore been questioned; but I am satisfied that you are a good Christian, for your book, which is an admirable work, doth testify as much. I would give you counsel, but I know you can apply unto yourself far better counsel than I am able to give you. Yet, with the good Samaritan in the gospel, who, finding one in the way wounded and distressed, poured oil into his wounds and refreshed him, so will I now give unto you the oil of comfort; though (in respect that I am a minister of the law) mixed with vinegar. Fear not death too much nor too little—not too much, lest you fail in your hopes—nor too little lest you die presumptuously. The judgment of the court is, *that execution be granted*; and may God have mercy on your soul!'

Passing over his undistinguished successor, Ley, we proceed to Chief Justice Crewe, whom Lord Campbell properly designates as 'a perfectly competent and thoroughly honest Chief Justice.' He seems to have been an admirable specimen of an accomplished civilian of the 17th century. Mild, but yet resolute; fond of heraldry and genealogy, and, as may be inferred from the magnificent mansion which he erected at Crewe, of architecture; deeply imbued with the feelings and associations, perhaps we might call them the prejudices, which often accompany ancient

* English lawyers seem disposed at last to clear themselves from this reproach. (See *Land-Measures for England*, Law Review, Nov. 1850.) They have recommended Registration; and they lately received with acclamation, Mr. Field, one of the commission for simplifying the legal procedure of New York. The question of Peasant Proprietorship seems one of proportion. See the case on the other side, in two able Notices of 'Notes by a Traveller,' in *Tait's Magazine* for November and December last.

descent, and devoting the whole force of a powerful intellect and unwearied perseverance to one great object, the restoration of the splendours of the family of Crewe. His opinion on the Oxford Peerage Case, in which he preferred a remote male heir to a nearer female, illustrates well both the man and the times. It might figure in the 'Romance of the Peerage.'

'This great and weighty cause, incomparable to any other of the sort that hath happened at any time, requires much deliberation and solid and mature judgment to determine it. Here is represented to your lordships *certainen honoris*, illustrious honour. I heard a great peer of this realm and a learned man say when he lived, there is no king in Christendom hath such a subject as Oxford. And well might this be said, for De Vere came in with the Conqueror, being then Earl of Guynes; shortly after the Conquest he was made Great Chamberlain by Henry I., the Conqueror's son, above 500 years ago. By Maud the Empress, he was created Earl of Oxford, the grant being Alberico Comiti, so that he was clearly an Earl before. He was confirmed and approved by Henry Fitz-Empress, Henry the Second. This great honour, this high and noble dignity, hath continued ever since in the remarkable surname of De Vere, by so many ages, descents, and generations, as no other kingdom can produce such a peer in one and the self-same name and title. I find in all this time but two attainders of this noble family, and those in stormy times, when the government was unsettled, and the kingdom in competition.

'I have laboured to make a covenant with myself, that affection may not press upon judgment; for I suppose there is no man that hath any apprehension of gentry or nobleness, but his affection stands to the continuance of a house so illustrious, and would take hold of a twig or twine thread to uphold it. And yet time hath its revolutions; there must be a period and an end to all temporal things—*finis rerum*—an end of names and dignities, and whatsoever is terrene;—and why not of De Vere?—for where is BOHUN? Where is MOWBRAY? Where is MORTIMER? Nay, which is more, and most of all, where is PLANTAGENET? They are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality! Yet let the name of De Vere stand so long as it pleaseth God.*

Could such a speech be made now? We

think not. The enthusiasm of the Chief Justice was kindled, as might perhaps have been expected from this heraldic and genealogical pursuits, not by the great deeds of the De Veres, but by the antiquity of their descent. He venerated them, as we venerate an ancient oak which has seen the rise and fall of thirty generations of short-lived men. Now mere antiquity of birth, that is to say, descent from a family which has possessed great wealth during many centuries, has ceased to be revered. We admire it, as we admire every thing which we very seldom meet with, but by itself it excites no stronger feeling. If indeed it be added to great personal distinction, the union of the two is imposing. When we see the House of Lords led, as it scarcely ever was led before, by one whose nobility is as old as that of the De Veres, we are struck by the combination of two sources of illustration, each of which, even alone, is very rare. But an ancient name, unsupported by personal merits, is now almost valueless.

Sir Randolph Crewe followed Coke's glorious example in declaring the unlawfulness of arbitrary taxation and imprisonment. Like Coke, he was dismissed; like him, he felt deeply, more deeply than it is easy for us to conceive, the loss of his office; and like him, he made a strong effort to recover it. But, it was the effort of a much loftier virtue and of a much less vigorous will. Coke strove to influence Buckingham, first by his hopes and afterwards by his fears: first by surrendering his daughter and her vast expectations to Sir John Villiers; and afterwards, when that had failed, by leading the first regular parliamentary opposition of which an English House of Commons was the scene. Crewe tried to propitiate the favourite merely by respectful argument and entreaty. Lord Campbell thinks his letter to Buckingham most creditable. It appears to us pitched in too low a key. We refer our readers to it. (Vol. i. p. 376.) When it is recollected that a short time afterwards Sir Randolph was able to purchase the great Crewe estates, and to build the magnificent palace which still, without addition or alteration, is one of the ornaments of England, it is not easy to sympathise with his lamentations over his 'poore name and family, and poore fortune.'

Crewe's successors during the stormy interval between his removal and the Commonwealth need not detain us. The only remarkable act of Hyde is his answer, when Charles asked whether, by assenting to the Petition of Right, he would lose the power, which

* Vol. i. p. 373.

that petition formally denied to him, of committing or restraining a subject without showing cause? 'Every law,' said Hyde,* 'after it is made, hath its exposition, which it is left to the Courts of Justice to determine; and although the petition be granted, there is no fear of conclusion, as is intimated in the question.' These few words comprehend the whole theory of legal interpretation—an art which has never perhaps flourished so vigorously as in England. In some countries a law of which the courts disapprove, is still executed until public opinion demands its repeal; in others advantage is taken of any interval in which it has not been called into force, and it is considered to have ceased by dissuetude. Our judges acknowledge its validity, but blandly evade it by an interpretation. Peter, Jack, and Martin, sitting in conclave to expound their father's will, were timidly scrupulous when compared to an English Bench.

Heath, the last of Charles's Chief Justices, was one of the most respectable, for he was a conscientious ultra-royalist.

'He read law and history,' says Lord Campbell, 'with the preconceived conviction that the king of England was an absolute sovereign, and converted all he met with into arguments to support his theory. One convenient doctrine solved many difficulties; he maintained that parliament had no power to curtail the essential prerogatives of the crown, and that all acts of parliament for such a purpose were *ultra vires*, and void. There is no absurdity in this doctrine, for a legislative assembly may have only a limited power, like the Congress of the United States; and it was by no means so startling then as now, when the *omnipotence of parliament* has passed into a maxim.†

We are inclined to differ from Lord Campbell, and to believe that Heath's doctrine was as absurd as it was mischievous. It is true that a legislative body may have only a limited mission. The Poor Law Commissioners in respect of their power to issue general rules, and the Equity Judges, in respect of their power to make orders in Chancery, are legislative bodies, with narrowly restricted powers. The Assemblies in our colonies have a much wider field, but still there are bounds to it. All these, however, are subordinate bodies. So is the Congress of the United States: it is appointed for certain special purposes, and when it has attempted to go further, the judges have authority to declare its acts to be unconstitutional and void. But a legislative body which has no superior, which represents the will of the nation, like

the Convention of the United States, or the British Parliament, must be omnipotent. Every independent nation has a right to make its own laws—every successive generation of such a nation has a right to alter those laws. To deny this, is to maintain that those who inhabit a given territory in one century, have a right to prescribe rules to those who are to inhabit it in all future centuries. It is to say, that the legislation of barbarians is to govern their civilised descendants, that that of the ignorant is to govern the instructed, that that of the dead is to govern the living. The only plausible theory in favour of an unalterable monarchy is divine right. All human rights are necessarily transitory.*

As far as the appointment of judges is concerned, the Commonwealth was a sunny interval between storms. Cromwell was just and conscientious. He hated lawyers indeed, as the founder of a revolutionary government necessarily must do; he despised their scruples, and saw through the absurdity of many of their forms; he even expressed rather indecorously his want of reverence for Magna Charta,—but he felt the necessity of having the bench well filled, and showed his usual sagacity in the choice of judges. Rolle, however, the most eminent of the judges of this period, was not made by him, but by the Long Parliament. Lord Campbell has inserted his judgment in the case of Don Patelon Sa, who, though secretary to the Portuguese ambassador, was executed for

* Absurd as is the doctrine of inalienable rights, it was long the favourite and almost the characteristic tenet of the Tory party. Lord John Russell, in his 'Life of Lord W. Russell,' towards the end of the reign of Charles II., notices as an instance of it, their considering 'the crown as a sacred and inalienable inheritance;' and their holding 'that the right of the successor to the crown was paramount 'and indefeasible.' So Mr. Fox, in his 'History of the Early Part of the Reign of James II.,' observes:—'The truth seems to be that the King, in asserting his unlimited power, rather fell in with the humour of the prevailing party, than offered any violence to it. Absolute power in civil matters, under the specious names of monarchy and prerogative, formed a most essential part of the Tory creed; but the order in which Church and King are placed in the favourite device of the party, is not accidental, and is well calculated to show the genuine principles of such among them as are not corrupted by influence.' Mr. Fox declares that a due consideration of these distinct features is exceedingly necessary to the right understanding of English history. It was one of the chief constitutional advantages of the Revolution, that after it we hear no more in Courts of Law of an abstract *jus regium* by consent of nations, or of a native immortality in the prerogative against which even acts of parliament would be void.

avenging a supposed insult by assassination. It is an admirable piece of legal reasoning, and has established both the law which it lays down, that the attendants of an ambassador are privileged only in civil cases, and also the law which it suggests, that the foreign minister himself is exempt from the jurisdiction of the criminal courts of the country to which he is accredited.

Lord Campbell remarks, that the administration of criminal justice during the Commonwealth was purer and fairer than it had been for a long period before, or than it became under the Restoration. During the Commonwealth the prevailing motive was religion; and religion, though in ill-regulated minds it may produce cruelty towards those of different opinions, seldom tempts to fraud or chicanery: while on the subjects unconnected with faith, it prompts to justice and fair dealing. Still, however, many of the old oppressions remained: prisoners were denied the assistance of counsel, even as to legal questions arising on the evidence, unless the Court, in its discretion, thought fit (which it seldom did) to grant it. The witnesses in their favour were not allowed to be sworn, and they had no means of compelling their attendance. Improper evidence was admitted, though not so freely as before; juries were packed; and for the trial of those with whom juries could not be trusted, a High Court of Justice was created, consisting of about 150 persons, any seventeen or more of whom were a quorum, not subject to challenge, deciding by a bare majority, and combining the functions of Judge and Jury. At the same time it is observable, that this tribunal, however unfairly constituted, was not more so than the Court of the Lord High Steward for the trial of Peers, previous to the Revolution.

One of the most interesting of the trials before this High Court is that of Christopher Love. He was a Presbyterian divine of great eminence, and was accused of having corresponded with the Scotch Presbyterians, who acknowledged Charles the Second; and of having, in the words of the charge, conspired 'to raise up foes against the present government of this nation since the same hath been settled in a commonwealth and free state, without a King and House of Lords.' The greater part of the evidence was mere hearsay: of that which directly criminated the prisoner, some was extorted from persons under the same accusation, under a promise of pardon, 'if they dealt ingenuously;' and other portions were mere assents from the

witnesses to leading questions. The spirit and presence of mind of Love were remarkable. In the beginning of the trial he was urged by the Lord President to imitate Achan—to confess and glorify God; and by the Attorney-General to admit that he had corresponded with the Scotch. His answer is admirable:—'I will admit of nothing. I have so much of a Christian in me that I will deny nothing that is proved to be true, and so much of an Englishman that I will admit of nothing that is seemingly criminal.'*

As was the case with almost all (we believe that there was but one exception) who came before that court, he was convicted. His speech from the scaffold, to which he was accompanied by Calamy and by two other eminent Presbyterian members, is a magnificent death song:—

'I am not only a Christian and a Preacher, but, whatever men judge, I am a Martyr. I speak it without vanity. Would I have renounced my covenant, and debauched my conscience, and ventured my soul, there might have been hopes of saving my life; but, blessed be my God, I have made the best choice—I have chosen affliction rather than sin; and therefore welcome scaffold, and welcome axe, and welcome block, and welcome death, and welcome all, because it will send me to my Father's house. I have great cause to magnify God's grace, that he hath stood by me during mine imprisonment: it hath been a time of no little temptation to me, yet (blessed be his grace!) he hath stood by me and strengthened me. I magnify his grace, that though now I come to die a violent death, yet that death is not a terror unto me—through the blood of sprinkling, the fear of death is taken out of my heart. God is not a terror unto me, therefore death is not dreadful to me. I have now done; I have no more to say, but to desire the help of all your prayers, that God would give me the continuance and supply of divine grace to carry me through this great work that I am now about; that as I am to do a work I never did, so I may have a strength I never had: that I may put off this body with as much quietness and comfort of mind as ever I put off my clothes to go to bed. And now I am to commend my soul to God, and to receive my fatal blow, I am comforted in this: "though men kill, they cannot damn me; and though they thrust me out of the world, they cannot thrust me out of heaven." I am now going to my long home, and you

are going to your short homes; but I will tell you I shall be at home before you; I shall be at my Father's house before you will be at your own houses. I am now going to the heavenly Jerusalem, to the innumerable company of angels, to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, to spirits of just men made perfect, and to God the judge of all, in whose presence there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore. I conclude with the speech of the apostle, 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7: "I am now to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand: I have finished my course—I have fought the good fight—I have kept the faith—henceforth there is a crown of righteousness laid up for me; and not for me only, but for all them that love the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ," through whose blood, when my blood is shed, I expect remission of sins and eternal salvation. And so the Lord bless you all!"*

Lord Campbell passes over with merited brevity the three first chief justices of the Restoration,—Foster, Hyde, and Kelynge; when we come to a chief justice, a deserved favourite,—Sir Matthew Hale. He had the advantage, says Lord Campbell, of being born in the middle rank of life, and of depending on his own exertions for distinction. Hale was so great and so good—the qualities which we love, which we respect, and which we admire, were so united in his character—that it is difficult to wish that his parentage or his education had been other than they were. Any alteration of the circumstances in which he was placed might have impaired a virtue, or even have introduced a vice. Still we cannot help sometimes regretting that he enjoyed what Lord Campbell calls the advantage of obscure birth. If, like some of his most distinguished predecessors, Gascoigne, Fortescue, Dyer, or Crewe, or, like his great successor Murray, he had entered life among the high-born and the refined, he probably would have escaped several weaknesses and one or two considerable errors. He would not have passed an ascetic life, avoiding the great and the learned. He would not, by excluding his children from good society, have contaminated them by bad; and, above all, he probably would not have married his maid. If he had lived in the world, it is possible that both his poetry and his philosophy would have been better; and that at the same time he would have

prided himself on them less. Theology might perhaps have less occupied his thoughts: but, on the other hand, he might have avoided the superstition which is perhaps the principal blot on his generally illustrious fame. It would not have been left to Roger North to insinuate a comparison so much to the advantage of Lord Guildford, on the trial of witches.

Considering the remarkable character of Scroggs, his great talents and his atrocious crimes, and the interest which belongs to the strange national delusion which he encouraged by his judicial murders, it may be thought that Lord Campbell has passed him over rather slightly. Probably he thought that Scroggs and the Popish Plot had been sufficiently treated by Scott and Macaulay, and that it was not advisable to reproduce subjects which have been already dwelt on by the greatest novelist and the most brilliant historian of modern times. We shall imitate his prudence; but one of the trials at which Scroggs presided was marked by an incident which may be worth disinterring from the State Trials. Gavan, a Jesuit, together with several of his brethren, was indicted for having, on the 24th of April, 1678, plotted to effect the king's death. Oates swore that some time, he would not say on what day, in the subsequent July, he met Gavan in London, and that they then talked over the progress of the Plot, or, as he called it, the Design. Gavan protested that he was not in London in either April or July. He clearly established an *alibi* in April, but the evidence as to his absence during the whole of July was not satisfactory. There being only the oath of Oates on one side and the denial of the prisoner on the other, he said, he would submit, by way of ending the controversy, only one demand. On Scroggs inquiring what it was, Gavan replied, "You know, that in the beginning of the Church (this learned and just court must needs know that), that for 1,000 years together it was a custom, and grew to a constant law, for the trial of persons accused of any capital offence, where there was only the accuser's oath and the accused's denial, for the prisoner to put himself upon the trial of ordeal, to evidence his innocence."** This is probably the last time that such a request was seriously made to an English Court; for though Thornton, in 1819, demanded the ordeal by battle, that was merely a special pleader's trick to defeat an appeal of murder; and the same was

* 5 Staté Trials, p. 262.

* State Trials, vol. vii. p. 382.

the case with a contemporary demand made in Ireland, as mentioned by Mr. Phillips in his 'Life of Curran.' But Gavan appears to have made the proposal in perfect sincerity, and must have expected, therefore, a miraculous intervention in his favour,—or at least a fairer chance of escape than would have been afforded him by Scroggs.

The successor of Scroggs, C. J. Pemberton, is one of the few among Lord Campbell's heroes, whose story is interesting from its vicissitudes. He was a man of family and of fortune, to which he had the misfortune to succeed as soon as he came of age. In two years he had not only spent it, but was a prisoner in the Fleet for debt,—and, as the law then stood, was likely to remain a prisoner during the remainder of his life.

'He had,' says Lord Campbell,* 'not been sober for many weeks, and it was some time before he could fully understand where he was and what had befallen him. Amidst the squalor which surrounded him, he was surprised to find loud revelry going forward, and he recognised faces that he had seen in the haunts of vice which he had been in the habit of frequenting. He was obliged to pay the *garnish* which they demanded of him, but he resolutely refused to join in their orgies. He awoke, as it were, from a dream, and was at first almost entirely overpowered by the horrors of his situation. He used afterwards to relate, "that some supernatural influence seemed to open his eyes, to support him, and to make a new man of him." He contrived to get a small dismal room for his own use without a chum, and in this he shut himself up. He tasted nothing but the bread and water which were the prison allowance; his share of some charitable doles arising from fees on the last day of term, and other such sources, he gave away to others. What we have chiefly to admire is, that he nobly resolved to supply the defects of his education, to qualify himself for his profession, to pay his debts by industry and economy, and to make himself respected and useful in the world. The resolution was formed in a hot fit of enthusiasm, but it was persevered in with cool courage, unflinching steadiness, and brilliant success. He was able to borrow books by the kindness of a friend of his father's who came to visit him. Bitterly regretting the opportunities of improvement which he had neglected at school and at college, he devoted a certain number of hours daily to the classics and to the best English writers, taking particular delight in Shakspeare's plays, although the acting of them had ceased, and they were not yet generally read. The rest of his time he devoted to the Year Books, to the more modern Reports, to the Abridgements, and to the compiling of a huge Common-place Book for himself, which might have rivalled Brooke, Rolle, and Fitzherbert. His mode of life was observed with amaze-

ment and admiration by his fellow-prisoners, who, knowing that he was a Templar, and that he was studying law night and day, concluded that he must be deeply skilled in his profession, and from time to time came to consult him in their own affairs, particularly about their disputes with their creditors. He really was of essential service to them in arranging their accounts, in examining the process under which they were detained, and in advising applications to the Courts for relief. They, by and by, called him the "Councillor," and the "Apprentice of the Law," and such as could afford it insisted on giving him fees for his advice. With these he bought the books which it was necessary that he should always have by him for reference. To add to his fund for this purpose, he copied and he drew law papers for the attorneys, receiving so much a folio for his performances. By these means he was even able to pay off some of the smallest and most troublesome of his creditors. Burnet, whose love of the marvellous sometimes betrays him into exaggeration, although his sincerity may generally be relied upon, says, that Pemberton "lay many years in gaol;" but according to the best information I have been able to obtain, the period did not exceed five years. He obtained his discharge by entering into a very rational arrangement with his principal creditors. After pointing out to them the utter impossibility of their being ever satisfied while he remained in custody, he explained to them the profitable career which was before him if he could recover his liberty, and he assured them of his determined purpose to pay them all every farthing that he owed them the moment that it was in his power to do so.'

Before his imprisonment he had become a member of the Inner Temple. On his release, he completed his terms and was called to the Bar, and rapidly rose into great business. In 1679 he was made a puisne judge of the Court of King's Bench. But after a year's experience he was found not sufficiently ductile, was degraded in 1680, and, at the age of fifty-three, returned to the Bar. Scroggs became, however, intolerable to the public: it was thought necessary not only to dismiss him, but to give him a respectable successor; and in 1681 Pemberton was appointed Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Again, however, he disappointed his patrons. He would not promise his assistance in disfranchising the City of London, and in 1782 he was removed from the King's Bench to the Common Pleas. While Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the Rye-House plot was discovered, and he was placed at the head of the Commissioners before whom the real and the supposed conspirators were to be tried. Again, however, he was found too fair for the last Administration of Charles the Second. He gave Lord Russell some chances of acquittal, was punished by dismissal from

* Vol. ii. p. 27.

the Common Pleas, and had again to return to the Bar. It is to this dismissal that he owes his fame; for it is not as a judge, but as the leading counsel for the Seven Bishops, that he is remembered. The courage, the skill, the learning, and the eloquence which he displayed in perhaps the most important trial that ever occurred in England, have secured to him what falls to the lot of few advocates,—a place in history.

They did not, however, secure to him the favour of the new Whig Government. Though he had not been servile enough for the Tories, he had been too servile for the Whigs,—at least they thought so. He was not restored to the Bench; and was even imprisoned by the House of Commons, as having been guilty of a breach of privilege in overruling, when Chief Justice, a plea that a committal had been made by the authority of the House. His imprisonment ceased with the prorogation of March, 1690. He must then have been in his sixty-fifth year. But such was his vigour of mind and body, that he resumed his labours at the Bar, and was counsel for Sir John Fenwick in 1696,—forty-six years from the time when he was called to the Bar.

Of the passages which Lord Campbell has quoted from his pleadings and his judgments, the most remarkable is the sentence which he pronounced on Plunket, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Armagh,—a man whose conviction is one of the worst stains on English justice, and whose death was one of the worst crimes of Charles.

“You have done as much as you could to dishonour God in this case; for the bottom of your treason was, your setting your false religion, than which there is not any thing more displeasing to God or more pernicious to mankind;—a religion which is ten times worse than all the heathenish superstitions; the most dishonourable and derogatory to God and his glory, of all religions or pretended religions whatsoever; for it undertakes to dispense with God's laws, and to pardon the breach of them: so that, certainly, a greater crime there cannot be committed against God, than for a man to encourage its propagation. I do now wish you to consider that you are near your end. It seems that you have lived in a false religion hitherto; but it is not too late at any time to repent. I trust that you may have the grace to do so. In the mean time, there is no room for us to grant you any kind of mercy, though I tell you we are inclined to pity malefactors.”

—*Archbishop*. “If I were a man such as your lordship conceives me to be, not thinking of God Almighty, or heaven or hell, I might have saved my life; for it has been often offered to me, if I would confess my own guilt and accuse others; but, my Lord, I would sooner die ten thousand deaths.”

—*Chief Justice*. “I am sorry to see you persist in the principles of that false religion which you profess.”*

That a Chief Justice from the Bench should thus have denounced a religion which, until only 150 years before, had been acknowledged by all Christendom, and was then acknowledged by three fourths of it,—to which we owe our comparative immunity from the cruelties, the superstitions, and the impurities of Paganism,—to which More had been a martyr, and which Pascal, Fenelon, and Bossuet then professed and adorned;—that he should have dared to proclaim such a religion ten times worse than the worst heathenism, is a proof of the intolerance of the speaker, and, we must add, of the audience, which nothing but a contemporary record would lead us to credit.

The first of Pemberton's successors who deserves to be dwelt on is Holt, a name venerable in English jurisprudence. Lord Campbell prefaces his description of the merits which Holt possessed by a catalogue of the demerits which he did not possess. It is obviously drawn from long and varied experience, and our readers will be obliged to us for our extract from it.

“According to the ancient traditions of Westminster Hall, the anticipation of high judicial qualities has been often disappointed. The celebrated advocate, when placed on the bench, embraces the side of the plaintiff or of the defendant with all his former zeal, and, unconscious of partiality or injustice, in his eagerness for victory becomes unfit fairly to appreciate conflicting evidence, arguments, and authorities. The man of a naturally morose or impatient temper, who had been restrained while at the bar by respect for the ermine, or by the dread of offending attorneys, or by the peril of being called to a personal account by his antagonist for impertinence,—when he is constituted a living oracle of the law,—puffed up by self-importance, and revenging himself for past subservency, is insolent to his old competitors, bullies the witnesses, and tries to dictate to the jury. The sordid and selfish practitioner, who, while struggling to advance himself, was industrious and energetic, having gained the object of his ambition, proves listless and torpid, and is quite contented if he can shuffle through his work

* Vol. ii. p. 38.

without committing gross blunders or getting into scrapes. Another, having been more laborious than discriminating, when made a judge, hunts after small or irrelevant points, and obstructs the business of his Court by a morbid desire to investigate fully, and to decide conscientiously. The recalcitrant barrister, who constantly complained of the interruptions of the Court, when raised to the bench, forgets that it is his duty to listen and be instructed, and himself becomes a by-word for impatience and loquacity.*

In order to diminish the chance of misselection, in every country except Great Britain, and the countries which have borrowed their institutions from us, the judges are taken, not from among the advocates, but from a class of men who have made the Bench, as distinguished from the Bar, their profession, who have generally been prepared for it by being first permitted to attend as assessors, and then intrusted by the court to draw up reports for its information, and who gradually rise from a lower to a higher seat in the judicial hierarchy.

This system has many advantages. Instead of entering late in life on new and arduous duties, the continental judge has been trained to them by practice and example. Since he is appointed for having displayed not forensic but judicial qualities, that he should disappoint expectation must be comparatively rare; and, lastly, the public purchases the services of an eminent lawyer by a moderate salary. The highest judicial officer in France receives only £1200 a year, while there are advocates who make £4000 or £5000. If it were necessary, as it is with us, to tempt a first-rate advocate, the salary must be at least doubled.

On the other hand, the foreign system degrades the Bar. It is reduced to a mere trade, without hope of the honours, the high station, and the dignified retirements which reward it with us. The profession of an advocate, therefore, is one which, on the Continent, no gentleman adopts. When we consider how vast is the trust which must be reposed in the Bar, this is an enormous evil. Again, it prevents the convenient ostracism by which a pre-eminent advocate may be removed from the scene of his triumphs. Many of those triumphs must be mischievous. Many a wrong verdict is extorted from a jury,—many a judge is seduced into adopting plausible but unsound law,—by the eloquence, or the address, or the authority of a counsel of unrivalled powers among his contemporaries. To which it

must be added that on trials by jury, in which the real judges are the jurymen, and the person called a judge is a mere assessor, qualities are required from the assessor different from those which are necessary to a single-seated judge. He has to point out to the jurymen what their verdict ought to be, and to lead them to adopt his views. This demands forensic talents and habits, and will be best effected by a man who has practised the arts of persuasion.

Holt had all the merits which could be expected or even desired in a judge selected under either system. Lord Campbell truly says—

‘From his start as a magistrate he exceeded the high expectations which had been formed of him, and during the long period of twenty-two years he constantly rose in the admiration and esteem of his countrymen. To unsullied integrity and lofty independence he added a rare combination of deep professional knowledge, with exquisite common sense. According to a homely but expressive phrase, “there was no rubbish in his mind.” Familiar with the practice of the Court as any clerk, acquainted with the rules of special pleading as if he had spent all his days and nights in drawing declarations and demurrers, versed in the subtleties of the law of real property as if he had confined his attention to conveyancing, and as a commercial lawyer much in advance of any of his contemporaries, he ever reasoned logically, appearing at the same time instinctively acquainted with all the feelings of the human heart, and versed by experience in all the ways of mankind. He may be considered as having a genius for magistracy, as much as our Milton had for poetry, or our Wilkie for painting. Perhaps the excellence which he attained may be traced to the passion for justice by which he was constantly actuated. This induced him to sacrifice ease, and amusement, and literary relaxation, and the allurements of party, to submit to tasks the most dull, disagreeable, and revolting, and to devote all his energies to one object, ever ready to exclaim,—

“Welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares of ermined life;
The visage wan, the purblind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp by night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,—
For Thee, fair Justice, welcome all.”

‘The lustre of his fame in latter times has been somewhat dimmed by our being accustomed to behold judges little inferior to him; but we ought to recollect that it is his light which has given splendour to these luminaries of the law. During a century and a half this country has been renowned above all others for the pure and enlightened administration of justice; and Holt is the model on which in England the judicial character has been formed.*

The merit which most struck the contemporaries of Holt was his conduct as a criminal judge. 'The prisoner before him,' said the Tatler, 'knew that, though his spirit was broken with guilt, and incapable of language to defend himself, his judge would wrest no law to destroy him, nor conceal any that would save him.' When we recollect the insolence, the levity, the violence, the fraud, the corruption, and even the cruelty of the judges who immediately preceded him, mere impartiality would have been a glorious contrast; and in him it was united to great knowledge, intelligence, patience, and even kindness. The reports are full of testimonies to his candour. 'Interrupt me,' he said to Lord Preston, 'as much as you please, if you think that I do not sum up right. I assure you I will do you no wrong willingly.'—'No, my Lord,' answered the prisoner, 'I see well enough that your Lordship would not.' One of the most remarkable of the private trials before him was that of Henry Harrison for the murder of Dr. Clenche. A woman with whom Harrison was intimate owed money to Clenche, and was threatened by him with legal proceedings. Harrison, assisted by an accomplice, who does not appear to have been detected, inveigled Clenche at night into a hackney-coach, drove about for an hour and a half, sent off the coachman on a message, and disappeared during his absence, leaving Clenche strangled in the carriage. After a long trial, and an unfavourable charge, he was convicted. When brought up for judgment, to the usual question, 'What have you to say for yourself why judgment should not be given against you to die, according to law?' he answered, 'I must needs acknowledge that I have been tried before the best of judges, my Lord Chief Justice Holt. I expect no mercy here, and only humbly desire that I may have twelve days, in order to my better preparation for death.' Such a testimony from a man whose conviction Holt had just actively promoted, and who had no longer any thing to hope or to fear, is remarkable. Lord Campbell, indeed, says—

'It is observable, that even under Holt criminal trials were not always conducted with the regularity and forbearance which we now admire. For the purpose of obtaining a conviction when he believed the charge to be well-founded, he was not very scrupulous as to the means he employed. To the end of his life he persevered in what we call "the French system," of interrogating the prisoner during the trial, for the purpose of obtaining a fatal admission from him, or in-

volving him in a contradiction. Thus in the case, which made a noise all over Europe, of Haagen Swendsen, indicted capitally for forcibly carrying off an heiress and marrying her, the prisoner having asserted that, before he carried her off, she had squeezed his hand and kissed him, the Chief Justice asked, "If she was consenting, why then did you force her to the tavern and marry her by a parson you had provided for that purpose?" the prisoner answered, "She married me with as much freedom as there could be in woman." But he was convicted and executed.*

A more remarkable instance occurs in the trial which we have already mentioned; and in which the prisoner, so interrogated, acknowledged, nevertheless, that he had been tried by the 'best of judges.' Harrison had set up an *alibi*, and had brought some persons to swear that he was in a tavern playing at cards from nine to half-past ten, the period during which the murder was committed. It had been proved that a little before nine o'clock that evening a Mr. Humston had asked him to supper, and that he had refused on the 'ground that a person was waiting for him in the street on a matter of business.' When the evidence had been gone through, the following dialogue between Holt and the prisoner took place:—

'L. C. J. "It behoves you to give an account of these things. First, why did you say that you were a parliament man? Secondly, why did you leave your lodgings and take other lodgings in Paul's Church-Yard? Thirdly, why did you say that you had extraordinary business? Give some account what your business was, and who that gentleman was that staid for you in the street. When Mr. Humston desired you to stay and sup with him, what hindered you from accepting his invitation? Now we would have you to consider of these things, and give an answer to them, for it much concerns you so to do."

'Harrison. "My Lord, first, as to the first, I do declare, that I never went for a parliament-man, nor never said so; secondly, that night I was to go out of town I had left word at several coffee-houses that I was going out of town upon urgent business, and with above twenty people besides, that I was going out of town, and I was about to go to Basingstake to a gentleman that owed me money, one Mr. Bulling; but I could not get money to go."

'L. C. J. "Prove that you were to go into the country."

'Harrison. "My Lord, I cannot prove that

now, except I could have sent to Basingstoke.'

'*L. C. J.* "That you should have done before now; why did you not stay with Mr. Humston, when he invited you to sup with him? You might have been better entertained there, than by going among strangers to play at cards for a penny a corner at an ale-house."

'*Harrison.* "My Lord, I was unwilling to stay, because he had strangers with him."

'*L. C. J.* "What if he had? You are not such a bashful man that you could not sup with strangers."

'*Harrison.* "My Lord, Mr. Rowe was accused with me."

'*L. C. J.* "What if he was? He was under suspicion, and he hath made it appear where he was at the time the fact was committed, and now he is discharged."*

But is this practice really objectionable? It may easily be carried to excess, as it is in Germany, where a prisoner may be interrogated once or twice a week for years, until the examinations fill folio after folio; and as it is in France, where a trial often degenerates into a contest of skill between the judge and the prisoner, which must endanger judicial impartiality. But to the extent to which it was used by Holt, it appears to us to be one of the best means for effecting the two great objects of procedure—the manifestation of innocence, and the detection of crime. To an innocent man, what can be more useful than that the judge should state to him the strong points in the case against him—should suggest to him the appearances which he has to explain—should point out to him the seeming discrepancies in his defence—and should do all this before the defence is concluded? It must be done at the end of the trial; and, supposing the prisoner to be innocent, it is far better for him that it should be done while he has still the means of answering. The more searching the inquiry, the more probable it must be that truth will be the result. Of course, for this very reason, it is unfavourable to the guilty; but to regret this, would be to treat a trial as a solemn game, to be played out according to certain technical rules, invented for the purpose of prolonging the interest and keeping the issue uncertain.

With the lay world, Holt's fame depends chiefly on his contests with the two Houses of Parliament. In resisting the House of Lords he was clearly in the right. They re-

quired him to give to them his reasons for having made a particular decision. 'Let it be brought,' he answered, 'before your Lordships by a writ of error, and I shall be bound, if you desire it, to state the grounds on which that decision rests, as I am bound to give my opinion on any other legal matter. But while my decision remains unappealed from, I refuse to answer any questions concerning it.' The House of Lords prudently acquiesced; and as the decision itself related to a matter of no public importance, it is remarkable that Holt's conduct should have excited so much interest. 'The public,' says Lord Campbell, 'had strongly taken the side of the Chief Justice, and his health was given with enthusiasm at all public meetings throughout the kingdom.'

His contest with the House of Commons was of a different kind. He had most properly supported an action brought by Ashby, a burgess of Aylesbury, against the returning officer of the borough, for wantonly or corruptly refusing to admit his vote; and his judgment, though overruled in his own Court, had been maintained in the House of Lords. The Commons thereupon resolved, 'That the qualification of an elector is not cognisable elsewhere than before the Commons: that Ashby was guilty of a breach of privilege: and that whosoever shall in future commence such an action, and all attorneys or counsel soliciting or pleading the same, are guilty of a breach of the privileges of this House.' Several such actions were brought, and the plaintiffs were committed by the House to Newgate; the cause of commitment expressed in the warrant being, 'That they had being guilty of commencing and prosecuting actions of law for not allowing their votes in the election of members to serve in parliament, contrary to the declaration, in high contempt of the jurisdiction, and in breach of the known privileges, of the House of Commons.' The prisoners sued out writs of habeas corpus in the Queen's Bench. The gaoler produced them, and in his return set out the warrant. Holt held that they ought to be set at liberty, on the grounds that the cause of commitment was clearly insufficient, and that, as it was expressed in the warrant, the Court was bound to take notice of its insufficiency, and therefore bound to treat the commitment as illegal. The other judges, however, held that they could not question the validity of a commitment by the House of Commons; so that the prisoners were remanded. Steps were taken to bring the decision of the Court of Queen's Bench, by writ of error, before

* State Trials, vol. xii. p. 859

the House of Lords; the Commons committed to Newgate the counsel who had argued in support of the application; and when the two Houses seemed likely to come into collision, the dispute was cut short and the prisoners set free by a prorogation.

Lord Campbell, though sympathising throughout with the courage of Holt, and approving his conduct on other points, yet sides with the eleven judges as to the incompetence of the inferior Courts to examine into the sufficiency of a commitment by either House of Parliament. We shall not renew a controversy of which our readers must be tired: especially, as no converts can be now expected on either side, from any reasonings short of an act of parliament. We merely remark that Lord Campbell has not alluded to the arguments against, we will not now say the legality, but against the expediency and against the justice of general commitments, which we urged when the subject last came before us in our review of his Lord Chancellors, in April, 1846.* It appears, indeed, that he does not acquiesce in them, for he still considers it an honour that he introduced the practice.† Perhaps in a future edition, either of the Lord Chancellors or of the Chief Justices, he may do us the honour of answering them, if answerable they be.

Our limits warn us that we must compress. We have not dwelt therefore on Raymond, or on Lee, or on Ryder, or on Willes, or even on Wilmot. An interesting comparison might be drawn between the two last. Both were men of talent and learning, both rose to high power and distinction, and both might have risen still higher. Both, in fact, refused the Great Seal; and yet the ruling passions of the two men were not only different, but opposed. Willes missed the Chancellorship by vanity and ambition; Wilmot by modesty and timidity.

'I now come,' continues Lord Campbell, to a man who, animated by a noble ambition for power and fame, willingly acted a conspicuous part for above half a century; who was a great benefactor, as well as ornament, to his own times; and whose services to a distant posterity will be rewarded by his name being held in honored remembrance.' This is, of course, Lord Mansfield—the hero, and deservedly the hero, of Lord Campbell's biographies.

When high eminence has been reached, it is interesting not only to trace the course which has been pursued, but to inquire what

were the accidents of birth and education, what were the intellectual and physical powers, and what were the moral stimulants and restraints which drove the legal adventurer up the steep ascent, which lifted him over its precipices, and protected him from the dangers which beset as well those who press on too eagerly as those who linger in the race. Lord Mansfield himself attributed much to his birth and connexions. 'My father,' he said, 'was a man of rank and fashion, and early in life I was introduced into the best company: to these advantages I chiefly owe my success.*' Lord Campbell calls this an ebullition of aristocratic insolence. 'The son,' he says, 'of an eminent attorney had an infinitely better chance of succeeding at the Bar, and of reaching the highest dignities in Westminster Hall, than the son of a poor Scotch peer, of descent however illustrious.' As respects mere success at the bar, we agree with Lord Campbell. The influence of attorneys and the great, and, we are sorry to say, the increasing nepotism, or fili-ism, which they naturally obey, give enormous early advantages to those who are allied to them. But men so connected and so pushed on, seldom attain high political, or even high judicial distinction. Early habits of business give them great adroitness and great familiarity with the details of law. They master the abstruse learning of 'Practice,' as a child masters a language, before they are old enough to be disgusted by its arbitrary intricacies and refinements. But a youth so employed seldom admits the acquisition of much political or philosophical knowledge. It generally stifles the wish for such knowledge. It is equally unfavourable to the habits, and manners and language which fit a speaker to charm or to rule the fastidious audience of the Upper, or indeed of the Lower House of Parliament. When William Murray entered the House of Commons, he had studied, with a diligence which always must be rare, but now we fear is unheard of, the greatest works of the greatest masters of eloquence and style. He was familiar with ancient and modern history. He had learned ethics in Cicero, international law in Grotius, and jurisprudence in what was then its principal repository—the *Corpus Juris Romani*. He had drunk champagne with the wits. Pope was his intimate friend, and he must have been familiar with the ornaments of the brilliant circles which formed what has been called our Augustan age. He

* Vol. lxxxiii. p. 336. † Vol. ii. p. 164, note.

* Vol. ii. p. 302.

had a fine person, and the most precious physical gifts that Nature can confer on an orator—vigorous health, and a clear, powerful, and pleasing voice. To all this must be added, the *prestige* of high birth, and the ease and confidence which that happy accident generally confers. His ruling passion was ambition; not the vulgar desire of high place, which led Didius to purchase the Empire; not the higher, but still selfish desire of power for its own sake, which has been the usual motive of usurpers and tyrants,—but a wish, and, so far as it depended on himself, a determination, to obtain the means of conferring great benefits on mankind, and of earning great fame for himself,—a passion which, like every other passion, may be inordinate and may be ill-directed, but is perhaps the noblest by which the human heart can be expanded. To these great qualities must be added, unwearied, well-directed, and well regulated diligence, and consummate prudence. To talents and advantages which would have given success to an idle man, he joined labour which would have made the fortune of a dull man. And he steered through the dangers of official life with a dexterity which is found only where there exists the rare combination of acute intellect, strong will, and cool passions.

We have said that Lord Mansfield's ambition was noble, but we must admit that it was mixed with humbler impulses. He was fond of money and of rank. He wished to be the founder of a great family. These are motives which, unless they are improperly powerful, unless they lead to some form of immorality, the strictest moralist ought not to condemn. That they sometimes did mislead Lord Mansfield we feel is true; this was not, however, in his judicial but in his political capacity. From the time that he became solicitor-general, in 1742, till the accession of William Pitt, in 1784, he acted with almost every successive administration. He withdrew, indeed, his support from Lord Rockingham and from Lord Shelburne; and though he sat in the same cabinet with the elder Pitt, he was one of the members whose opposition arrested the triumphs of the greatest war minister that England has ever known. These are significant exceptions from the general rule. They show what was the current of his politics. It is impossible to suppose that a man of his knowledge and sagacity conscientiously supported a set of the worst administrations under which the country has ever suffered, and conscientiously opposed some of the best. The love of

place and of patronage must have bound him to the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Bute, and Lord North. It would have been well for his fame, perhaps for his happiness, had he failed in extorting a peerage from George II. If, like his great predecessors—Rolle, Hale, and Holt—he had abandoned political when he entered on judicial life, his splendour as a judge would not have been tarnished by his narrow-minded subservience as a statesman.

Without disguising, or even extenuating, Lord Mansfield's political defects, Lord Campbell has wisely left that part of his character in shade, and dwelt on his legal merits. Before proceeding to details, he gives this outline of what Lord Mansfield had to do, and did.

‘He formed a very low, and I am afraid a very just, estimate of the Common Law of England which he was to administer. This system was not at all badly adapted to the condition of England in the Norman and early Plantagenet reigns, when it sprang up, land being then the only property worth considering, and the wants of society only requiring rules to be laid down by public authority for ascertaining the different rights and interests arising out of land, and determining how they should be enjoyed, alienated, and transmitted from one generation to another. In the reign of George II. England had grown into the greatest manufacturing and commercial country in the world, while her jurisprudence had by no means been expanded or developed in the same proportion. The legislature had literally done nothing to supply the insufficiency of feudal law to regulate the concerns of a trading population; and the Common Law judges had, generally speaking, been too unenlightened and too timorous to be of much service in improving our code by judicial decisions. Hence, when questions necessarily arose respecting the buying and selling of goods,—respecting affreightment of ships,—respecting marine insurances,—and respecting bills of exchange and promissory notes, no one knew how they were to be determined. Not a treatise had been published upon any of these subjects, and no cases respecting them were to be found in our books of reports,—which swarmed with decisions about lords and villeins,—about marshalling the champions upon the trial of a writ of right by battle,—and about the customs of manors, whereby an unchaste widow might save the forfeiture of her dower by riding on a black ram and in plain language confessing her offence. Lord Hardwicke had done much to improve and systematise equity,—but proceedings were still carried on in the courts of Common Law much in the same style as in the days of Sir Robert Tresilian and Sir William Gascoigne. Mercantile questions were so ignorantly treated when they came into Westminster Hall, that they were usually settled by private arbitration among the merchants themselves. If an action turning upon a mercantile

question was brought in a court of law, the judge submitted it to the jury, who determined it according to their own notions of what was fair, and no general rule was laid down which could afterwards be referred to for the purpose of settling similar disputes.

'The greatest uncertainty prevailed even as to the territories over which the jurisdiction of the Common Law extended. The king of this country, from having no dominions annexed to his crown of England, except Ireland, the Isle of Man, and the islands in the English Channel—a remnant of the Duchy of Normandy,—had become master of extensive colonies in every quarter of the globe, so that the sun never set upon his empire. Some of these colonies had been settled by voluntary emigration, without any charter from the Crown; some had been granted by the Crown to be ruled under proprietary governments; some had received charters from the Crown constituting legislative assemblies; some had been ceded by foreign states under conditions as to the observance of existing laws; and some were unconditional conquests. Down to Lord Mansfield's time, no general principles had been established respecting the laws to be administered in colonies so variously circumstanced, or respecting the manner in which these laws might be altered. He saw the noble field that lay before him, and he resolved to reap the rich harvest of glory which it presented to him. Instead of proceeding by legislation, and attempting to codify as the French had done very successfully in the *Costumier de Paris*, and the *Ordonnance de la Marine*, he wisely thought it more according to the genius of our institutions* to introduce his improvements gradually by way of judicial decision. As respected commerce, there were no vicious rules to be overturned,—he had only to consider what was just, expedient, and sanctioned by the experience of nations further advanced in the science of jurisprudence. His plan seems to have been to avail himself, as often as opportunity admitted, of his ample stores of knowledge, acquired from his study of the Roman civil law, and of the juridical writers produced in modern times by France, Germany, Holland, and Italy,—not only in doing justice to the parties litigating before him, but in settling with precision, and upon sound principles, a general rule, afterwards to be quoted and recognised as governing all similar cases. Being still in the prime of life, with a vigorous constitution, he no doubt hoped that he might live to see these decisions, embracing the whole scope of commercial transactions, collected and methodised into a system which might bear his name.†

* We are far from sharing in the horror with which some jurists uniformly speak of judge-made law. To a great extent, judge-made law must often be the least of two evils. But it is a question of degree; for surely there is no rule in political or organisation more important than that which draws a line between the province of a legislator and the province of a judge: and it is not easy to understand what there is in the *genius of our institution* which should either require us or entitle us to disregard it.

† Vol. ii. p. 402.

After awarding in detail to Lord Mansfield due honour as the founder of the laws which now regulate insurance, paper currency, freight, and the government of the dependencies of the Crown, Lord Campbell comes to his decisions on real property. As a veteran lawyer he could scarcely avoid treating of Perrin and Blake, a case which had the merit or the demerit of giving rise to the most learned, the most ingenious, and the most disagreeable book which a student has to encounter—Fearn on Contingent Remainders.

By the will which produced this celebrated case, a testator, after declaring an intention that his devisee should not have power to affect the devised estate beyond the devisee's own life, gave his property to his son John during his life, and, after his death, to the heirs of his body. If, instead of the words 'heirs of his body,' he had said 'to his first and other sons successively in tail,' he would have used the proper words for effecting his intention: the son would have taken only for his own life; and the children of that son would have succeeded to the inheritance independently of their father, or, in legal language, by purchase. But according to a rule of law, called the rule in Shelley's case, where land is given to a person for life, and, after his death, to the heirs of his body, the latter words coalesce with the former words,—they are held to be a mere extension of the devisee's interest; and he is tenant in fee-tail, and may, by going through certain forms, become tenant in fee-simple; or, in other words, absolute owner.

Another rule of law, far more important than the rule in Shelley's case is, that in the interpretation of wills the intention of the testator, so far as it is manifest, is to be carried into effect—whatever be the technical terms which he has applied or misapplied. If, for instance, a testator were to say, 'I give my property to my son John in fee-simple, my intention being that he shall have it only during his life, and that, on his death, it shall belong to his brother Tom,' there is no doubt that notwithstanding the erroneous introduction of the words 'in fee-simple,' John would take only for his life. When Perrin and Blake came before Lord Mansfield, he had to decide between these conflicting principles. If he carried into effect the manifest intentions of the testator, he broke through the rule in Shelley's case. If he adhered to the rule in Shelley's case, he broke through the rule that a will is to be

interpreted according to its manifest meaning:—

‘The universal opinion,’ says Lord Campbell, ‘of lawyers now is, that Perrin and Blake should at once have been determined in conformity to the rule in Shelley’s case, which had been acquiesced in and acted upon. But unfortunately, Lord Mansfield being intoxicated by the incense offered up to him, or misled by an excessive desire of preferring what he considered principle to authority, took a different view of the construction of the will, and resolved that John should be considered as having taken only an estate for life.’*

The most important sentences in Lord Mansfield’s judgment are these:—

‘The law having allowed a free communication of intention to the testator, it would be strange to say to him, “Now you have communicated your intention so that everybody understands what you mean, yet, because you have used a certain expression of art, we will cross your intention, and give to your will a different construction, though what you meant to have done is perfectly legal, and the only reason for contravening you is, that you have not expressed yourself as a lawyer.” My opinion is, that the intention being clear, beyond doubt, to give an estate for life only to John, and an inheritance to be taken successively by the heirs of his body, and this intention being consistent with the rules of law, it shall be complied with, in contradiction to the legal sense of the words used by the testator so unguardedly and ignorantly.’†

Lord Mansfield’s judgment was reversed in the Exchequer Chamber: Lord Campbell tells us, and we bow to his authority, that the universal opinion of lawyers now is, that it was properly reversed. And yet we must own that we are inclined to support it. Without doubt it was opposed to some previous decisions. The rule in Shelley’s case had been applied to wills where it was manifest that the testator, if he had known of its existence, would have protested against its application. But if Lord Mansfield had submitted to be bound by precedent, he would not have effected the great legal reforms for which we venerate his name. He openly proclaimed, in *Somerset’s* case, that he cared not for the authority of judges, however eminent, if it were contrary to principle. ‘We do not sit here,’ he said on another occasion, ‘to take our rules of evidence from *Siderfin* and *Keble*.’ ‘It was he,’ says Lord Brougham, ‘who reversed the decision

of the Court of Session upon the celebrated *Duntreath* case,’ and honour due is accorded to the example set by his ‘salutary courage.’ Why, then, was he bound to take his rules of construction from Shelley’s case or from Coulson’s case, if they were clearly absurd? If they were such that although proclaiming that there is no magic in words,—although avowing that the intention of the testator if the only rule of interpretation,—they yet interpreted wills so as to give absolute uncontrolled interests to those to whom he intended to give only a limited enjoyment, and so as to exclude those who were, perhaps, the principal objects of his bounty. Of course, departure from precedent is an evil, but departure from common sense is a much greater one; and there is probably nothing which more shocks public feeling, which tends to make men treat the civil law as a solemn farce, played for the benefit of lawyers, or which more demoralises the proprietary classes, by teaching and enabling them to seize or to retain property which they well know that they were not intended to have, than these technical misinterpretations of plain expressions. They have always, however, been the favourites of lawyers. They produce what are called strong, striking, leading cases—cases which, from their very unreasonableness, are easily remembered, and which, from the length to which they go, authorise by analogy a vast number of minor absurdities.

Whatever, however, after the lapse of nearly a century may be thought of Lord Mansfield’s decision in *Perrin and Blake*, it is certain that at the time it injured his legal reputation. His directions to the juries who had to decide on the libels of Junius injured it still more. In *Perrin and Blake* he had overruled precedent to support principle: in *Rex v. Woodfall* and *Rex v. Miller*, he supported precedent to the utter destruction of principle.

If there be any one institution on which the liberties of England peculiarly depend, it is the power which is always given to juries, and consequently the duty which is sometimes imposed on them, of pronouncing a general peremptory acquittal. If they were merely empowered to find facts, leaving the law on those facts to be declared by the court, the crown, or at least the judges appointed by the crown, would, on any pretence, be able to crush an obnoxious agitator. Supposing that mere words could ever make a traitor,—O’Connell, in that case, might have been convicted of high treason on evi-

* Vol. ii. p. 432.

† Idem.

dence that he attended a public meeting and called his hearers 'hereditary bondsmen.' The jury would have had only to find, that he was present at the meeting, that he said the words, and that those words alluded to the Irish people: it resting solely with the court to decide whether the pronouncing such words, so alluding, did or did not constitute treason. Yet this was the law laid down by Lord Mansfield in cases of libel. In *Rex v. Woodfall* he told the jury that all they had to consider was whether the defendant had published the letter set out in the information, and whether the innuendoes, imputing a particular meaning to particular words, as that 'the k—' meant 'his Majesty King George III.,' were true; but that whether the letter were libellous or innocent, was a pure question of law, for the opinion of the court. In *Rex v. Miller* he said, 'Under the full conviction of my own mind that I am warranted by the uniform practice of past ages, and by the law of the land, I inform you that the question for your determination is, whether the defendant printed and published a paper of such tenor and meaning as is charged by the information? If you find the defendant not guilty, you find that he did not print and publish as set forth: if you find him guilty, you find that he did print and publish a paper of the tenor and meaning set forth in the indictment. Your verdict finally establishes that fact; but you do not, by that verdict, find whether that production was legal or illegal.*'

We have already admitted that these monstrous doctrines were supported by authority. We do not accuse Lord Mansfield of judicial corruption in any of its forms. We do not think that any motive would have induced him to deliver from the bench any thing which he did not conscientiously hold to be law. What we blame, or rather, what we pity, is the political ignorance or the political prejudices which led him to believe that it was just and expedient that the law should be such as he laid it down. He must have believed it to be right, to be conducive to the welfare and good government of England, that nothing should be published which the

ministers of the Crown, or the judges appointed by those ministers, disapprove. He must have thought it just and expedient that the Press should be submitted to an *ex post facto* censorship, and that fine, imprisonment, and pillory should be employed as evidences of the censor's disapprobation. We say that he must have thought all this just and expedient, because had he thought otherwise he would not have allowed it to continue to be law. To Lord Mansfield authority was a support, but not a restraint. When he thought that the interest of the public required it, he broke its chains as if they had been threads. If he had felt towards the liberty of the press as every man of every shade of political opinion now feels, he would have disclaimed with indignation the unconstitutional authority which Raymond and his immediate successors had usurped, and which Lord Ellenborough a very few years afterwards so emphatically disclaimed, both for Lord Kenyon and himself.*

We now part again from Lord Campbell—grateful for many hours of interest, pleasure, and instruction, and regretting only that he has not thought fit to give us all that he has prepared for us. We do not believe that the descendants of the great Judges who succeeded Mansfield are so morbidly sensitive as to be unable to look with pleasure on faithful portraits of their ancestors. Lord Campbell does not flatter, but he is perfectly candid. His leanings seem generally favourable to his sitters. He delights in bringing out their courage, their justice, their generosity, their learning, and their acuteness; in short, all their moral and intellectual excellences. That he should be equally honest in marking their defects is what would have been required by themselves, and we trust would not be regretted by their friends.

* On the trial of Cobbett, in 1804, Lord Ellenborough commenced his summing up as follows:—'I never doubted that an English jury had the right of judging in these cases, not only of the fact and publication, but also of the nature and construction of the thing published: and the noble person, whose place I so unworthily fill, entertained the same sentiments.' (*State Trials*, xxix. 49.) Such too had always been the law of Scotland.

* Cited, vol. ii. p. 480.

From the Edinburgh Review.

LORD HOLLAND'S FOREIGN REMINISCENCES.*

WE welcomed the very announcement of this little volume with sincere pleasure. It could not have been otherwise. To all lovers of their country any accession to the history of Europe, which recalled to their memory one who had so long been an ornament to our Parliament and to our society, could not but be acceptable. To those who recognised in the consistent political career of Lord Holland, an ardent love of liberty, a hatred of oppression, and an unwearied and manly advocacy of religious toleration, a posthumous work from his pen could not fail to be an object of singular interest. Still more welcome must such a publication be to those who had enjoyed the privilege of the author's social intimacy, and who remembered with grateful respect the varied delights of his animated conversation; his wit, untainted by bitterness or sarcasm; his humorous pleasantry, guided by good sense and wisdom, and raised above vulgar irony or personality; his literary taste and discriminating memory, freed from all formalism or pedantry; and the still higher qualifications of an unfailing flow of genial good humour, and graceful and hearty benevolence, which seemed to create, and to rejoice in, the happiness of all who surrounded him. The brightness of the sunshine on his beautiful terrace, the brilliancy and the perfume of the flowers in his garden, the song of his nightingales, and the memory or the society of those who, from the days of Addison, to those of Rogers, had added the charm of their accomplishments to all that was most captivating in the beauties of Nature, would still have been but imperfect and incomplete without Lord Holland himself.

The period included in Lord Holland's narrative extends from the year 1791, to the death of Napoleon, in 1821. The Reminiscences are far from giving any history, or even any sketch, of the events of those eventful years. The author neither

claims to be an historian nor a biographer. He neither exhibits to us a series of historical pictures, nor a gallery of portraits. He enters upon no philosophical analysis of the causes of those stupendous events which began with the French Revolution, and seemed to have closed at Waterloo. No light is cast which enables us to view future events more clearly. Neither is our knowledge of the general condition of the people, in those parts of Europe which Lord Holland visited, much extended. But this is no more than to say distinctly, that these reminiscences do not perform that which they never promise. What they do give us is a succession of lively and agreeable anecdotes, in some cases explaining interesting though detached facts,—in others supplying individual traits of character.

The first visit of Lord Holland to the Continent of Europe was in 1791, when he made a journey to France. Born in November, 1772, he could not have acquired the necessary experience to enable him to pass a fair judgment, either on men or events. This he frankly states:—‘I was a mere boy, and too little acquainted with the habits and manners of the people to observe much.’ (P. 2.) This admission should be borne constantly in mind; more especially in his observations on the early stages of the French Revolution, and on the persons engaged in the events of those fearful days. Indeed, so far is Lord Holland from requiring us to give him an unhesitating confidence, that he puts his readers especially on their guard. ‘As a foreigner, however favourable his opportunities or sound his judgment, seldom relates any English event, or describes any English character, without committing some gross blunder, I speak myself, with the reflection that I also must be liable to be misled by false information, or to form an erroneous estimate of manners, opinions, and transactions out of my own country. I can only vouch for the anecdotes I record, by assuring my readers that I believe them, and repeat them as they were understood and received.

* *Foreign Reminiscences.* By the late LORD HOLLAND. London: 1850.

by me, from what appeared sufficient authority.' (P. 1.) It is therefore obvious, that if doubts may be suggested with respect to the accuracy of some of the anecdotes contained in this volume, our mistrust applies to Lord Holland's informants, not to himself.

The sketch given of Mirabeau was evidently drawn before the publication of the 'Souvenirs,' by Dumont. The general testimony of this most excellent person is somewhat undervalued by Lord Holland. Whilst admitting, as he would have been the last man to question, the scrupulous truthfulness of Dumont, Lord Holland adds, that 'he was, by his own admission, a very inobservant, and by his (Lord Holland's) experience, a very credulous man.' (Notes, pp. 2, 4.) Yet, while doubting Dumont, Lord Holland adopts without scruple the authority of Talleyrand. This preference we much question: in matters coming within his personal observation we have no hesitation in setting the credit of the Genevese *bon-homme* and philosopher greatly above the credit of the astute and unscrupulous diplomatist and ex-bishop. The origin of an admirable *bon mot*, no less characteristic of Mirabeau's vanity than of Talleyrand's wit, though vouched by Dumont and many others, is by Lord Holland brought into question. When Mirabeau was describing in great detail, and with his accustomed eloquence, all the high qualities requisite for a great minister of France in a time of crisis,—merits which the orator evidently considered to be united in himself,—'All this is true,' a friend replied, 'but you have omitted one of his qualifications.'—'No, surely; what do you mean?' 'Should he not also,' added the same sarcastic questioner, 'be pitted with the small-pox?' thus identifying the picture as the portrait of the painter. It is hardly possible to doubt that this was a reply of Talleyrand, 'aut Erasmi aut diaboli;' and we receive it on its internal evidence no less than on the authority of Dumont.

We have already quoted Lord Holland's authority to prove that he was conscious of the possibility of being misled by the evidence of others. We cannot help thinking that examples of this may be traced in some of the remarks he makes on the character of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. The scene in the Legislative Assembly, when the king made his declaration in favor of the constitution, is well described. The memorable words, 'Je l'ai acceptée et je la maintiendrai, dedans et dehors,' were delivered in a clear but tremulous voice, with great appear-

ance of earnestness. Lord Holland was fortified in his enthusiastic persuasion that Louis was seriously attached to the new constitution. We believe he was right. Yet he afterwards asserts that the king was 'at that very moment, if not the main instigator, a coadjutor and adviser of the party soliciting foreign powers to put down that very constitution by force.' (P. 14.) If this were true, baseness and perfidy could hardly have been carried further. It is with surprise and regret that we find this charge made in the text, more especially when we are informed in a note, evidently written long after, that 'Lafayette, and some others concerned in the events of those days, even now acquit Louis XVI. of all participation in the plan for invading France.' Lord Holland adds: 'I have no private knowledge on the subject whatever.' It is true that he refers, though very vaguely, to public documents, in support of his assertion. We presume he had in mind the mission of Mallet du Pin, and the documents published by Bertrand de Molleville (pp. 8—37.); but these are far from confirming his assertion. The great object of Louis was to avert a civil war; and he seemed almost as much to fear the emigrants, as he feared the Jacobins. We are both unable and unwilling to adopt the unfriendly judgment which we think is here too rashly pronounced.

Neither do we see any reason to impute vanity as one of the bad qualities of Louis XVI. The imputation rests upon no stronger foundation than his supposed want of confidence in his ministers. May we not find a more natural solution of this, in the fact that these ministers, forced upon him by circumstances, were undeserving of his personal confidence? One anecdote is indeed given in relation to the dismissal of M. de Calonne, which attributes the fall of that minister to a court intrigue of the Queen. Is it not at the least as probable that a vain minister, turned out of office, should have cast the responsibility on an unpopular queen, rather than admit a cause derogatory to his own self-importance and painful to his self-love? Mignet, no mean authority, attributes the fall of M. de Calonne to very different causes. 'L'Assemblée des Notables,' he observes, 'découvrit des emprunts élevés à un milliard six cents quarante cinq millions, et un déficit annuel de cent quarante millions. Cette révélation fût le signal de la chute de Calonne.'

The story told of the King's supposed brutality to Marie Antoinette, his rebuke to her for meddling with matters, 'auxquelles

les femmes n'ont rien à faire,' and finally the coarseness of 'taking her by the shoulders and turning her out of the room like a naughty child,' is, to say the least of it, highly improbable. But that such forgetfulness of all propriety and decorum should have taken place in the presence of a third party, and that party M. de Calonne, a man of courtly manners and address, seems incredible. The reply of that statesman to an intimation from Marie Antoinette that she had a request to make, was, 'Madame, si c'est possible, c'est fait; si c'est impossible, cela se fera,' indicates the character of the 'ministre courtesan,' who would have been the last person permitted by Louis XVI. to be a witness to acts of discourtesy towards a woman and a queen.

But Madame Campan furnishes us with conclusive evidence that M. de Calonne, on whose testimony Lord Holland relies, could not be considered otherwise than as a witness influenced by the most malignant feelings against the Queen. She tells us 'la reine avait acquis la preuve que ce ministre était devenue son plus cruel ennemi. *Je puis attester* que j'ai vu dans les mains de la reine un manuscrit des Mémoires infames de la femme Laniotte, corrigé de la main même de M. de Calonne.' A minister capable of such baseness towards the wife of his sovereign is unworthy of credit either to prove charges of personal vanity against Louis XVI. or political treachery on the part of the Queen.

If we see no sufficient reason to adopt the statements of M. de Calonne against Louis XVI., still less can we acquiesce in the inferences drawn on grounds still more unsubstantial, attributing irregularities and infidelities to Marie Antoinette. It should be remembered that against that unhappy princess the most violent hatred and animosity were directed. Even before the old prestige for their king had been wholly effaced from the minds of the French people, Madame Deficit and Madame Veto, as she was called, was held up to odium by the whole revolutionary party. No malignity was spared, and calumnies the most absurd were invented and circulated. Of these the motive suggested for her dislike to Egalité, namely, the 'spretæ injuria formæ,' is a sufficient example. That she should have selected as an object of preference a man personally unattractive as well as most dangerous, is not to be believed, though the 'judicium Paridis' had been pronounced in favour of the scandalous charge. Lord Holland wholly rejects it. Even many of those who were anxious to preserve the King

and Royalty, thought that the best measure for his security would be the banishment of Marie Antoinette. Her friends were few and powerless. Had she been really guilty of impurity of life, and corruption of morals, it cannot be doubted that there would have been better proof tendered against her than the strained inferences on which Lord Holland relies, and on which we feel it to be our duty to comment.

Let us, then, stop to inquire what is that testimony. It is hearsay throughout, and supposed to be derived from a single witness, with whom it is not stated he ever communicated personally. We allude to certain supposed conversations of Madame Campan, made known by others to Lord Holland. But this lady was an authoress, and the public have read her Memoirs. Not one line or word can be quoted from them to support any suspicion of the Queen's frailty. The very contrary is the fact. Whatever might be Madame Campan's predilection for the royal family, yet if a somewhat gossiping French lady, undertaking to write court memoirs, had been in possession of facts like those alluded to, we conceive the temptation to hint, if not to tell, the secret, would have been irresistible. To believe in her entire reserve on the occasion would be as difficult as to imagine that she would have ordered her 'gigot,' without the 'petit coup d'ail,' which is its proper seasoning. Lord Holland, indeed, accounts for her silence on the subject, by attributing to her 'a delicacy and a discretion not only pardonable, but praiseworthy.' He adds, however, that her Memoirs were 'disingenuous as concealing truths that it would have 'been unbecoming a lady to reveal.' But is this quite the case? On the contrary, does not Lord Holland himself refer to those Memoirs to prove the fact that Louis XVI. was not to be considered as a very eager or tender husband,—a fact which, though insufficient to support a charge against the Queen, yet, explained as it is by Madame Campan, demonstrates that the authoress did not feel herself restrained by delicacy within any very narrow or inconvenient limits. Madame Campan, after describing the personal attractions of her royal mistress, complains unreservedly of the 'froideur,' and the indifference affligeante, of the King. The passage to which we allude (vol. i. p. 60.) is scarcely consistent with that *extreme* 'delicacy and discretion' which Lord Holland assumes as his reason for rejecting the written evidence of Madame Campan, and giving faith to second-hand reports of her supposed conver-

sations. If Lord Holland's hypothesis of the extreme reserve of Madame Campan were correct, how can we think it possible that she could afterwards have divulged the whole guilty mystery in conversation, involving, as it did, her own disgrace, her royal mistress's dishonour, and the illegitimacy of the Duchess d'Angoulême? It is stated 'that Madame Campan acknowledged these facts to others, who acknowledged them to Lord Holland' (p. 18); a very slender thread, it must be confessed, on which to hang so weighty a charge. The only statement approaching the character of evidence is one which Talleyrand alleges to have been communicated to him by Madame Campan; it is to the effect that on the night of the memorable 8th October, Fersen was *tête-à-tête* with the Queen, and that he escaped from her boudoir, or bedroom, in a disguise procured for him by Madame Campan herself. This, again, is only hearsay of the same description, though it obtains some trifling additional weight in consequence of its resting on Talleyrand's authority. The evidence, even at best, as it did not come within his personal knowledge, would be merely the uncorroborated testimony of an accomplice. But the story is utterly incredible on other grounds. The time and place fixed, the peril with which the Queen was at the period surrounded, preclude the possibility that this anecdote should have been correctly reported by Talleyrand; and Madame Campan, in describing the fearful scenes of October, says, 'à cette époque je n'étais pas de service auprès la reine. M. Campan y resta jusqu'à deux heures du matin. (Vol. ii. p. 75).

It is undoubtedly true that during the revolutionary period, the Queen held secret communications with persons attached to herself and her family. It would have been indeed most strange if she had not done so. When her husband's life and crown were at stake—when the lives of her children were in peril—when, even amidst the cowardice and apostasy of the many, there remained some few who were faithful,—can we doubt the prudence, nay, the duty of such intercourse? but if it were even proved to have been carried on by night and in secret, are we entitled, on this account, to cast suspicion on the honour of the Queen? Not only was the intercourse we have suggested highly probable,—there can be no doubt but that it actually took place, from the evidence of parties themselves engaged in the transaction. Among those devoted to the royal cause, at the time of its greatest danger, were some

of the officers of the Irish brigade; a gallant corps, which, from the day of Fontenoy, had distinguished its courage on almost every battle-field of Europe. Attached to the crown by political feeling, bound to the Queen by a spirit of chivalry, these brave men were prepared to risk their lives for her deliverance. They formed an association—for it must not be degraded by the name of a conspiracy—for this generous purpose. All the necessary preparations were made at Paris, on the road, and at the outposts. It was proposed to convey her by sea, to a south-western port in Ireland. The house which was selected for her reception still exists; and a more miserable contrast to the Petit Trianon cannot well be conceived. The leader of this chivalrous band was an Irishman of great force of character, one of the Roman Catholic *fuorusciti*, ennobled by Joseph II., who admitted him to close intimacy; but known less creditably by his daring spirit of gambling adventure at Spa, and other baths, and by a sanguinary duel with Count Dubarry, which gave him an unfortunate celebrity. The proposal for escape was communicated to the Queen. It was shown that there was a strong probability of success. But though the plan promised safety, it involved the abandonment of her husband and children. The Queen refused—she remained; and she remained to die.

This anecdote, which we give upon the most conclusive evidence, is fully supported by Madame Campan's authority:—'Les évasions étaient sans cesse proposées' (vol. ii. p. 103). 'La reine se recevait des conseils et des mémoires de tout part' (p. 106). 'La reine se rendait souvent à mon appartement, pour y donner audience, loin des yeux qui épiaient ses moindres démarches' (vol. iii. p. 161). Similar cases must have occurred, and necessarily made without the knowledge of Louis XVI. But are we justified on hearsay evidence of nightly visits to the Queen, or of secret correspondence, to attribute to her a forgetfulness of her duties as a wife,—and that in the case of a wife, who would not condescend to purchase her safety by abandoning her husband?

To some persons the honour of Marie Antoinette may appear as stale and unprofitable a subject of inquiry as the 'scandal against Queen Elizabeth.' We see the matter in a more serious light; and independently of the general principles of truth and justice, which are at issue, we feel that we are not so far removed from the events of the French

Revolution, or so entirely disengaged from their mighty influences, as to render it indifferent and immaterial to guard against any mistake respecting the causes which produced or accelerated that social earthquake.

Talleyrand occupies a considerable share in these pages. This might have been expected, both from his position and from the intimacy existing between him and Lord Holland,—an intimacy assuredly not founded on any similarity of mind or character. On the contrary, the marked contrast between the polished astuteness of the French diplomatist and the frankness of the English statesman, must have made each an entertaining study to the other. The same contrast was whimsically exhibited in their personal appearance. The half-closed, but always sly and observant eye, the features cold and impassive, as if cut in stone, the ‘physionomie qui avait quelque chose de gracieux qui captivait, mais de malicieux qui effrayait’ (Mignet, *Discours à l'Académie*, vol. i. p. 110.), bespoke the subtlest of all contemporary politicians, and was the very opposite of the open and generous countenance of Lord Holland.

It appears that Talleyrand and Mr. Pitt were associates at Rheims after the peace of 1782. The one was acting as aumonier to his uncle, the archbishop; the other was at the time a student of the French language. How little could either party have foreseen the future destination of his companion! Talleyrand appears to have felt, with some bitterness, that subsequently, and more especially during his mission to England in 1794, Mr. Pitt never marked, by any personal attention, the slightest recollection of the intimacy previously existing. We believe that this is far from being a solitary case. The cold and foggy atmosphere of our habits repels a foreigner accustomed to more genial manners as to a more genial climate. It is a curious subject of speculation, to consider what might have been the result if these two eminent statesmen had really combined for the purpose which we believe they had both sincerely at heart—the preservation of peace between the two great nations of the West. We ought, however, to bear in mind, to guard us against relying too much on our hopes, that some years antecedently Talleyrand, whilst an abbé, and agent-general for the clergy of France, had fitted up a privateer, to cruise against England, during the American war. He was not, however, always so hostile; on the contrary, in his work on the commercial relations between the United States and Europe, he appears to have taken

a correct view of our position, and expresses his unqualified opinion that it is with England, and not with France, that permanent treaties of alliance should be formed by the Government of Washington. (P. 39.)

Lord Holland seems to have placed so unqualified and unreserved a confidence in the good faith and truthfulness of Talleyrand, that it almost amounted to credulity. Yet, at the very moment when he so declares his trust, he couples it with statements, or admissions, which suggest grave reasons for doubt. ‘My general and long observation of Talleyrand’s veracity in great and small matters makes me confident,’ he observes (p. 37), ‘that his relation is correct.’ He adds, however, ‘He may, as much or more than other diplomats, suppress what is true; I am quite satisfied he never actually says what is false, though he may occasionally imply it.’ Less satisfactory evidence to support personal credit we have seldom heard. ‘My friend is pre-eminently veracious,’ deposes the witness, called to character, ‘except that he may, perhaps, more than others of his craft, suppress the truth and imply a falsehood.’ Nor does our mistrust rest solely on this admission. Lord Holland gives special instances which are not without their significance. In describing the Reports and Papers (more especially that on Education) to which Talleyrand owed much of his early celebrity, Lord Holland informs us, that, ‘they may be suspected of being the work of other men’ (p. 36). In like manner we are told that it was just possible that the merit of a *bon mot* not his own, ‘might have made it somewhat tempting to Talleyrand to own it’ (p. 6). These matters may be passed over, perhaps, as trivial. Lord Holland, however, goes further. He informs us that, at Erfurt, ‘Talleyrand, from a questionable preference of the interests of peace to the official duties of his confidential station, ventured secretly to apprise the Emperor of Russia that the object of the interview was to engage him in a war with Austria: and he even went so far as to advise him to avoid going to Erfurt; or, if he did go, to resist the instances of Napoleon to make war’ (p. 172.) It is hardly possible to conceive more unprincipled treachery committed by a minister of state towards the sovereign he served, and to whom, whilst in his service, he was bound by every tie of honour and obligation. Had the diplomatist gone no further than to display at once his powers of tact and of flattery by his whisper to Alexander, when the two Emperors were about to enter their car-

riages, returning to their respective dominions, 'Ah! si votre majesté pouvait se tromper de voiture,' we might have forgiven the characteristic *bon mot*. But calmly and deliberately to betray the master he served, would, even if the case stood alone, deprive Talleyrand of all claim on the confidence of mankind. It is far from standing alone.

In respect to that passage in Talleyrand's life which is generally referred to as the strongest proof of his faithfulness,—namely, his ultimate adoption of the cause of the Bourbons,—Lord Holland gives us a most curious illustration of the influence of accidental circumstances, not only on the destinies of men, but, of nations. After the negotiations at Chatillon, we are informed that Talleyrand and the Duke Dalberg were both desirous to learn what conditions Austria would impose on France, if France were to agree to abandon and dethrone Napoleon. They employed, for this purpose, M. de Vitrolles, whom they little suspected of being, at the time, a secret agent of Monsieur and the Bourbons. This emissary was furnished with a ring, or some secret sign, to ensure him credit with Prince Metternich. Vitrolles, exceeding his instructions, but relying on his secret credentials, assured the Allies that Talleyrand and others had formed their plot, and were determined to restore the Bourbons; and that they were awaiting a declaration in favour of the exiled family. 'On the arrival of the armies, the Allies were surprised to find that no such plot existed, and Talleyrand no less so that his name had been instrumental in restoring the Bourbons. He was, however, too quick-sighted not to make a virtue of necessity. The restoration was inevitable: he was too adroit not to father the spurious child unexpectedly sworn to him by the prostitute who had conceived it.' (P. 299.) It is true that, by this account, M. de Vitrolles is shown to have well merited the epithet applied to him. But what was Talleyrand? We are inclined to say 'Il y en a deux.'

We have dwelt upon the degree of credit due to the testimony of Talleyrand, not only because Lord Holland informs us that he relies almost implicitly upon him,—as it was 'from his authority that he derived much of the little knowledge he possessed of the leading characters in France before and after the Revolution' (p. 34),—but for another, and a far more important reason. The Prince Talleyrand has left, for future publication, the memoirs of his own time. This fact is put beyond all doubt by Lord Holland, in whose family circle parts of these memoirs were

read. We can easily imagine the 'engouement' with which these revelations may hereafter be received, and the degree of credit they may derive from the author's name, his wit, and the mystery attending the appearance of a work long suppressed. It becomes, therefore, important to suggest reasons to prevent his evidence from passing above its true value. It appears somewhat more than possible that one who had successfully overreached his contemporaries, should feel a secret pleasure in the hope of making a dupe of posterity. He has said indeed, and said with his accustomed wit, 'De nos jours il n'est pas facile de tromper long tems. Il-y-a quelqu'un qui a plus d'esprit que Voltaire, plus d'esprit que Bonaparte, plus que chacun des ministres passés, présents, et à venir. C'est tout le monde.' But this well-turned epigram is so far from creating or increasing our faith in its author, that we are inclined to believe that at the moment he uttered it he was contemplating with self-complacency the possibility of deceiving that very public before whose omniscience and infallibility he affected to bow down. We know from our police reports how skilfully an adroit thief contrives to carry off the watches and purses of the incautious, whilst putting the owners off their guard by marked attention and demonstrations of respect.

Whatever may be the opinion formed of Talleyrand as a statesman, in one judgment all must agree. We doubt whether any one in our times ever excelled him in the peculiar wit of which he was the great master. He combined at once the point of Martial with the condensed sententiousness of Tacitus, and a grace and delicacy peculiar to the countrymen of Fontenelle. Lord Holland truly says that his *bon mots* were, for forty or fifty years, more repeated and admired than those of any living man. 'The reason was obvious. Few men uttered so many, and yet fewer any equally good. By a happy combination of neatness in language and ease and suavity of manner, his sarcasms assumed a garb at once so courtly and so careless, that they often diverted as much as they could mortify their immediate objects.' (P. 40.) This, though true, seems to us scarcely to distinguish with precision the peculiarities of Talleyrand's wit. Its force and raciness were even more striking than its brilliancy. It was 'weighty bullion' rather than 'French wire.' The wit of some who have been thought distinguished conversers resembles a flight of rockets, which rise and burst, and leave little behind but the falling

stick and the smell of gunpowder. A second class exhibit their powers by writing in phosphorus,—very brilliant, but very cold. A third class deal in electricity, draw sparks, or perhaps give a shock from a well-charged jar, but the whole is artificially prepared, and the rustling of the glass against the silk betrays the previous arrangement. With Talleyrand all was effective and terse, and at the same time was thoroughly natural. Above all, his wit was argumentative, and when used in conversational warfare, it penetrated the most solid block like a red-hot shot, embedding itself in the timber, producing combustion, or, perhaps, firing the magazine. Talleyrand's wit exhibited all its characteristics, whether directed to political, to literary, or to social objects. Of this we have a happy example in his commentary on the complaint of deafness made by that vainest of all mortals, M. de Chateaubriand:—'Je comprends; depuis qu'on a cessé de parler de lui, il se croit sourd.' Another reply of his is also given us by Lord Holland, and is equally striking. In answer to a silly coxcomb, who was boasting of his mother's beauty in order to claim ('par droit de naissance') similar personal attractions for himself, Talleyrand answered, 'C'était donc M. votre père, qui n'était pas si bien.' We wish that Lord Holland, who possessed more opportunities than any other man for collecting and stringing these conversational pearls, had been more diligent in so agreeable a vocation. We may add two anecdotes from memory, which we are not quite certain to have seen in print. The name of a man of rank in France, who, before the Restoration, had taken great pride in his relationship to Napoleon, being mentioned in society, some one present asked whether he was really a kinsman of the Emperor? 'Autrefois, Oui; à présent, Non!' was the significant reply. As an example to show how readily the same powers were applied to the lighter as well as the graver subjects of discussion, we give another anecdote, which originated in a London *salon*. An attractive lady of rank having made some ineffectual attempts to engage Talleyrand in conversation, as a last effort required his opinion of her gown. He opened his eyes, surveyed his handsome questioner from her bust to her ankles, and then examining the robe in question, observed, with entire gravity, 'Madame, elle commence trop tard, et elle finit trop tôt.' We must not omit one of the very best of his sayings, as preserved by Lord Holland in this volume. Having given

up the intimacy of the distinguished daughter of Neckar for that of a certain Madame Grand, who neither possessed attractiveness of wit or of conversation, Talleyrand justified his change by observing, 'Il faut avoir aimé Madame de Staël, pour contraindre tout le bonheur d'aimer une bête.' Never were two mistresses so transfixed by one shaft. It did not come from Love's quiver.

It is much to be regretted that so many of Talleyrand's happiest replies have been lost. They merit being preserved in a more appropriate depository than in the dialogue, however lively, of 'Bertrand and Raton,' or in the fugitive literature of the day. We are aware of what a delicate nature is wit. It bears transport as little as the precious Mangusteen, or those wines which lose their flavour if taken beyond their native vineyard. It loses much from want of its original *entourage*. It is essentially dramatic in its nature, and cannot be transmitted with effect through the coarse medium of printer's ink. This was, however, less the case with Talleyrand than with most others of the class; and from his political position, and the nature of the subjects with which he dealt, our loss is proportionally great.

We know not whether it is to Talleyrand, that we are to attribute Lord Holland's inclination to pronounce more favourably on the character of Egalité, than his contemporaries have done, whatever their shades of opinion. We are not informed on what grounds we can assume that 'no man has been more calumniated than the Duke of Orleans, or will be more misrepresented to posterity.' P. 21. Lord Holland admits that 'his habits were far from respectable.' This is surely taking us a likeness in miniature. M. Thiers is bolder; he describes Egalité as 'livré aux mauvaises mœurs, il avait abusé de tous les dons de la nature et de la fortune.' A man who would select Lacroix as secretary to vouch for his morals, and Danton as a pledge for his politics, gave evidence that '*les liaisons dangereuses*' might exist in other matters than in gallantry. This, and his association with the bloody crew of the Montagnards, might dispose of his public and private character. Lord Holland admits, 'that there is reason to suspect that the persons interested in keeping up the influence of the Duke of Orleans were agents in the revolutions of the 10th August and 2d September, 1792; and that the only party which showed the least disposition to connect itself with him, were a portion of those to whose language and manœuvres the horrors of that

last day are mainly attributed.' (P. 29.) This, surely, is conclusive. We cannot for one moment accept, in palliation of his vote condemning Louis XVI. to death, the suggestion that 'he could not have saved the King by voting against his death, but that he, more than any one else in the Assembly, would have accelerated his own death by so doing.' (P. 32.) This plea involves a principle which would justify weakness and crime in almost all cases. We need only look to the *procès verbal* of the Assembly, to see that his vote, whatever might have been its unworthy motive, created a sensation of horror, even in the Assembly itself. He voted twice. First, against the appeal to the people, which was proposed with a view of giving to the unfortunate King one additional chance of escape. The second vote was for his death,—the most wanton and savage act even of revolutionary times. In both cases his vote was *motivé*, and characteristic of all his base selfishness. The record informs us, that, in voting against the appeal, he said, 'Je ne m'occupe que de mon devoir. Je dis, Non.' He spoke more fully still in favour of death:—'Uniquement occupé de mon devoir, convaincu que tous ceux qui ont attenté ou attenteront par la suite à la souveraineté du peuple, méritent la mort,—je vote pour la mort.' Is it wonderful that this should have been followed by a 'sourd murmure?' (Hist. Parl. vol. xxiii. p. 144.) The justification of his treason, suggested by Lord Holland, is likewise sanctioned by the observations of M. Thiers on the trial and execution of the Duke of Orleans. 'Obligé de se rendre supportable aux Jacobins ou de périr, le duc prononça la mort de son parent, et retourna à sa place au milieu de l'agitation causée par son vote. . . . Le plus profond et le plus volontaire abaissement ne pouvait ni calmer les défiances ni conjurer l'échaffaud.' (Thiers, vol. ii. p. 357.)

Lord Holland does not profess much acquaintance with the northern or the German courts. He does full credit, however, to the character of the great Count Bernstorff, and forcibly describes that steady moderation which enabled him to continue strong in consistency, and which protected him from the necessity of adopting, like so many other contemporaneous statesmen, that 'pliancy of principle, for which history will withhold from their excesses in prosperity, the honourable excuse of fanaticism, and from their sufferings in adversity, the grace and dignity of martyrdom.' (P. 56.) Under his wise administration Denmark prospered, and Lord Holland is fully justified in stating, that 'the

commerce and agriculture of the country advanced, the people were relieved from feudal burthens which oppressed them; tranquillity was preserved, justice purely administered, and the foreign policy conducted in a manner creditable and even glorious.' (P. 53.) This is the more remarkable when it is considered that at this time the king was in a state of childishness approaching to insanity. Papers requiring the sign manual were laid before him rather as a medical prescription, to occupy his mind, than as a function of royalty. Meantime, so jealous was he of his own rights, that finding a paper had been signed by the Crown Prince in anticipation, and before it had been submitted for his own signature, on the next occasion when called on for the sign manual, 'to the surprise and consternation of the courtiers, he signed as *Christian & Co.*; observing that though once the sole proprietor of the firm, as he now discovered that he was reduced to be a partner only, he wished to save his associates the trouble of adding their names. (P. 51.) At Paris, where it was the fashion to undervalue the intelligence of the Scandinavian race, it had been once reported, with witty malice, that a Danish traveller, on being asked what was the *cordons bleu* of Denmark, answered, 'Monsieur, le Saint Esprit du roi mon maître, est un Elephant,' alluding to the first order of Danish knighthood. An anecdote given us by Lord Holland serves to prove that even in the case of their sovereign Frederick VI., as well as in that of Christian, the spirit of wit might still occasionally inspire the heavy animals of the Baltic. The partition of the States of Europe was regulated at the congress of Vienna by the number of 'souls' or inhabitants within the ceded States. The King of Denmark, as we know, was no gainer by these changes. On taking his leave at Vienna, the Emperor assured him kindly of the universal regard and respect which he had acquired. 'Pendant votre séjour ici votre Majesté a gagné tous les cœurs.' 'Mais pas une seule âme,' was the ready but reproachful rejoinder. We should have wished to have heard more of the Danes. We have ever felt a respect for these 'English of the North,' as they are called; a title which we feel more than ever willing to concede to them at a time when there can be no question concerning their patriotism and courage, whatever difference of opinion may exist between diplomatsists and the German people concerning the merits of the cause in which these noble virtues have been exhibited.

The warm partiality which Lord Holland

felt at all times for Spain and the Spaniards, is fully shown by the attention he has paid to the Court of Madrid, its princes, and its statesmen. This partiality was natural in the biographer and critic of the great dramatist of Castile; in one who had himself not only gathered, but transplanted to our English soils some of the sweetest flowers of the Vega. So disposed was he to praise all that was Spanish, that we recollect well hearing him address to a French military diplomatist an energetic panegyric on the prowess of the Spanish armies. When defeated in his argument, as his friends had been in their battles, Lord Holland closed by saying, 'At least you must confess that no troops in Europe can make such marches as the Spaniards.' 'True,' replied the Frenchman, 'provided they are marching in retreat.' This reply was conclusive, and the conversation dropped.

Undisguised as was Lord Holland's partiality, he could not, however, create patriots, heroes, or philosophers out of the materials before him in the Spanish Royal Collection. We may be assured, indeed, by our guide, that we are under the gilded roofs of Madrid or Aranjuez. But the manners and morals to which we are introduced seem below those of the most wretched Venta, and the food to which we are condemned is an olla, in which rancid oil and garlic predominate. The judgment on the female character passed by Charles III., in reply to the confiding simplicity of his son, is better given in the original language than in our own,—'Carlos, Carlos, que tonto que eres. Todas, si todas, son putas.' [P. 73.] This seems well-founded on Spanish Royal experience, for we find little in the social state and individual characters painted by Lord Holland, at variance with this sweeping denunciation. Nor was this corruption confined to the private life of the great. Its influence extended to affairs of State; and ministers seem to have been chosen on the same grounds on which we are informed by Juvenal that bequests were made in Imperial Rome. Hence the most stupendous ignorance is exhibited even by ministers of some natural shrewdness of capacity. Lord Holland assures us, on conclusive authority [p. 135.], that in documents coming from the office of the Prince of the Peace, then foreign minister, the Hanseatic towns, *Villas Hanseaticas*, were often designated *Islas Asiaticas*. He adds, that he was assured that the same Godoy was for some time at the head of the foreign affairs before he discovered Prussia and Russia to be different countries, being led into this mistake

by an economical arrangement, which induced the two courts to club for an ambassador. Yet, with these disqualifications, Godoy continued the ruler of Spain for years. Though ignorant of many things, he was so far conscious of his own deficiencies as at times to select his instruments of government with discretion. To him Jovellanos and Saavedra, both considerable men, owed their first elevation. Lord Holland, on the whole, seems to have considered Godoy friendly to England, having entered into office on anti-Gallican principles. But constancy and good faith were not the attributes of his time or class. When promoted to the rank of Prince, a right was conferred on him by patent to bear before him, on all solemnities, a golden image of Janus; and this 'santo Iddio a due faccie' was not an inapt emblem of his policy and that of too many others of greater pretension. The ignorance of Godoy was at least equalled by the coarseness of his royal master, Charles IV., who is justly described a 'brutal, silly, and credulous, (p. 142.). On discovering the treachery of his son Ferdinand, which amounted nearly to treason, his dignified reply to the Prince of the Asturias' protestations of innocence was, 'Tú mientes, Fernando, tú mientes; y tú me lo pagarás, sí, Fernando, tú me lo pagarás!'

The dismissal or retirement of Spanish ministers of State appears at times accompanied with forms unknown in our colder regions. The disgraced minister is said to be 'jubilado,' or 'regaled,' as Lord Holland translates it. We know not whether Mr. Fox would have applied the term 'jubilado' to his dismissal in 1783, or Lord Sidmouth to his overthrow in 1804. Nor do we believe that the latter, however orthodox, would have felt his resignation more palatable if, like Jovellanos, he had been placed in strict ecclesiastical custody, and been condemned to study his catechism daily. (P. 106.)

It is interesting, and in some respects instructive, to find how often in these pages proofs recur of the barbarous policy of our Roman Catholic penal code. 'Every one conversant with the modern military history of Spain,' observes Lord Holland, 'or with good society in that country, cannot but be struck with the large proportion of their eminent officers who were either born or descended from those who were born in Ireland.' (P. 79.) 'O'Reilly, who rejected all the offers of Marshal Laudon, made to him when prisoner of war, to induce him to engage in the imperial service, (p. 79.), had been a young Irish adventurer.' O'Farrell is

classed by Lord Holland as one of the leaders of the enlightened party which proposed to itself, by providing against political abuses, to raise Spain in the rank of European States. Blake, though admitting his '*mala estrella*,' is considered by Lord Holland an accomplished soldier, and as exercising great influence over his troops. (P. 155.) His military work was praised by General Foy,—no mean authority. Blake's wife took refuge at Plymouth after the capture of Coruña.

She considered herself neglected by our government, which confirmed all the jealousy against England which her husband derived from his Irish origin.' Of O'Donnel (Abishal) Lord Holland speaks less favourably: 'He retained more of the nation from which he sprang, than of that in which he was born and educated to arms. He showed greater talent, and had more success, than all the other Spanish generals; but he was unsteady, intemperate, and unreasonable, and regardless of truth and character.' (P. 159.)

It would, however, be most unjust if, from what we have written and extracted, we were understood to suggest or to countenance the supposition that Spain, at the period described by Lord Holland, did not produce, or that it does not now contain, men of those noble and manly endowments, and of that chivalrous sense of honour and patriotism, which form the genuine Castilian. We hope and believe that such men do exist at present. That there were many such in the times described by Lord Holland is proved by the pages before us. Of these Melchor de Jovellanos was a bright example; and we feel great pleasure in extracting Lord Holland's description of his character, which is not only interesting in itself, but affords a good specimen of Lord Holland's style:—'Jovellanos distinguished himself at an early period of life by his literary productions in verse and prose, his taste in the arts, and his extensive knowledge in all branches of political economy. Great as were his intellectual endowments, his moral qualities were in unison with them. The purity of his taste was of a piece with that of his mind; and the correctness of his language a picture of his well regulated life. In the persuasive smoothness of his eloquence, and the mild dignity of his demeanour, one seemed to read the serenity of his temper and the elevation of his character.' (Pp. 90, 91.) Yet this man was condemned to the dungeons of Majorca!

Another distinguished man was, like Jovellanos, a native of the Asturias. Augustin

Arguelles was an early visitor to England; he had acquired a knowledge of our language and literature, very uncommon among the natives of the Peninsula; yet he was jealous of our country, of its foreign policy, and even of our great Captain, to whom Spain owed its deliverance. His unblemished integrity and rare disinterestedness were exhibited to the very close of his life, when, as we believe, he declined receiving the large income allotted to the high office which he filled near the present Queen of Spain during her minority. He had to sustain severe trials both of prosperity and of misfortune; and perhaps it was to the former he yielded, and fell a victim. He was tempted by the intoxication of popular applause, and he did not always use for the best purposes the almost unlimited ascendancy granted to him in the Cortes. The proceedings of that body were often unwise, and sometimes unjust. But after Arguelles had undergone the cruelties inflicted by Ferdinand; after a confinement of eighteen months in an unwholesome prison at Madrid; after his subsequent imprisonment in an African fortress—he sought and found an asylum in a country where his 'consistency of principle, firmness of spirit, and austerity of virtue in public and in private,' were justly appreciated. In this country we have reason to know that the great commander towards whom, in the palmy days of political triumph, Arguelles had expressed jealousy and mistrust, had opportunities, of which he availed himself, of marking his discriminating kindness to the political exile, and in contributing to his happiness and contentment.

This notice of some of the great and noble Spaniards would be indeed incomplete if all mention were omitted of one as well known and deservedly valued in our home circles as he had been in our battle fields. The nobler characteristics of the Spanish race were never more appropriately represented than by Alava. The friend and associate of Wellington, he was worthy of that high distinction. He appreciated it, as much as he did his name of Spaniard. He spoke of his great commander with a devoted tenderness which seemed only next to the love he bore his country, and his young queen. Lord Holland was well qualified to appreciate his character, which, as he describes it, and as we recollect it, in many points resembled his own. 'Alava,' he tells us, (p. 159.), 'was impetuous in temper, and heedless in conversation; but yet so honest, so natural, so cheerful, and so affectionate, that the

most reserved man could scarcely have given less offence than he who commanded the respect of so many by his intrepid openness and sincerity.' We may add two anecdotes of Alava, which are highly characteristic, and which will, to most of our readers, be new. Sitting at table near a member of Lord Grey's government, and heartily expressing his approval of a branch of policy then under discussion, he suddenly turned round and exclaimed, with all the vehemence of the South, 'But you must not think I can ever prefer this government to the Duke of Wellington—it is he whom I love!' At a later period, when about to take leave of England, he visited a private family, where he had been received in the most familiar intimacy. For one of the young ladies of that family the old soldier and minister had always manifested an affectionate and parental regard. He took leave with emotion. Returning from the door to repeat his farewell, he, for the last time, addressed his favourite:—'You are good, you are young; your prayers will be heard; let me entreat you, for my sake, when you kneel to God, never forget a prayer for my queen.' But we must close this subject, and pass to the last which calls for our attention.

There are two particularities which, though they add to the force and graphic interest of Lord Holland's Reminiscences, have a tendency to impair that calmness and impartiality which are indispensable requisites in an historian. We mean his irrepressible, but somewhat indiscriminating, sympathy for misfortune; and his readiness to receive with undue favour all evidence tendered on behalf of the cause, or the persons, who interested his feelings. Both these influences seem to have been brought into play in dealing with the character of Napoleon. We do not believe that Lord Holland would himself have denied that this portion of his work was so far written with a bias, that his inclination was to convey a favourable impression of one whom he deemed the greatest man in Europe. We do not mean to suggest that this is done at any unworthy sacrifice. Lord Holland never seeks to palliate the cruelty of Napoleon in the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. On the contrary, he affirms 'that no discovery that he can conjecture can efface the stain that guilt left on the French Government.' (P. 225.) Nor does he condescend to give the weight of his authority to that most absurd of all delusions, which holds up to mankind the military ruler of France as the friend of civil liberty or of popular rights. Though

called by Pitt the 'child and champion of Jacobinism,' Napoleon never exhibited any filial duty towards his parent; against whom, on the contrary, he was ready at all times to enter the lists and to do battle. It is true, that in the early stages of his life he spoke revolutionary language, and assumed the republican garb. In so doing he bent to necessity, spoke the vulgar tongue, and wore the habit of the day. Nor could he otherwise have risen to power,—great as was his ambition, and commanding as was his genius. His earliest tendencies were, in truth, towards authority and despotism. Even at the age of eighteen, his dreams led him to calculate whether, with an army of 2000 men, he could not have made himself the 'principe' or ruler of Italy. (P. 210.) If in his youth he had embraced any democratic convictions, his own testimony establishes that they were soon cast aside. We doubt whether they were ever strongly rooted. Lord Holland informs us that, 'by Napoleon's own account of himself, it was in Egypt he weaned his mind from the republican illusions in which his early youth had been nursed. Those who knew him well, assured me that the scenes of the Revolution had estranged and even disgusted him with democracy; he checked every tendency to revive in France, or produce elsewhere, any excesses of that nature, from a conviction that the evil created by them was positive and certain,—the ultimate good to be derived from them, uncertain and problematical.' (P. 257.) During 'the hundred days,' whatever approach he made towards popular principles, he made under compulsion,—and it is unquestionable that he hated, and perhaps despised, the *doctrinaires* and philosophers with whom he was at that time reduced to make terms, regarding them as much his personal enemies, as the Allied Sovereigns themselves. Count Molé assured Lord Holland, on the authority of Napoleon himself, that Napoleon felt great apprehensions lest the Republicans should prevail; and he acknowledged that had he but foreseen how much of compliance with the democratic party would have been required, he never would have left Elba. (P. 303.) We have dwelt upon this, because the absurdity of connecting the name of Napoleon Buonaparte with the cause of liberty—though recognised as such by rational men—is not admitted by the fanatical and the ignorant, at home or abroad. It appears to us the most irrational of all attempts at imposture in hero-worship. If there be a class who are desirous of raising temples to such

a divinity, let them do so on the ground of his military genius and achievements.

Lord Holland admits that the evidence on which he writes was, in the strongest sense of the word, *ex parte*. We do not mean that it was therefore inadmissible. Our objections go more to the credit than to the competency of his witnesses. Lord Holland describes this portion of his work to be no more than 'a transcript of some hasty and rambling notes taken on receiving the news of Napoleon's death in 1821.' (P. 187.) The generous attention and kindness which both Lord and Lady Holland had shown to the captive of St. Helena, in supplying his many wants and lessening the inevitable trials of his seclusion, were well known and justly appreciated throughout Europe. This kindness on their part, as we learn, 'introduced them to the society of those who openly professed, or sincerely felt, most veneration for Napoleon;' and we are informed that it was from the conversation of these parties that Lord Holland's notes were taken. We confess we cannot but feel some mistrust of this information; not so much from a suspicion that it was the intention of Lord Holland's informants to mislead, as from the inevitable and justifiable consequences of their respect, gratitude, and affection for one, who, having been their monarch and their hero, was finally raised to the higher dignity of being made their martyr.

We do not therefore feel surprise, if, forewarned against such influences, we are driven to refuse our assent to some few of the judgments of Lord Holland. We are, perhaps, cold and phlegmatic, and too fearful lest any false enthusiasm should carry us astray. Lord Holland condemns, as cruel and ungenerous, the confinement of Napoleon at St. Helena. In this we cannot concur. As to the want of those courtesies and attentions which might have alleviated his imprisonment without endangering his safe custody,—the petty torments and mortifications, the limitations imposed on his supply of books and necessities, the refusal of a barren title to one who had ruled and conquered half the territories of Europe, and with whom we had not only fought but negotiated,—all this was inexcusable. There was exhibited throughout, a wretched and pitiful meanness, as well as a want of common feeling, disgraceful to all concerned. But that Napoleon should have been subjected to such restraints as were indispensable to his safe custody, was due to the best interests of mankind,—more especially after his escape from

Elba had proved how undeserving he was of further confidence. Lord Holland, indeed, justifies this breach of treaty obligations, by an assertion made, on the authority of an anonymous witness, that the removal of Napoleon to St. Helena had already been 'started and discussed' at the Congress of Vienna. It is not suggested that any resolution to this effect had ever been adopted. A supposed negotiation between our Government and the East India Government, to place St. Helena under the control of the Crown, is relied upon in evidence of the participation of England in this design. No such negotiation is proved. Nor was it in any respect requisite, even for the imputed purpose. St. Helena continued under the authority of the Company during the whole of Napoleon's captivity, and for ten or twelve years after his death. It was only on the last renewal of the East India Company's charter that the island was transferred to the Crown. It is true that an Act of Parliament was then judged to be necessary to give legality to his detention and to authorise his treatment as a prisoner of war. With this view the 56. Geo. III. c. 22. was passed. In the statute passed concurrently for regulating the intercourse with St. Helena (c. 24.), there was a clause specially saving the commercial rights of the East India Company; but no assent of that corporation seems to have been given or required. Lord Brougham, then a member of the House of Commons, stated his belief that on the question of 'securing the safe custody of the person of Napoleon opinions would be almost unanimous;' and he added, in a subsequent explanation, 'that no term could be put to this imprisonment, except under circumstances which it was impossible to anticipate.' (Parl. Debates, vol. xxx. pp. 210, 211.) Thus the whole hypothesis resorted to for the purpose of excusing a violation of engagement falls to the ground; and the naked fact remains that the prisoner of Elba had disregarded his sacred obligation,—and that, unless effectual measures were resorted to, rendering a second breach of faith impossible, a second escape or an attempt at escape—with all its calamities to Europe—was far from improbable.

A most curious method of raising the supplies was resorted to by Napoleon to meet the expenses of outfit for his great Italian campaign. It has been justly considered a mere vulgar error, to ascribe to chance events of which we are unable to state a sufficient cause. But in this instance we find that chance, in the strictest sense of the word, mits, however, that he traced in the conduct

was the cause of events the most important. It appears that the Directory was unwilling, or unable, to supply their general with the sum he required for himself and his personal staff. After drawing on the funds and on the generosity of his friends, he resorted to Junot, then a young officer, and a frequenter of the tables of play. Napoleon confided to him all the money he had collected, to which Junot added the price of his own silver-hilted sword. He was directed by his commander to risk the whole,—to lose or so to increase it as to enable the Italian expedition to be undertaken. He was promised as a reward the appointment of aid-de-camp. Junot won an amount far beyond his expectation; but on reporting his success he was ordered by his employer to return and try his fortune once more,—to double or to lose the entire sum. Fortune was again favourable. A sum of three hundred thousand francs was won; the journey was accomplished, the command assumed, and the splendid victories of the campaign of Italy ensued. Thus, perhaps, the crown of the Cæsars may be said to have depended on the cast of a die, and the independence of the Pope to have been the result of drawing 'grande on petite figure.' (P. 217.) Never has there been another game played for so mighty a stake.

It is almost as curious a fact to learn, on the authority of Murveldt, the minister who negotiated the Peace of Campo Formio, that, even after Napoleon had signed that treaty, contrary to his instructions, thus giving a signal proof of his self-reliance, he should have been offered by Austria a safe retreat and a small principality in Germany. (P. 242.) How little it could then have been anticipated, that the soldier, to whom so paltry a bribe was tendered, should within a few short years be the victor at Austerlitz, should plant his eagles on the walls of Vienna, and become the son-in-law of the Emperor.

It is difficult to decide how far it could have been possible by any course of British policy to have maintained the Peace of Amiens. M. Gallois, who from his ability and his honourable independence was worthy of being consulted by his Sovereign, gave his opinion frankly: 'England might have done more to preserve peace, but France has not done all she could to obtain it.' (P. 233.) Napoleon must have felt the insecurity of his position arising from the jealousy and hatred of the continental sovereigns. They could hardly sleep in peace whilst the Corsican sat in the king's gate,

still less when he was the superior of kings themselves. He therefore felt that the war must come, and that it was better to meet it before peace had unnerved his army, and destroyed his means of attack and defence: 'Il faut d'ailleurs,' he observed, 'l'armée,—les généraux;' and he feared he might lose both by a protracted peace. Without stopping to examine to what extent this hostile spirit existed on the continent of Europe, it may be doubted whether the feelings and wishes of the government, the legislature, and the people of England warranted the belief which Napoleon expressed to his philosophic counsellor Gallois: 'L'Angleterre veut absolument la guerre. Elle l'aura.' He was probably much more truthful when he added, 'quant à moi j'en suis ravi.' (P. 234.) One of the weaknesses of Napoleon was his sensibility to the abuse contained in the English journals. What Lord Holland terms 'the scurrility of the newspapers' (p. 232.) 'at that period created a constant irritation in the mind of Napoleon, and contributed to accelerate and embitter the rupture between the two countries.' (P. 263.) Mounier, and his twelve clerks, employed to abridge and translate from our daily papers all the paragraphs pointed against the emperor and his family, must have furnished him with an abundance of means to perform his function of a self-tormentor. How great a mistake was it to consider that the public journals of the day necessarily spoke the sense of the people, or implied the assent and approval of parliament or of the ministry! But the whole course of these events prove how great a responsibility rests upon journalists. In discussions on foreign policy, these writers are freed from direct or legal responsibility, yet from their own desks they possess, and sometimes exercise, the power of kindling angry passions which can only be extinguished in blood. Napoleon either did not know, or would not admit, that the feelings as well as the interests of England were eminently pacific. We believe them to be still more so at present.

In an article like the present it would be out of place to enter at any length upon the political career of Buonaparte: nor does Lord Holland do so, probably, for the same reason. Some of his statements are, however, so important, that it is impossible to pass them over. Talleyrand's judgment on the errors which his master had committed belongs to history: 'He committed three capital faults,' the diplomatist observed, 'and to them his fall, scarce less extraordinary

than his elevation, is to be ascribed,—Spain, Russia, and the Pope.' (P. 317.) To these Lord Holland justly adds, 'the neglect of making peace after the victories of Lützen and Bautzen in 1813.' This last error was admitted by Napoleon in conversation with Mr. Fazakerly: 'Je me croyais assez fort pour ne pas faire la paix, et je me suis trompé; sans cela c'était assurément le moment de faire la paix.' (P. 319.) We are inclined to think that he also committed a similar error at a later time. Even at Chatillon, in 1814, though he must then have submitted to conditions far less favourable than in the previous years, he might have preserved, by peace, an imperial crown, and possibly have transmitted to his offspring a noble inheritance. Mignet considers, that the sacrifice required at that time was too great to have been acquiesced in by Napoleon or by France. Lord Holland, who had seen the official papers of Caulincourt, expresses his confidence in the integrity and pacific intentions of that negotiator; he ad- of Napoleon 'an intention of not only violating faith with the Allies, but, in case of need, of disavowing and sacrificing the honour of the minister who was serving his country with zeal, talent, and fidelity.' (P. 296.) This is a strong condemnation from Lord Holland, and it seems deserved: Napoleon evidently felt it difficult to justify, or even to account for, his conduct. We have reason to believe from other sources of information, that when asked by Captain Usher why he had not made peace at Chatillon, after some inconclusive assertions of the faithlessness of his enemies, he ended by saying, 'et d'ailleurs j'avais de l'humeur!'

The judgments on the French character pronounced by Napoleon give us some insight into his mode of government. 'Le Français aime l'égalité, mais il ne se soucie pas beaucoup de la liberté,' was an observation made at Elba to the present Lord Fortescue. Therefore it was that he gave to France the benefit, and to the world the example, of the Code Napoléon, and yet never ventured, till he was under duress, to make any real approach towards free institutions. He condemns the Directory, 'parcequ'ils ne savent rien faire jouer l'imagination de la nation.' (P. 243.) He himself therefore endeavoured, in all things and at all cost, to dazzle and to astonish. His attention to the corps of *savans* who accompanied him to Egypt was intended to react on public opinion, through the press and literature. The French soldiery do not seem to have partici-

pated in the respect of their commander for this learned corps. On the contrary, the philosophers, prosecuting their march mounted on asses, are said to have been the object of rather irreverent jests: 'Voilà bête d'âne!' the soldiers exclaimed when they saw a *savant*, and 'Voilà un savant!' when they overtook a donkey. The same desire to act on the imagination dictated those 'songs of triumph,' the bulletins of the grand army. A similar experiment was made, in his letter to the Prince Regent, when he tried the effects of his scraps from Plutarch, and appeared in the character of Themistocles. In this case he had mistaken his man: 'On the impassive ice the lightnings played.' All that seems to have been noticed by George IV. in this memorable letter was, that he had begun it according to etiquette, 'Altesse Royale,'—an observation somewhat trivial, but not the less characteristic. Lord Holland denies that Napoleon ever actually embraced the faith of Islamism, or affected to do so. But he conformed to many Mahometan ceremonies; and in some of his public documents and interviews he adopted a form of speech savouring of the Koran and of the East. This again was 'pour faire jouer l'imagination.'

With the same object of producing a startling effect, and to obtain power or reputation under false pretences, Napoleon condescended to resort to the vulgar process of what in our university life is called 'cramming,'—a process not unknown, we believe, either to kings or statesmen. Visiting Caen with Maria Louise, and a train of crowned heads and princes, the prefect, an old friend, having supplied him with statistical tables of the provinces, he observed, 'C'est bon; vous et moi ferons bien de l'esprit là dessus, demain au conseil.' Accordingly he astonished the landed proprietors by his minute knowledge of the prices of good and bad cider, and other produce. (P. 315.) There was, however, no necessity for any affectation or artifice on the part of Napoleon, as regarded accuracy and knowledge of detail, in many or perhaps in most cases. He exhibited to some of our officers at Elba a practical acquaintance with nautical affairs which amazed them. His inquiries were unceasing, and from the nature of them must have led in some instances to unflattering replies. When on board the Undaunted he saw the crew breakfasting on the best cocoa, an article which at that time would have been a luxury to the most delicate Parisian beauty: 'How long have your seamen had this allowance?' he asked of

Capt. Usher. 'From the commencement of your Imperial Majesty's continental system,' was the answer. Napoleon was silenced. We have had ourselves further evidence of the minute accuracy of his knowledge. A very gallant Irish officer commanded a small vessel of war off Elba. Invited to the Emperor's table, his host asked his birth-place. On finding that he came from the banks of the Shannon, 'Grande et belle fleuve que votre Shannon!' observed the Emperor. 'But,' he added, 'it is ill-defended. Your seaward roadstead is at a place named Tarbert. Your batteries are commanded. I could have landed my troops out of reach of shot. I could have taken your batteries *en revers*, and have thrown your guns (*culbuté*) into the sea. What then would have become of your vessels lying at anchor and laden with grain for the army in the Peninsula?' We give this anecdote on the authority of the gallant officer to whom the remark was addressed, and who by his own local knowledge had perfect means of vouching the accuracy of the observation.

Talleyrand observes of his master (p. 317). 'Il était mal élève,' and had but very little regard for truth. Yet he assures us that 'C'est incalculable ce qu'il produisait; plus qu'aucun homme, plus qu'aucun quatre hommes, que j'ai jamais connu. Son génie était inconcevable. Rien n'égalait son esprit, sa capacité de travail, sa facilité de produire. Il avait de la sagacité aussi. Ce n'était que rarement que son mauvais jugement l'emportait, et c'était toujours lorsqu'il ne s'était pas donné le temps de consulter celui d'autres personnes.' (P. 289.) . . . 'Il avait le sentiment du grand, mais pas du beau.' (P. 200.) And accordingly, except in one touching instance, in which, however, his sterner nature ultimately resumed its empire, we see nothing that bespeaks any strength or refinement of feeling. The exceptional case to which we allude, was his interview with Josephine before the divorce. When he represented to her that his family, his ministers, 'enfin tout le monde,' were in favour of a divorce, and concluded by asking, 'Qu'en dis tu donc? cela sera-t-il? The reply of the wife was as eloquent and pathetic as love and sorrow could make it: 'Que veux tu, que j'en dise?' Si tes frères, tes ministres, tout le monde, sont contre moi, et il n'y a que toi seul pour me défendre.' . . . 'Tu n'as que moi pour te défendre,' he exclaimed with emotion; 'Eh bien! tu l'emporteras.' It is a blot which can never be effaced that he broke this engagement, and

brought himself to cast aside the only tie of real affection which appears to have bound him to humanity. It was in harmony with his character to have rejected the supplications of the attractive and excellent Queen of Prussia, and to have told her roughly, when she entreated an asylum for her children, that Magdeburg was worth one hundred queens.' But to have thrown off the woman who had been his faithful and devoted companion in his early struggles, and during all the vicissitudes of his varying fortunes, showed a hardness of nature which we cannot pardon. He seems, indeed, to have been conscious of this. To M. Gallois he said, 'Je n'aime pas beaucoup les femmes, ni le jeu; *enfin rien*; je suis tout à fait un être politique.' With our habits and feelings, and with examples before us drawn from our own time, we cannot persuade ourselves that, in order to constitute the character of a 'happy statesman,' any more than that of a 'happy warrior,' it is necessary that the affections and sympathies should be blunted or extinguished. Elevation of mind is inconsistent with any such unnatural sacrifices, and without elevation of mind true political greatness cannot exist.

Lord Holland gives us some insight into the intellectual pursuits of Napoleon. He was fond of French tragedy, which he loved to read aloud. We cannot agree that, because he admired Zaire, he must therefore have admired the other works of Voltaire. On the contrary, we think that the use to which he had turned the pen of Geoffroy, in furnishing replies to the Encyclopedists, and particularly to him whom we cannot join Lord Holland in calling 'the great and calumniated philosopher of Ferney,' was founded upon a real dislike. There was an antagonism between the genius of the two men; and the 'esprit moqueur' of Voltaire must have been essentially antagonistic to one who, like Napoleon, was familiar with the stern realities of life. He condemned Rousseau unreservedly. 'A conversation' reported by Lord Holland to have taken place between Napoleon and Stanislas Girardin is full of interest. 'C'était un méchant homme, ce Rousseau. Sans lui la France n'avait pas eu de révolution.' To an observation made by Girardin, that he had not been before aware that Napoleon considered the Revolution so unmixed an evil, Napoleon replied, 'Ah vous voulez dire, que sans la révolution vous ne m'auriez pas eu. Peut-être—je le crois—mais aussi la France ne'en serait elle que plus heureuse!' His favourite studies towards the close of

his life were French tragedy, the Odyssey, and the Bible. We are informed that he had not been previously very conversant with the Old Testament, 'and that he was surprised and delighted, provoked and diverted at the sublimity and beauty of some passages, and what appeared to him the extravagance and absurdity of others.' (P. 306.) There seems to have been in his mind a strange combination of religious convictions with thoughts of a different nature. The former appear to have predominated, and to have acquired strength as he advanced in life, and experienced misfortune. At Fontainebleau he stated as a final reason against suicide, 'Je ne suis pas entièrement étranger à des idées religieuses.' He refused to admit the administration of the Holy Sacrament as part of the ceremonial of his coronation, because he considered 'that no other man had a right to say when or where he (Napoleon) would take the Sacrament, or whether he would take it or not.' It is singular that he should have entertained this feeling some years before the British parliament relieved the most religious country in Europe from the disgrace and impiety of the sacramental test. The imperial captive in his latter moments was not likely to have derived much guidance or consolation from the two Roman Catholic ecclesiastics who formed part of his establishment. Perhaps they were sent in vengeance for the Pope's imprisonment at Fontainebleau. They

were so utterly ignorant that one of them described Alexander the Great as the most fortunate of Roman generals. We have not sufficient means provided in this work, or elsewhere, to enable us to decide whether his mind did ultimately embrace a full religious conviction, and whether in his decaying strength he was supported by religious consolations. We are willing to believe what we earnestly desire. If he died a Christian, we may most truly add, in the verses of Manzoni:—

'—— più superba altezza
Al disonor del Golgota
Giammai non si chinò.'

We now close this article, which has been protracted beyond our proposed limits. But we have found the intrinsic interest and importance of the book increase as we proceeded. We approached our task with much curiosity, and with most favourable anticipations. We have read the volume with gratification, and with instruction. We have pointed out where we differ. We have done so respectfully, but with freedom. We felt ourselves the more authorised to take this course, because the book can well afford to abide by the results of examination, and also because, in performing our duty with honest frankness, we are following the course that Lord Holland himself would have most approved.

DISCOVERY OF ENORMOUS FOSSIL EGGS.—The *Calcutta Englishman* writes:—"The *Mauritian* mentions, on the authority of a Bourbon journal, that a singular discovery has been made in Madagascar. Fossil eggs of an enormous size have been found in the bed of a torrent. The shells are an eighth of an inch thick, and the circumference of the egg itself is 2 feet 8 inches lengthways, and 2 feet 2 inches round the middle. One which has been opened contains $8\frac{1}{2}$ litres, or about two gallons! What was to have come out of these eggs? Bird or crocodile? The natives seem to be well acquainted with them,

and say that ancient tradition is uniform as to the former existence of a bird large enough to carry off an ox. This is only a little smaller than the roc of oriental fable, which waited patiently till he saw the elephant and rhinoceros fighting, and then carried off both at one stoop. Some fossil bones were found in the same place as the eggs; but the Bourbon editor says he will leave it to the pupils of the great Cuvier to decide to what animal they belong. If they should prove to be the bones of a bird of size corresponding to the eggs, the discovery will indeed be an extraordinary one."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE CURIOSITIES OF ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHY.*

BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, ESQ. F.S.A.

HAVING, in the opening of our paper, treated of one who obtained much *éclat* for extensive traveling, we may turn to the contemplation of one who obtained the credit of being an "Indian princess," and who had never left England.

The annals of successful imposition cannot furnish a more curious instance of fraud ingeniously carried on by an untutored but artful girl, than that exhibited by the pretended "Princess of Javasu," who came before the English public in 1817. That an illiterate cobbler's daughter, born and bred in an obscure village of Devonshire, and with features of the most ordinary kind, and manners totally uncultivated, should by aid of natural quickness of wit alone, and an overweening vanity, have so conducted herself as to have induced hundreds to believe that she was no less a personage than an unfortunate, unprotected, and wandering princess from a distant Eastern Island, cast upon the shores of Britain by cruel and relentless pirates; that she should have sustained this character with a countenance never changed by the most abject flattery, or the most abusive invective; constantly surrounded by persons of superior talent and education, as well as by those in her own rank of life, who were always on the watch to mark any inconsistency, or to catch at any occurrence that could lead to detection; and that on no occasion was she found to lose sight of the part she was acting, or even to betray herself;—is an instance of consummate art and duplicity exceeding any occurrence in the annals of modern imposture.

It was on the evening of Thursday, the 3d of April, 1817, that the overseer of the poor of the parish of Almondsbury, in the county of Gloucester, called at Knole Park, the residence of Samuel Worrall, Esq., to in-

form the inmates that a strange visitor had appeared in the village whom no one could comprehend. She was dressed in a semi-Asiatic fashion, appeared to be about twenty-five, could not speak English or understand it: and in fact puzzled all who had seen her. In the village public-house she had been particularly interested with a print of the Anana, and made them understand it to be the fruit of her own country. She seemed not to be used to sleeping in a bed; and upon being confronted with the clergyman who had brought some geographical books with him, she appeared to know something of China. She was always very devout, saying a prayer before each cup of tea, and when a home was given her at Knole, perceiving some cross-buns on the table she took one, and after looking earnestly at it, she cut off the cross, and placed it in her bosom. She again seemed delighted at seeing anything Chinese in the fittings of the house; and upon her name being asked by signs, she pointed to herself, crying, "Caraboo, Caraboo!"

After some days she was removed to the hospital at Bristol, and while there was visited by a gentleman who had traveled much in the East, and from what he could gather he declared, "I think her *name* is not Caraboo, but rather that that is her *country*. I consider that she comes from the Bay of Karabough, on the eastern coast of the Caspian Sea, and situated in Independent Tartary." A Portuguese from the Malay country, who happened to be in Bristol, was introduced to her, and he declared that he could undertake to interpret her language. He pronounced her to be a person of rank who had been decoyed from an island in the East Indies, brought to England and deserted: that her language was a mixed dialect used on the coast of Sumatra, and other islands in the East; and this story so completely reassured Mrs. Worrall of the truth of the

* Continued from the *Eclectic Magazine* for February.

whole affair that she again took her into her house, and then learned by her gestures and words during an interview with an East Indian traveller, that her name was Caraboo; that she was the daughter of a person of rank of Chinese origin; that she had been entrapped while walking in her garden by a pirate vessel; that her father was shot with an arrow while attempting her rescue; that she fortunately escaped from the ship to which she was ultimately consigned, when off the coast of England, by jumping overboard and swimming ashore. She described her native dress, and, on being furnished with calico, made one for herself.

To narrate her shrewd tricks to defy discovery would occupy too long. She made a chart of her supposed journey, which she ultimately acknowledged was entirely the result of the leading questions and promptings which she received. She portrayed the method of writing in her own country by a sort of reed upon the bark or leaf of a tree with Indian ink. The characters are perfectly formed and conjoined Arabic characters: it scarcely need be said, that they were copied by her from those which she had seen written by some Orientalist who wished to test her knowledge of the language. Others were purely her own invention, and it was this mixture of the true and false which puzzled her inquirers, and made them believe her to be a native of some of the less known tribes of the East. For weeks she was in Mrs. W.'s family, and was always consistent in every action, never to be caught in a mistake any way, however suddenly it was attempted; and doing many outlandish actions which debarred suspicion. Among other occurrences which show the dexterity with which she seized and acted on what she heard, is the following:—A gentleman observed, that it was customary in the East to stain the points of a dagger with vegetable poison; the next time a dagger was put into her hands she went to a flower-stand, and rubbing a couple of leaves between her fingers, applied the juice to the point, and then, touching her arm, pretended to swoon. She, in truth, conducted herself so correctly, and her manners were so fascinating, that she soon became a favorite with all, and thoroughly domesticated at Knole.

After three weeks' residence there, she was one morning missing; she had gone to Bristol, to take her passage in a vessel to America, but the ship had sailed. So she went to the lodging she had temporarily occupied in that city, packed up her trunk and sent it to her father by an Exeter wagon,

and determined to return to Knole, whither she returned ill and disappointed, but with a story ready, and succeeded in again eluding suspicion and meeting pity.

Had this *Princess of Javasu* escaped to America or elsewhere, leaving her singular imposture undiscovered, a mystery might have for ever hung over the entire circumstance; but she was fated to carry her impositions to still greater lengths before her tricks were discovered. Having been disappointed of her voyage, she stayed for a little time longer under the roof of her protectress at Knole; but growing tired of being confined to one spot, or probably fearing discovery from the frequent visits she paid to Bristol with her protectress, where she might have the misfortune to meet her old landlady of Lewin's-mead; or that she might be sent to London for examination at the East India House, as Mrs. Worrall had determined; she again took flight on Saturday the 6th of June, and made her way towards the ancient and fashionable city of Bath. But, with the honest knowledge of *meum* and *tuum*, which, in spite of her other impostures, had always characterized her, she appropriated no trifle of ribbon or dress to herself which did not belong to her. The place of her elopement was communicated next day to her benefactress, who posted off to Bath with a determination to reclaim her, when a scene met her eyes ludicrous in the extreme. She found the pretended *princess* in the drawing-room of a lady of *haut ton*, at the very pinnacle of her glory and her ambition. The room was crowded with fashionable visitants, all eager to be introduced to the interesting *princess*. There was one fair female kneeling before her, another taking her by the hand, another begging a kiss; another offering her *Royal Highness* a bowl of cream upon her knee; and others bowing in vacant amazement at the cobbler's daughter's "natural grandeur and sublimity." So far did the Bath ladies allow their imaginations to carry away their judgments, and become willing gulls to an artful girl. Caraboo afterwards declared that this was the most trying scene she had ever encountered, and that on this occasion she had more difficulty to refrain from laughing and escape detection than in all the singular occurrences of her imposture.

But it was not the ladies alone who were deceived by her, and who, with a great deal of good-heartedness, a scarcely perceptible amount of suspicion, and a love for the romantic and the marvelous, as well as a desire for some new *lion* to break the monotony

of their lives, gave such ready credence to her pretensions. Dr. Wilkinson, an eminent practitioner of that city, was as completely fascinated by her as was the gentleman from China already alluded to; and the many other lovers of the marvelous, who had been already duped so successfully at Knole. He carried his belief so far as to publish in the *Bath Chronicle* a detailed description of her adventures and person, and which was eventually the means of leading to a detection of the imposture. He gravely observes in one of these letters—"Such is the general effect on all who behold her, that, if before suspected as an impostor, the sight of her removes all doubt." But at the present time, when all doubt is really removed, it becomes absolutely ludicrous when we read the doctor's grave statement that—"all the assistance to be derived from a polyglot bible, Fry's Pantographia, or Dr. Hager's Elementary Characters of the Chinese, do not enable us to ascertain either the nature of her language or the country to which she belongs: one or two characters bear some resemblance to the Chinese, particularly the Chinese *cho*, a reed. There are more characters which have some similitude to the Greek, particularly the ι , σ , and ς . Different publications have been shown to her, in Greek, Malay, Chinese, Sanscrit, Arabic, and Persic, but with all she appears to be entirely unacquainted." He then says that her letter has been shown "to every person in Bristol and Bath, versed in oriental literature, but without success. A copy was sent to the India House, and submitted by the chairman of that company to the examination of Mr. Raffles, one of the best oriental scholars; yet he could not decipher it." The Oxford scholars, he says, "denied its being the character of any language;" but others consider it "imperfect Javanese," or "the Malay of Sumatra!" He inclines to believe it Circassian, and feels sure she comes from the East, because she declared she had been ill on her journey, and had had her hair cut off, and an operation on the back of her head performed. "I examined the part; it had been scarified, but not according to the English mode of cupping, or to any European manner with which I am acquainted; the incisions are extremely regular, and apparently effected with the caustic, a mode of cupping adopted in the East!" Caraboo wanted but such grave authority to complete her farce!

But the doctor was a real friend, although too enthusiastic an one for an impostor. He posted off to London, to appeal to the East

India directors, and to be ready to introduce Caraboo to their notice, who was to follow him the day after his departure. In a letter which the doctor had printed the day before in the *Bath Herald*, he declares no one doubted her, except—"those whose souls feel not the spirit of benevolence, and wish to convert into ridicule that amiable disposition in others." At the very moment that the doctor's letter was printing at Bath, Caraboo was making a full confession of her imposture at Bristol! What a rebuke for a philosopher!

On this eventful Sunday, Caraboo left Bath with her protectress, Mrs. Worrall, to return to the scene of her first attempt at imposition; and so well did she practise on the credulity and good nature of this lady, that she became even more interested in her behalf, and confirmed in the belief of her story. But the re-publication in the *Bristol Journal* of Dr. Wilkinson's first letter, led to the detection of the imposture. Caraboo's landlady at Lewin's-mead—Mrs. Neale—had read this with no small degree of surprise and amusement, and in an instant recognised the *Princess of Javasu* as her late lodger, *Mary Baker*. She communicated her suspicion on the Monday morning to a friend of Mrs. Worrall, who made that lady immediately acquainted therewith; and he had scarcely left the parlor at Knole, when a youth arrived from Westbury, who had met with the girl in her first expedition there, and who well remembered that when she was in his company, spirits and water were not quite so repugnant to her taste as they had been at Knole. Mrs. Worrall did not communicate her information to Caraboo, but determined on the next day to test its truth. Accordingly, in the morning, she carried her to Bristol, and took her to the house of the gentleman who had helped to undeceive Mrs. W. Mrs. Neale and her daughters were there; and after Mrs. Worrall had conversed with them, she returned to Caraboo, and informed her of the conclusive proofs she now possessed of her being an impostor. Caraboo, however, still tried to interest and deceive her, by exclaiming, in her usual gibberish—"Caraboo's Toddy, Moddy (*father and mother*) Irish!" But finding it did not succeed as usual, and that Mrs. W. was about to order Mrs. Neale up stairs, and confront her with her old landlady, she felt that the bubble had at last burst, and at once acknowledged the cheat, begging that Mrs. W. would not cast her off, or suffer her father to be sent for. This was promised upon certain conditions, one of which was

that she would instantly give a faithful detail of her former course of life, disclose her real name, her parentage and history. Mrs. Neale being dismissed, the girl immediately commenced a narrative to Mr. Mortimer, the gentleman in whose house the *éclaircissement* took place, in which, to account for her knowledge of Eastern customs, she attempted to show that she had resided for four months at Bombay, and also at the Isle of France, as nurse in an European family. But Mr. Mortimer, having visited Bombay, soon detected her; and she refused at that time to communicate any further particulars; but to another gentleman she soon afterwards confessed a different and a truer story.

She confessed her real name to be Mary Baker (that of her parents Willcox); that she was born at Witheridge in 1791, and had received no education, owing to her irregular disposition. At eight years of age she was employed in spinning wool; in the summer months she often drove the farmers' horses, weeded the corn, and assisted in all labor. From her earliest youth she had always an ambition to excel her companions, whether at any game, such as cricket, or even in swimming in the water, &c. At the age of sixteen, she obtained a situation in a farmhouse, to look after the children; but while there she often carried a sack of corn or apples on her back, and endeavored to emulate the laboring men. This place, after two years, she left, because she received as wages but ten-pence a-week, and her employers refused to pay her the shilling a-week which she required. She returned to her father's house, but being badly received, she left for Exeter, where she obtained a situation, but did not stay in it long, roaming from place to place, until her misery and poverty induced her to attempt suicide. But receiving unexpected charity, she continued her melancholy wandering, until she reached London, where she was ill in St. Giles' Hospital for a long time; emerging from thence to a service in a lady's family, who gave her instruction and kept her for three years; after which she got admitted to the Magdalen Hospital, fancying it a place of refuge for females of any kind; but was expelled on its being discovered that she had no real claim on their funds. She changed her female dress at a pawnbroker's for that of a man, as she feared traveling alone as a woman, and journeyed to Exeter, where she again changed them for female clothes, and went to her father's. After a few more changes of place in the country, she con-

tracted a dislike to it, and returned to London; and here she got acquainted with "a gentleman-looking man," whom, after an acquaintance of two months, she married; but, after a few months, employed principally in traveling in Sussex, he left her suddenly for Calais, promising to write and send for her—a promise which he never kept. His name was Bakerstendht, or Beckerstein, which was contracted into Baker; and there is little doubt but it was from him that she picked up the Eastern words and idioms which she used, as well as the knowledge of Asiatic customs, which so effectually enabled her to carry out her imposition; as he had traveled among the Malays. After enduring some more unhappy reverses, and giving birth to a child, who died in the Foundling Hospital, she again visited Exeter, which she left for Plymouth, falling in with gipsies on the road, with whom she stayed some few days. After leaving them, she first assumed the manners and partial garb of a foreigner, being taken for French or Spanish by the country people, and going from place to place, living on occasional contributions, and residing in Bristol for three weeks, during which time she dressed in a turban, and went out in the streets, begging as a distressed foreigner, and her success induced her to endeavor to get together money enough in this way to pay her passage to America, whither she wished to go. After many adventures in her assumed garb, she reached the house of Mrs. Worrall, where her greatest scenes of imposture were enacted in the manner already narrated.

The parents of Caraboo were now found, and the substance of her narrative discovered to be correct; they spoke of her *learning* having much increased after her marriage, when she would talk some language, which they could not understand, for hours, to her sister in bed of a morning. The letters which they possessed of hers, before and after her journey to London, and her marriage there, gave conclusive proofs of a wonderful improvement in educational training.

The principal occurrences of "the princess's" life, as she narrated them, having been thus proved to be true, and the others having been by a slower and more distant mode of inquiry also found in the main correct, Mrs. Worrall determined to send her out to America, whither she still expressed a strong wish to go. In the mean time the termination of her imposture had greatly excited public curiosity, and she was visited by persons of all descriptions—noblemen,

gentlemen, natives and foreigners, linguists, painters, physiognomists, craniologists, all swelled the throng at her *leves*, while she, on her part, appeared highly gratified by the number of dupes she had made. Yet to Mrs. Worrall she always showed great gratitude and esteem.

After the discovery, she more than once expressed a wish that her adventures might be dramatized, for she declared that nothing would give her greater pleasure than to act the part of Caraboo herself. She was certainly highly delighted with the important figure she made as a successful impostor, and in no instance repented of her tricks. Her vanity was much gratified by the attention she excited, and her hopes of a successful visit to America were evidently based on some wild and desperate scheme, as she predicted she should return to England in her carriage and four. On her first arrival in America, she attracted a great share of attention, and exhibited herself in the costume she had adopted to aid her deceptions. But, however great her success in America might be at first, the *éclat* subsided, and her restless disposition induced her to leave that country. In the year 1824 she returned from America, and taking apartments in New Bond-street, made a public exhibition of herself. But seven years had elapsed since the period of her imposition, and public interest in her had ceased. The price of admittance was fixed at one shilling each person, but it does not appear that any great number of visitors went to see her. She retired into the obscurity from which she had originally emerged: another instance of the unhappy incertitude of a life of deception.

A more successful instance of imposture may, however, be now recorded in a brief notice of another female—Joanna Southcott—who carried on her deception in another, a safer, but a more reprehensible channel.

The imposition so long and so successfully practised by Joanna Southcott, is a painful instance of credulity. Her partisans gave full credence to the assertions which she made with so much indelicate effrontery; and even when she outlived the period she had herself assigned for testing the truth of her assertions, still believed in them. Death, which dispels most illusions, did not dispel theirs; they still defended her tenets, asserted her words to be truths, inscribed her monument with the record of their faith, and the last remnants of the sect still venerate the pseudo-prophetess.

Joanna Southcott was born at Gettisham,

a small village in Devonshire, in the month of April, 1750, and was baptized on the 6th of June following, as appears by the registry of baptisms, at the parish church of St. Mary Ottery, in Devonshire. She was the daughter of William and Hannah Southcott, who were both members of the Established Church, and occupied themselves in farming.

From an early age Joanna had been a diligent reader of the Scriptures, and was so very enthusiastic in her studies as to become remarkable for it when a mere girl. This strong religious bias "grew with her growth and strengthened with her strength," and as she increased in years almost took entire possession of her mind. Like most young women, she had her admirers, and among them was one Noah Williams, whom she confesses to have felt an attachment for, and who was entirely attached to her, but whom she discarded, as she did all the others. In the year 1790, she was employed as a work-woman at an upholsterer's shop in Exeter. The shop-keeper being a Methodist, his shop was frequently visited by ministers of the same persuasion; and Joanna Southcott, possessing what they termed a *serious turn of mind*, did not pass unnoticed. She had frequent discussions in the shop with these ministers, and was regarded as a prodigy. Indeed, so much was she sensible of her own importance and superiority, that it took entire possession of her mind; and this naturally produced dreams which she considered as spiritual communications, and, these extraordinary visions continuing, she began to think herself *inspired*. She now bade adieu to the shop, and commenced prophetess. She declared that she was visited by the Lord, who promised to enter into an everlasting covenant with her; but the Methodist preachers already adverted to, endeavored to convince her of the evil nature of her inspirations, and attributed their origin to Satan himself, but Joanna continued firm in her own belief.

Joanna began her impositions in 1792, by declaring herself to be the woman spoken of in the Revelations as "the bride," "the Lamb's wife," and "the woman clothed with the sun." This was at Exeter, and attracted great attention. She wrote to the clerical dignitaries of the town, and to other persons of respectability; but for eight years she got no sanction from any but the Rev. Mr. Pomeroy. In 1801 she published her first book, "The Strange Effects of Faith;" and that brought to Exeter five gentlemen from different parts of the kingdom to test her

truth. Three of them were clergymen, and, after remaining in that city for ten days, they declared themselves satisfied that she had a divine mission.

Two years afterwards they visited London, with many others, for her doctrines had greatly spread, and publicly "tried" the truth of her mission. For the third time a better organized and larger meeting was held, and Joanna again triumphed—a paper being signed to that effect by all present.

Being thus fortified, Joanna issued the following document, in which she broadly stated her pretensions:—

"I, Joanna Southcott, am clearly convinced that my calling is of God, and my writings are indited by his Spirit, as it is impossible for any spirit but an all-wise God, that is wondrous in working, wondrous in wisdom, wondrous in power, wondrous in truth, could have brought round such mysteries, so full of truth, as is in my writings; so I am clear in whom I have believed, that all my writings came from the Spirit of the most high God.

"JOANNA SOUTHCOTT."

This was signed in the presence of fifty-eight persons, including the Methodist preachers present, who all assented to the truth of the statement.

Her converts now surprisingly increased, and she visited, in her missionary capacity, Bristol, Leeds, Stockport, and other large towns, where she obtained many adherents. Among the number was William Sharp, the celebrated engraver, who was a man prone to mystical imaginings, and most easily deceived by religious impostors. At an early period of his life he became a convert to the opinions of Brothers and others, who called themselves prophets, such as Wright, Bryan, &c. He became so completely enamored of Joanna and her pretensions, that he went to Exeter, and brought her to London, took lodgings for her, and maintained her for some time. He to the last firmly believed that she was inspired. It is no wonder that, reveling as he did in such vagaries, he died poor.

Among the directions for her conduct which the Spirit, according to her belief, had given her, was an order to Seal the faithful to the number of one hundred and forty-four thousand, previous to the Millennium, which she declared was fast approaching. The story of the discovery of this famous seal is variously told. Some affirm that she found it in sweeping out her master's shop at Exeter; others say that she obtained it in sweeping her own house, where she carelessly threw it into a box; and when she was ordered by the

Spirit to seal up the people, having no seal for the purpose, the Spirit told her in the Devonshire dialect, that she would find one in the *skivet* of her box; so she opened the box, and found the seal above mentioned, and, on looking at it, found engraved on it I. C., with two stars, the explanation of which, she says, was given her by the Spirit; that is, I stands for Jesus and Joanna, the C for Christ, and the two stars for the morning and evening stars, Jesus being the morning, and Joanna the evening star.

A manuscript note of the late Mr. George Smeeton, in the possession of our publisher, hitherto unpublished, gives the following curious history of this seal. He says: "Mr. Samuel Rousseau, author of a 'Grammar of the Persian Language,' and other works, told me 'that this famous mystical seal was found in a dust heap, near the Clerkenwell, in the neighborhood of which he was then living, and was brought for his inspection; that he jocularly commented upon it to the bearer, telling him it would do for Joanna Southcott, and that it was a mystical seal. The poor creature believed him, and presented it to Joanna, he being one of her followers. From this identical seal twenty thousand *passports to heaven* were sealed, varying in price from one shilling to twelve. So much for enlightened England!"

This sealing of the elect was thus performed. Upon a sheet of paper was written, within a mystical circle about six inches in diameter, the following words, commencing with the name of the disciple:—

R. N****,

The sealed of the Lord—the Elect precious,
Man's Redemption, to Inherit the
Tree of Life.

To be made Heirs of God, and Joint heirs
with Jesus Christ.

This was dated on the day of its delivery, and signed by Joanna herself.

The paper was then folded up; and the impression of Joanna's seal made on the outside in wax. This done, they were sent to different persons commissioned by Joanna to dispense the same. When any person was to be sealed, he wrote his name in a list provided for that purpose; this was called signing for Satan's destruction, as he thereby signifies his wish that Satan may soon be destroyed; that is, banished from the earth. The new name, being thus added to the list, was copied thence into the paper which recorded the sealing; which, being written out fairly, and signed by the Prophetess, was

carefully folded, and sealed up with her seal, with the injunction "not to be broke open" written outside. It was then delivered into the hands of the party whose name it bore, and that person was considered as sealed.

The price of this sealing was originally one guinea, but was subsequently reduced to twelve shillings, and even lower; as the applications became numerous, and the determination to fleece even the poorest among her followers, governed their rulers. The numbers of the sealed, up to the year 1808, is estimated to have amounted to upwards of six thousand four hundred,—a melancholy list of dupes, and a disagreeable contemplation for a thinking mind. Each of these persons believed this sealed paper a *certain salvation*; and the wicked folly of disseminating these things continued until 1808, when, for some unexplained reason, the sealing was suddenly stopped.

Joanna continued her visionary rhapsodies, and occasionally preached to the assembled people. She used to dress in a plain, quaker-like style, in a gown of calimancoe, and a shawl and bonnet of a drab color. She was a coarse, common-place looking woman, of considerable corpulency. She would occasionally address the people in the open air, her stronghold being in Southwark, where her chapel was. This house, which had on its front, in very large characters, "The House of God," was situated a few doors south of the old Elephant and Castle, and opposite the Fishmongers' Almshouses. The three leading preachers here were a Mr. Carpenter, who afterwards seceded from his mistress, and with a young man saw visions on his own account; a Mr. S. P. Foley (said to be a relation of Lord Foley), and a Mr. Tozer, who was a lath-render in the London Road, adjacent; and who, with the rest, had no other ordination than that given by the Spirit through Joanna. The square block of houses among which this chapel stood, was a peculiar bequest in the reign of Elizabeth for the support of ten aged widows, and then consisted of a field, with a dwelling house and blacksmith's shop on it. When the estate became released, the parish officers pulled down this chapel, and reconstructed the other houses, and had a clause inserted in the new leases, that on any tenant affixing on any part of the front of their premises the words—"House of God," the leases should immediately become forfeited.

In 1803, Joanna published some remarks

on the Church of England Prayers, which she declared were dictated by the Holy Spirit, as all her other writings were affirmed to be. To this was prefixed an introduction, written by her enthusiastic admirer, Sharp, the engraver, in which he states his belief in the redemption of mankind by her means, and that she is *the woman* named in the 12th chapter of the Revelations; and that in consequence of the purity of her church prayers, England would be the first country redeemed; and then the whole world, by means of Joanna's writings.

Joanna was some years stationary in London. She had chapels in Southwark, Spitalfields, Greenwich, Twickenham, and Gravesend, and all her prophecies were carefully committed to paper. In the *Times* of the 28th of October, 1813, she inserted a letter of warning to the English nation, and a challenge to the Bishops and Clergy of the Church of England, and all who disbelieved in her mission. These warnings were contained in her "Book of Wonders," sent, as she was "ordered by the Spirit," to the Prince Regent, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishops of Worcester, Salisbury, and London, the Duke of Gloster, Lord Grosvenor, Lord Ellenborough, and the Recorder of London. In the third "Book of Wonders," was announced "the coming of Shiloh with a call to the Hebrews," and the climax of Joanna's madness arrived.

This unfortunate religious enthusiast had so far wrought on her own mind, that she believed Christ was to be born again under the name of Shiloh, and that she, at the age of sixty-five, was to be the mother. The madness of herself and her votaries, acting and reacting on each other, had taught them to assert and believe this monstrous and wicked absurdity. It is impossible to print here the descriptions of her miraculous conception, which her followers had the audacity to promulgate; or to give, in Southcott's own words, her description of her pregnancy; suffice it to say, that her followers believed in the assertion she made of the Spirit having said to her, "This year, in the sixty-fifth year of thy age, thou shalt have a son by the power of the Most High; which, if they (the Hebrews) receive as their prophet, priest, and king, then I will restore them to their own land, and cast out the heathen for their sakes, as I cast out them when they cast out me, by rejecting me as their Saviour, Prince, and King, for which I said I was born, but not at that time to establish my kingdom."

And now the mad enthusiasm of Joanna's followers continued on the increase. In town and country all sorts of contributions and necessary preparations for her *accouchement* were made. She was literally overwhelmed with presents, and a costly cradle was provided for the child that was eagerly expected by her followers.

A book was kept in which all these "free-will offerings to Shiloh" were entered as they were received; and this was, with her will, placed in the Registry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. It is curious to look over the list. Some are of value; some but trifling "mementoes of love;" some are gifts of clothing; others of money; others of a very nondescript kind—such as Mrs. Harwood's gift of "a silver barrel," or Alfred Goldsmith's of "a pretty sixpence." The quantity of caps given is enormous, while robes, pinafores, shoes, of satin and worsted, flannel shirts, napkins, blankets, &c., swell the list to a large amount; silver spoons, pap-boats, mugs, corals; as well as silver teapots, sugar basins, tongs, and "odds-and-ends" of all kinds, complete this record of fanatical credulity.

The absurdity of all this was severely commented upon both in England, and on the Continent. Yet there were not wanting persons possessing a sufficient amount of gullibility to uphold her fancies or deception among the medical profession. A letter was published by Dr. Reece, in which, after stating that he had visited her and ascertained by personal examination that she was undoubtedly pregnant, had applied to the parish clerk for the certificate of her baptism; and having assured himself of her age, without binding himself to her tenets or her assertions, he considered himself "satisfied" that she might give birth to a child.

But as if to silence the objection to the truth of her situation, an advertisement appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* of Thursday, September 22d, 1814, and also in the *Courier* of Friday, 23rd, in which she declared that in consequence of the malicious and false reports circulated, she was desirous of treating for "a spacious and ready-furnished house to be hired for three months, in which her *accouchement* may take place, in the presence of such competent witnesses as shall be appointed by proper authority to prove her character to the world." On Sunday, Aug. 23rd, all the chapels of her sect were closed until the birth of the child: and her principal chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Tozer, announced that

it would be accompanied by supernatural signs sufficient to convince the most skeptical; and that then would the Millennium commence.

But the appointed day passed over, and, of course, no birth took place, yet her votaries defended her, and obstinately persisted that the child would speedily be born, when death dropped the curtain on the miserable farce; and Joanna expired, in Manchester Street, Manchester Square, on the 27th of December of the same year. Even her death was scarcely believed by her friends, who expected her to rise and live again; but she was buried in the ground attached to St. John's Wood Chapel, where another religious impostor lies, "the prophet Richard Brothers." Opposite to No. 44, on the wall, is the tombstone to her memory.

The failure of her prophecies had, however, no effect in opening the eyes of her deluded votaries. On one occasion she prognosticated the death of her own father at a stated period; in doing which she stood a fair chance of being right, as he was then above seventy years of age, and his death daily expected; but he long survived the appointed period without "the prophetess" suffering at all in the opinion of her followers. On another occasion, to confirm her disciples, a miracle was announced to be performed on a certain day; and this was to raise a corpse to life. The Devil, however, in the shape of Wortley, an officer of the Union Hall Office, interposed and spoiled the effect, by proposing that the dead man should first be stabbed with a dagger. The corpse not liking such a process got up and ran away, to the great astonishment of the congregation. In some instances the zeal of Joanna's followers outran her own discretion; and they carried their vagaries to an extent which she did not always countenance or command, although they were the natural results of her own erroneous example.

The implicit faith that her followers reposed on her predictions may be illustrated by one instance among many. Edward Penny, a farmer residing at Inglebourn, near Totness, Devon, became so convinced of the truth of her prediction, that in the ensuing year there would be no harvest, as the world would be destroyed before the period for gathering the corn had arrived, that he determined to save his seed-wheat, and let all his land lie idle. The harvest time came, the world went on as before; and when rent-day came he had no way of meeting the demands upon himself, so he was obliged to part with a portion of

his property to pay the rent of the farm he had so foolishly neglected. He never recovered the blow, but sunk gradually in the world until he was obliged to seek parochial aid, dying miserably poor.

In London the believers in Southcott's imposture are "dying out," but so short a time ago as September 1838, some few were summoned to Union Hall, for exciting a disturbance in the streets by the exhibition of banners and mystical emblems, and the public preaching of her doctrine; and in May, 1835, an advertisement to the following effect appeared in the papers:—The followers of Joanna Southcott and her son Shiloh, are informed that a very valuable manuscript, giving an account of the Divine Mission of Shiloh, his works and miracles, which have taken place since the death of Joanna Southcott, will be published in Numbers, at one shilling each." And in 1840 another advertisement announced that the manuscript of her original prophecies was to be sold complete "in excellent preservation." Some few of her followers still linger about the neighborhood of Walworth; and it is but a short time since a petition for the destruction of the Devil lay for signature at a rag-shop

there, thus continuing one of the old freaks of Joanna.

That Joanna was an unfortunate lunatic there can be no doubt, her lunacy being the result of misdirected study and enthusiasm acting on a weak brain; and that she and her more immediate followers added deliberate money-getting by imposition there can be also no doubt. What their religious tenets were can scarcely be clearly made out by the published or spoken rhapsodies of the prophetess or her sect; the probability is that they did not themselves distinctly comprehend them. Their errors and actions as exhibited to the world, equal in absurdity any that we read of as enacted in what we term "the dark ages," although taking place in the nineteenth century; and in the very centre of one of the most civilized of European nations. Ere we judge too harshly of the credulity of our ancestors, who had not that means of obtaining true knowledge we have ourselves, we should reflect on the vagaries of this sect, thus acting in opposition to truth and reason. It should also teach us how dangerous it is to stray from the well-defined rules of true religious government.

SCIENCE versus SENTIMENT.—At the trial of the Abbé Gothland and Madame Dussablon for poisoning the housekeeper of the former, which took place the first week in December, 1850, at the assizes of La Charente, in Angoulême, a professional argument occurred between M. Lesueur, the celebrated chemist, and another medical witness, whether the poison had been administered in successive doses or otherwise; and, during the discussion, an allusion was made to a former victim, named Soufflard, by Dr. Gigon, the antagonist of Lesueur, who advanced some erroneous statements with regard to the results of the *post-mortem* examination, which was immediately refuted by Lesueur, who, in his scientific enthusiasm, exclaimed vehemently, "I ought to be able to decide the question, for I myself cooked him from head to foot!"

This melancholy facetiousness recalls irre-

sistibly to memory an anecdote of Gall the phrenologist, who was one day lecturing upon the organ of Tune. "Gentlemen," said the veteran professor, exhibiting at the same time a superbly-formed skull, "here is the head of my excellent friend Colonel Hartmann, one of the finest musicians in the Austrian empire."

"Give us its history!—give us its history!" cried a score of his listeners.

"It is a very simple one," said the German, with a smile of grave self-gratulation; "I lately received intelligence of the death of my excellent friend, which had just taken place at Vienna, and you may imagine my delight on learning that the musical development was most extraordinary. I hastened to possess myself of so valuable a testimony to the truth of the immortal science of phrenology, and here it is. Gentlemen, pass round the head of Colonel Hartmann!"—*Bentley.*

From the Dublin University Magazine.

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

SOMEWHAT more than thirty years ago, when Sir Walter Scott was pouring forth his anonymous novels, when Jeffrey was the king of Whig critics, when Professor Wilson, with Lockhart and the Ettrick Shepherd for his companions, was holding his *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, in connection with *Blackwood's Magazine*, and when, made illustrious by the presence of such men, Edinburgh was all but the literary capital of the country, there might have been seen in Leith Walk, which is a long suburb stretching from Edinburgh to its port-town of Leith, two small bookshops kept by two brothers of the name of Chambers. It would have been found on inquiry that these two young men, of whom the elder was named William and the younger Robert, were natives of Peebles, a pretty town on Tweedside; that they were the sons of parents who had known better days; and that, fortune having thrown them upon their own resources at a time of life when most young men of the middle class are only leaving school, they had chosen a course, which, though humble, gave an incidental gratification to the superior tastes which their early education had led them to contract, and were pursuing it with a zeal, a tenacity of purpose, and a spirit of self-dependence, extraordinary at their age and in their circumstances.

Of the early struggles of the two brothers it is not in our power to say much. For several years, until they took the step of removing from Leith Walk into Edinburgh, they increased their business by slow degrees, gradually forming acquaintanceships among the book-buying and book-selling portions of the Edinburgh community. To eke out the profits of his small trade, William had taught himself the art of printing; and at this branch of business he continued to work for some years as his own compositor and pressman, being unable to pay for assistance. More than this, he ingeniously cut in wood the larger kind of types which he had not the means of purchasing; and he bound with his own hands the whole impression of a small volume, the publication of which his

enterprise had induced him to undertake. An aged gentleman is still in the habit of telling that, in going home late at night through Leith Walk, he never failed to observe that, while all the rest of the street was shrouded in silence and darkness, lights gleamed from the window of William Chambers's small printing-room, whence issued also the wheasy sounds of his ever-toiling press. Industry like this could scarcely fail of its reward.

Occupied either in the mechanical preparation or in the sale of books, the two young men began, about or even before the time of their removal into Edinburgh, to be known by their own efforts in literature. Whether it was native instinct, or their habit of handling books professionally that led them immediately into the temptation of authorship, it might be difficult to say; in the particular nature, however, of their early efforts in this line, one sees a clear proof that both of them possessed from the first something of that innate and intense *amor patriæ* which has constituted for probably half of the whole number of literary Scotchmen the primary impulse and determination towards the literary calling.

Every Scotchman, of any culture or intelligence, has a taste for the antiquities of his native country. Wherever in the wide world a Scotchman ultimately fixes his abode—whatever amount of various training it may be his fortune to receive—to whatever mode of intellectual activity he may at last give himself up, whether to politics, to poetry, to metaphysics, to science, or to stockjobbing—there will still necessarily be found at his heart, by those that can succeed in reaching it, an undissolved knot of national feeling, of purely sentimental attachment to that jagged little bit of the general British area which lies north of the Tweed.

"The rough bur-thistle, spreading wide,
Amang the bearded bear,
I turned the weeding-heuk aside,
And spared the symbol dear:

No nation, no station,
My envy e'er could raise;
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise."

All Scotchmen share this feeling of Burns. Indeed, this sentiment of the Thistle, if we may so call it, seems to be the only piece of original moral capital with which Scotland furnishes all her children indiscriminately. All Scotchmen have not the same type of head; nor, whatever may be the common opinion on the subject, are all Scotchmen prudent and cautious; but this one quality all Scotchmen certainly do possess in common—affection for Scotland. Connecting this one element of Scotticism with whatever other kinds of mental stuff he chooses, a Scotchman may be anything possible in the world—a transcendentalist or a Joseph Hume; a saint or a debauchee; a poet or a maker of fish-hooks; nevertheless, as possessing this one quality upon which they can always fall back for agreement, Scotchmen are more homogeneous than Englishmen. And, as we have already said, much of the literary effort of Scottish authors has been determined by this strong feeling of nationality. The poetry of Burns, for example, and the writings of Sir Walter Scott, are pre-eminently Scottish in their character. No English compositions can be cited that exhibit such a surcharge of the peculiar element of Anglicism, whatever that is, as these compositions exhibit of the element of Scotticism. The greatness of Shakspeare and of Milton does not possess, or, as some might say, is not marred by, any feature of special nationality; but in reading Burns and Sir Walter, it is almost essential to remember that they were Scotchmen. And even of literary Scotchmen of a different class—of such general thinkers and writers, for example, as Adam Smith, Reid, Hume, and Chalmers, in whose intellectual exhibitions there has been nothing deliberately or formally Scotch—even of such writers and thinkers it may be observed, that, privately, and for their own solace, they have always retained much of the specially Scottish sentiment and humor. There is a curious instance of this in the evident delight, we had almost said glee, with which Sir William Hamilton, of Edinburgh, a man whose speculative intellect is, perhaps, more pure and less limited by local or national associations than that of any other living Briton, traces, in his recent edition of Reid's Works, the course of the tributary of Scottish thought through the whole modern history of philosophy; pointing out, for example, for

the credit of his native country, such facts as these—that the grandfather of Sir Isaac Newton was a Scotchman from East Lothian; that Kant himself had Scottish blood in his veins; and that the celebrated French thinker, Destutt Tracy, was a scion of the uneuphonic Scottish clan of Stott.

Thirty years ago the Scottish sentiment was stronger than it is now; and there were circumstances in the position of the two Chamberses to enhance even that portion of it which, in common with all Scotchmen, they had received from nature. Natives of a provincial Scottish town, not without its claim to antiquarian notice, they had removed to Edinburgh just at the time of life when they were most fit to receive new impressions. Now no one that has not gone through the experience can tell the effects of a first contact with Edinburgh and its society upon a young Scotchman that has removed thither from a provincial town.

"Edinburgh to a young provincial who sees it for the first time! O! the complex strangeness of the impression! The *reeker* atmosphere; the picturesque outline of the whole built mass against the sky; the heights and hollows; the free-stone houses; the different aspects of the shops; the dialect so new that one hears from the children in the streets—the impression of all this is indescribable. Everything is strange; the very dust seems to be blown by the wind in a new and mystic manner. And then, when the town is taken in detail. The Calton Hill; Arthur seat; the High-street, with its closes; the Castle, with Mons Meg and the Regalia; John Knox's house; Holyrood Palace; Princes'-street, along which Sir Walter Scott limped; the whole of the New Town, and the great, black chasm, lamp-studded at night, which separates it from the Old—all so poetic, so novel! And then, here to have so many historical facts and incidents visibly bodied forth! Rizzio's blood, the Martyr's grave, the spot where Mitchell shot at Archbishop Sharpe; one can go and see it all. Surely, to be born in this city is a privilege; to have lived in it, and not to love it, is for a Scotchman impossible. "City of my choice," one might say with Richter, "to which I would belong on this side the grave!"

So writes some enthusiastic Scot regarding Edinburgh as it now is, or as it was a little while ago; and thirty or forty years ago the impression must have been even more characteristic and vivid. True, Mons Meg and the Regalia were not then to be seen, and the New Town was not by half so Athenian and architectural as it now is; but many tradition-hallowed parts of the Old Town have since been pulled down, and much that was peculiar and national in the habits of the

citizens has since disappeared. The Scotch dialect was then still spoken among classes of the community from which it has since been chased by the invasion of English teachers of elocution; relics of Edinburgh, as it was in the middle of last century, still remained in the shape of octogenarian ladies and gentlemen that pertinaciously clung to the Old Town, and told stories of their younger days; and the Parliament House still boasted wits and humorists, worthy to have been caricatured by Kay, along with the Kameses and Monboddos of a former generation. And, more important still, Sir Walter Scott was then still alive. Persons walking down Princes'-street in an afternoon could see his buirdly figure heaving itself lamely along on the pavement before them, and could study his good-humored countenance, with its shaggy light eyebrows, as he turned to pat the dogs that would introduce themselves to him, and take the liberty of licking his hand. Moreover, the influence of this man had filled all Scotland, and Edinburgh in particular, with a kind of epidemic enthusiasm for everything that related to Scottish antiquity. Hardly can the two brothers have been familiar with the streets of Edinburgh when "Waverley" came out to astonish and delight all its reading circles; and among the chief topics of the town during the first four years of their residence in it must have been the six novels with which the Great Unknown followed up his first effort, to wit—"Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Black Dwarf," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," and "The Heart of Mid-Lothian." Others and others followed; and in 1820 everybody was mad about Scotch ballads, Scotch antiquities, and the Waverley novels.

What with their native *amor patriæ* as Scotchmen, what with the antiquarian curiosity that could not fail to be roused in them by their transference at such an inquisitive age to Edinburgh, and what with the infection of that atmosphere of Scottish enthusiasm, which Scott had then been the means of diffusing through the country, the two brothers, if they were to make an entrance into literature at all, could hardly escape doing so through the medium of a liking for Scottish humors and antiquities. Possessing both of them a strong desire for information, and gifted also, both of them, and especially Robert, with a peculiar relish for the anecdotic and picturesque in history, their favorite books for reading, out of their own little stocks, when they began life as booksellers,

must have been, we fancy, such as Sir Walter Scott also used to set most store by. The Waverley novels, they, of course, read as they came out; but many an odd volume of old ballads, and other Scottish matter besides, such as Sir Walter would have been glad to pick up had he met with it, must have lain on their counters for their own private reading in the intervals of business, or of severer intellectual employment. Their reminiscences, too, of the country; their facilities in their respective situations, for making observations of their own on men and manners; and their opportunities, in their more social hours, of gleaning original snatches of old Scottish song and narrative from among their various acquaintances—must all have contributed to give to their acquisitions in Scottish history an independent value and interest; and had Sir Walter, in 1819 or 1820, chanced, in sauntering down Leith Walk, to enter into conversation, over an old book, with either of the young book-dealing brothers—with William, then but nineteen or twenty, or with Robert, then but seventeen or eighteen years of age—he would doubtless have found in either not merely an intelligent reader of his own works, but a youth of real culture in the department of Scottish lore and antiquities.

We do not know if Sir Walter ever did happen thus to fall into chat with the young Chamberses in their shops in Leith Walk; but they had not been long in Edinburgh before their names became known to him. For, already practised in writing as, like all other literary aspirants, they must have been by the contribution of occasional papers to such local periodicals as were open to them, anonymously or otherwise, they soon ventured on publications which gave them a title to rank openly among the devotees of Scottish literature.

Robert's first work, the "Traditions of Edinburgh," the materials for which he had begun to collect in 1820, appeared in 1823-4. The first and several of the subsequent editions were printed by William at his small press. The work was immediately popular, and it deserved to be so. There does not exist a more amusing book of local antiquities. It is for Edinburgh what Cunningham's "Handbook" and Leigh Hunt's "Town" are for London, combining the accurate detail of the one, with much of the humor and romance of the other. And indeed Edinburgh is just the town that could admit of such a book, and that required to have it,—a town not too large to be overtaken in a connected

story, and yet every inch of it rich with old memories and associations. Every spot in the town has its traditions, and every inhabitant knows, by some chance or other, some of those traditions. One person will point out to you James's Court, where Hume and Boswell lived, and where Dr. Johnson went to visit the latter; another will show you a cellar in the High Street, and tell you that the treaty of Union between Scotland and England was signed there: a third will show you the spot where Darnley was blown up with gunpowder; in the West Bow anybody will point out to you the haunted house once tenanted by the horrible wizard, Major Weir, who was burnt in 1670; and all round the Grass-market are tangible and visible relics of notorious facts in the old history of the town. To collect these scattered traditions of Edinburgh in an authentic and complete form had been, we believe, a favorite design of Sir Walter Scott; but the enterprising young immigrant from Peebles was beforehand with him in setting about its execution. With a natural taste for the historical and anecdotic, and impressed, doubtless, with that mystic veneration for Edinburgh which, as we have already said, is sure to seize every intelligent young provincial that goes to take up his abode in it, Robert Chambers seems, while yet a mere boy, to have contracted, in his perambulations through the town, an antiquarian acquaintance with all its noted localities. And when the idea struck him of writing a book on so interesting and attractive a subject, he spared no pains in converting this general acquaintance with the streets and suburbs of Edinburgh into a minute and perfect knowledge. Probably there was not a nook or corner of the town, not a close or *land* in the dingiest purlieus of Auld Reekie, that he did not visit and explore in person. All such oral or written sources of information as were open to him, were also diligently consulted; and in particular, interesting materials were communicated to him by Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe and Sir Walter Scott, to whom his inquiries during the preparation of the book were the means of introducing him, and to whom, when it was finished, he dedicated it—the first volume to Mr. Sharpe, the second to Sir Walter. Since the work was originally published it has been much improved and enlarged; and the copyright, after having passed through several hands, having been recently repurchased by the brothers, the “Traditions of Edinburgh” now appears, in its final shape, as one of the volumes of the author's re-issue of his select

writings. It is the best guide a stranger could have to the antiquities of Edinburgh: at least we only know one better, and that is Mr. Robert Chambers himself, than whom, Peebles-man as he is, there is not, since Sir Walter Scott died, a single citizen of Edinburgh better acquainted with its outs and ins, or better qualified to do its honors as illustrator and cicerone. A walk through the old town of Edinburgh, with Robert Chambers as guide, is one of the treats that literary strangers of any antiquarian propensity have a kind of prescriptive right to look forward to when about to visit the Scottish capital.

Once fairly embarked on the career of authorship, and having succeeded in making themselves favorably known by their first productions, the two brothers continued, in the intervals of business, to prosecute their literary efforts. Either as having more time, or as having a stronger inclination to use his pen, Robert was for some years the more voluminous author. His “Traditions of Edinburgh” were, in 1826, followed by a curious and most agreeable volume entitled “Popular Rhymes of Scotland.” The nature of this book—a book after Sir Walter Scott's own heart—may be inferred by those that have not seen it (and no Scotchman ought to be in that predicament) from the following paragraph in the preface to the new and fuller edition of it, printed among the author's select writings:—

“Reared amidst friends to whom popular poetry furnished a daily enjoyment, and led by a tendency of my own mind to delight in whatever is quaint, whimsical, and old, I formed the wish, at an early period of life, to complete, as I considered it, the collection of the traditionary verse of Scotland, by gathering together and publishing all that remained of a multitude of rhymes and short snatches of verse, applicable to places, families, natural objects, amusements, &c., wherewith, not less than by song and ballad, the cottage fireside was amused in days gone past, while yet printed books were only familiar to comparatively few. This task was executed as well as circumstances would permit, and a portion of the ‘Popular Rhymes of Scotland’ was published in 1826. Other objects have since occupied me, generally of a graver kind; yet, amidst them all, I have never lost my wish to complete the publication of these relics of the old *natural literature* of my native country.”

This book, perhaps the most original in conception of all Robert Chambers's works of the same species, must have added greatly to the reputation his “Traditions of Edinburgh” had procured for him, and must have

been the means of gaining him many friends. In the following year he still farther distinguished himself by "The Picture of Scotland," a work in two volumes, the result of travel and reading combined, and intended as an attempt to elevate topographical and archaeological details respecting the chief localities in Scotland into the region of the *belles lettres*. In an entry in Scott's Diary, dated February 4th, 1829, there occurs the following criticism of this book:—"Rather dawdled, and took to reading Chambers's 'Beauties of Scotland,' which would be admirable, if they were accurate. He is a clever young fellow, but hurts himself by too much haste." The inaccuracy complained of by Sir Walter arose doubtless from the necessity the author was under of eking out the results of his own tour by matter compiled from other sources. "Haste," indeed, in a certain sense, there must have been (though Sir Walter was hardly the man to find fault with celerity of production), for in the three years 1828-30, Robert, whose pen had doubtless acquired fluency by practice, followed up his "Picture of Scotland" by no fewer than eight volumes more—to wit, "Histories of the Scottish Rebellions of 1638-1660, 1745-46, and 1689-1715," in successive volumes, and a "Life of James I.," in two volumes, for Constable's Miscellany; and three volumes of "Scottish Ballads and Songs," with annotations, for Tait. Of these various productions the author has thought none worthy to be reprinted among his select writings, except the "History of the Rebellion of 1745-6"—a work which, enlarged as it now is, is not only the best narrative we have of the life of Prince Charles Stuart, but also one of the best specimens of lively and picturesque story-telling in the language. It is to be regretted that the "Ballads and Songs" are now so scarce, as the collection was judicious and the typographical appearance of the volumes extremely creditable to the publisher. A later work, commenced by R. Chambers in 1832 for Messrs. Blackie and Fullarton of Glasgow, but not concluded till 1835, was a "Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotchmen," extending over four large volumes. All these literary undertakings were accomplished by Mr. Chambers while attending to his business as a book seller; most of them being literary commissions, so to speak, from large houses in his own trade.

Meanwhile, William's pen had not been idle. Besides various occasional writings, doubtless, which we have not the means of tracing, he brought out, in 1830, an elaborate

work entitled "The Book of Scotland." Of the nature and intention of this book, the following is an account given in the preface:—

"The volume now introduced to public notice has been compiled with the view of furnishing for the first time to strangers and others a connected, comprehensive delineation of the chief institutions in Scotland, as well as the more prominent and peculiar laws and usages by which the northern kingdom is still distinguished from other parts of the British Empire, and more especially from England."

As admirable as Robert's works are in their way, is this work of William's, with its succinct and clear accounts of all the peculiarities in the mechanism of the Scottish social system; the powers of its courts and various legal functionaries; its laws of marriage, divorce, &c.; its educational institutions, its civic and religious organisation, and such like. Indeed we know not how the original characteristic qualities of the two brothers could be better seen than by taking this work as representative of William, and comparing it with the "Picture of Scotland," the "Traditions of Edinburgh," or any other of Robert's earlier productions. In both will be found the same fundamental *amor Scotiæ*, the same patriotic sentiment; in both, too, will be found the same relish for a genuine bit of Scottish character or humor, and the same liking for treasuring it up: but in Robert the tendency, it will be observed, is rather to the purely historic and artistic; in William there is a stronger dash of the statistical and immediately practical. It is the external features of his native land, the physiognomy, moral and corporeal, of its inhabitants, their costumes, customs, and humors, that Robert chiefly describes, and he looks on them rather with the acquiescent eye of a poet and lover of the picturesque, than with the eye of a social or political censor; William, on the other hand, without being insensible to these charms of humorous and poetical observation, seems to have possessed from the first a special energy of temperament, that led him rather to discuss the right and the wrong of social forms and usages, and to take a part in overt movements for social improvement. Does the reader remember the language of Burns, in the other half of that famous verse, part of which we have already quoted, as descriptive of the kind of patriotic enthusiasm which is the initial feeling of almost all Scotchmen? Here it is:—

"Even then, a wish (I mind its power),
A wish that to my latest hour

Shall strongly heave my breast—
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least."

Well, if this wish be broken into two parts, we should say that the one part would represent the original aspiration of William Chambers, the other the original aspiration of Robert. To write the "beuk" and to sing the "sang" must have been the form, we take it, of Robert's earliest wish to be of benefit to his native land; William, on the other hand, must have aspired after the "usefu' plan," and must have meditated the "beuk," chiefly as a fit vehicle of the same. Hence, we should imagine, the idea of such a work as "The Book of Scotland"—a repository of information relative to the entire constitution of Scottish social and legal procedure, with sagacious, practical reflections interspersed, and comparisons suggested with other countries.

It is obvious that the characteristic differences of the two brothers, based as they were on real agreement and similarity, were just such as to be of mutual service when brought to act in literary concert. Their first joint enterprise, accordingly, was of a kind to call forth in some degree the peculiar talents of both. This was a "Gazetteer of Scotland," in other words an alphabetical survey, geographical, commercial, and antiquarian, of the whole kingdom of Scotland. It was begun for the booksellers in 1820, and completed, at the expense of much labor in collecting materials, in 1832, when it was published. The chief share of the work devolved, we believe, on William, who wrote the bulk of it while waiting on business at his counter.

But that which was finally to associate the brothers in literary and commercial partnership was the scheme of the *Edinburgh Journal*, projected by William in 1832, and which was destined to fulfill to the utmost whatever aspirations after a "usefu' plan" his most sanguine anticipations had led him to conceive.

"Cheap literature" was not then unknown, but it was still in its infancy. A great deal of useless controversy, it seems to us, has been raised on the question of priority of invention, if it may be so called, in this matter. Who was the inventor of "Cheap Literature?" To whom is the original conception of a cheap literary sheet, depending for success on a widely-extended circulation, justly to be attributed? On this particular point of absolute priority we have never heard that the Messrs. Chambers have put forward

any claim; indeed, about twenty years ago the idea was epidemic, the offspring of nobody in special, but the general result of many circumstances combined—in part of a popular demand for literary recreation, in part of the mechanical perfection to which the art of printing had attained, and in part of that mercantile spirit of enterprise which ever watches the market. Names, however, that do deserve honorable mention in this connection are those of Leigh Hunt and Charles Knight; the one of whom, we believe, preceded the Chamberses as the editor of a cheap weekly sheet, and the other of whom, appearing in the field almost contemporaneously with them, has during these twenty years advanced side by side with them, with a spirit and fertility of design all his own, thus adding an independent reputation to his merits as an author, and rendering his name as familiar to the people at large as the sight of his fine benevolent countenance is delightful to those that personally know him. If the Chamberses and Charles Knight have since appeared as friendly competitors on the same general arena, this has been the result of circumstances; for originally, we believe, the Chamberses chiefly contemplated addressing themselves to Scotland. One or two cheap sheets were already in being in Edinburgh—poor in abilities and in aim, but yet eminently successful; and it was the success of these that suggested to William Chambers the idea of issuing a cheap weekly periodical, of a superior tone, carefully prepared, and with comprehensive views as regarded popular enlightenment. He was then in his thirty-second year, and full of energy; his success in business had enabled him to lay by capital enough to make a beginning; this he was willing to risk; and, securing his brother's literary co-operation, he took all the preliminary measures, and on the 4th of February, 1832, six weeks before the appearance of the *Penny Magazine*, the first number of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, in the form of a large newspaper sheet, was to be seen in the windows of the Scottish booksellers.

We have a copy of the first number of the *Journal* now before us, and, in glancing over it, we are struck by two things; in the first place, by the decidedly Scottish tone and spirit of the periodical at its outset, more than one half of the matter consisting of papers illustrative of Scottish character and Scottish society; and in the second place, by the enthusiastic and resolute manner in which the editor, Mr. William Chambers, chalks out

the future career of the periodical in his programme, and the distinctness with which he makes his readers aware of his views as to the purposes which such a periodical should fulfill. The following are a few sentences from the opening address:—

"The grand leading principle by which I have been actuated, is to take advantage of the universal appetite for instruction which at present exists; to supply to that appetite food of the best kind, and in such a form, and at such a price, as must suit the convenience of every man in the British dominions. Every Saturday, when the poorest laborer in the country draws his humble earnings, he shall have it in his power to purchase, with an insignificant portion of even that humble sum, a meal of healthful, useful, and agreeable mental instruction; nay, every schoolboy shall be able to purchase with his pocket-money something permanently useful—something calculated to influence his fate through life, instead of the trash upon which the grown children of the present day were wont to expend it . . . Whether I succeed in my wishes, a very brief space of time will satisfactorily determine. I throw myself on the good sense of my countrymen for support; all I ask is a fair field wherein to exercise my industry in their service; and should Heaven in its mercy grant me that share of health, which, by its inscrutable Providence, is now denied to so many around me, I do not despair of showing such a specimen of the powers of the printing-press as has hitherto been unexampled in the history of literature. It may, perhaps, be considered an invidious remark, when I state as my honest conviction, that the people of Great Britain and Ireland have never yet been properly cared for, in the way of presenting knowledge, under its most cheering and captivating aspect, to their immediate observation. The scheme of diffusing knowledge has certainly more than once been attempted on respectable principles, by associations established under all the advantages of an enormous capital, as well as the influence of baronial title, and the endeavor has generally been attended with beneficial results. Yet the great end has not been gained. The dearth of the publications, the harshness of official authority, and, above all, the folly of attaching the interests of political or ecclesiastical corporations to the course of instruction or reading, have, separately or conjointly, circumscribed the limits of their operation; so that the world, on the whole, is but little the wiser, with all the attempts which have in this manner been made. The strongholds of ignorance, though not unassailed, remain still to be carried. Carefully eschewing the errors into which these highly praiseworthy associations have unfortunately fallen, I take a course altogether novel. Whatever may be my political principles—and I would not be in the least degree ashamed to own and defend them—neither these principles, nor any other, which would assuredly be destructive to my present views, shall ever mingle in my observations on the conventional arrangements of civil society.

Nothing could afford me greater pleasure than to learn that CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL yielded equal satisfaction and delight to the highest Conservative party in the state, and to the boldest advocate of an universal democracy; or was read with as much avidity at the cheerless firesides of the Roman Catholic peasantry, as at those of the more highly cultivated Presbyterian cotters of my native land. I have voluntarily, and unprompted, taken in my hands an engine endowed with the most tremendous possibilities of mischief. I may have it now in my power to instill the most pernicious opinions on almost any subject into the minds of three millions of human beings. But I see the straight path of moral responsibility before me, and shall, by the blessing of God, adhere to the line of rectitude and duty."

It may be laid down as an axiom, that the worth of every enterprise, political, literary, or of any other kind whatever, is exactly equal to the worth of the mind or minds it issues from. Heralded in, therefore, by such a bold and decided note, and supported by all the talent and energy of two brothers, both of them men of remarkable native power, both of them trained to habits of business and punctuality, both of them upheld in all their dealings by strict prudence and conscientiousness, and both of them practised, according to their different aims and tendencies, in literary labor—the *Journal* met with an immediate success. Twenty thousand copies were sold in Scotland alone on the first day of publication; and the following extract from a note by the Editor to his readers, printed at the close of the first year, i. e. in the *Journal* of the 2d of February, 1833, will show the manner in which the public continued to receive the boon offered to them:—

"The sale of the first twelve numbers of the JOURNAL was confined in a great measure to Scotland; and the quantity then printed (including a portion designed for the supply of future demands) was thirty-one thousand. At the thirteenth number, an impression was commenced in London, which soon very nearly doubled the previous amount of the sales. The eight ensuing numbers were printed both in England and Scotland, from forms of types respectively set up in London and Edinburgh, which necessarily induced the risk of printing a few additional thousands, to be reserved as stock. But at the twenty-first publication, it was resolved to use stereotype plates, so that the impression might in both cases be limited to the immediate demand, leaving all future necessities to be supplied exactly as they arose. From the types set up under the care of the Editors at Edinburgh, were then cast two sets of plates, one of which was regularly transmitted on a particular day to London, where it was used instead of separate forms of types; by which means the

Editors might be said to have the advantage of supervising both editions; the risk of superfluous stock was avoided; and yet the whole expense of the two sets of plates was less than what had previously been paid for the double composition of the types. When the system had fully taken effect, the united sale of the two editions approached fifty thousand. . . It is also a circumstance in no small degree satisfactory, that, with the present publication, commences an independent impression for Ireland, by the use of a set of stereotype plates, taken, like the others, from the types set up under the immediate care of the Editors, and which are subjected to the press by Messrs. Curry and Company, of Dublin. The work is now, therefore, simultaneously printed and published in each of the three capitals of the United Kingdom; a circumstance for which there is no parallel in the annals of letters."

We are just old enough ourselves to recollect the sensation produced in Scotland by the appearance of *Chambers's*, or, as it used to be called with that disregard of orthodoxy which distinguishes Scottish pronunciation, *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. We remember the avidity with which it was sought for and read, the care that was taken to preserve the old numbers for binding, and the mysterious sense of wonder that used to be felt (it was in a town remote from Edinburgh) by children as to who those extraordinary beings, the *Chamberses*, were. Nay, a year or two afterward, when, as a boy, we paid our first visit to Edinburgh, we remember gazing with interest at the spot in Waterloo-place, where we were given to understand the wonderful business of preparing the delightful periodical was carried on, and reverently speculating, as we walked in the neighborhood, whether this or that imposing individual that we met on the crowded pavement might not possibly be one of the *Chamberses*. And similarly, we should suppose, must the idea of the Journal and its Editors have figured in the imagination of all the growing part of the Scottish community.

The success of the *Journal* was not temporary. Gradually the circulation rose from 50,000 copies, which was the rate of sale during the first year or two of its existence, to 60,000; thence, during the year 1838, to 68,000; and thence in the following years to 70,000, and 72,000. This was the rate of what may be called the direct or home circulation, not reckoning the American reprints which began to be issued, almost as soon as the *Journal* had appeared. Of the home-copies, also, thousands were despatched to India and the Colonies; so that ere long the *Journal* counted its readers in all parts of

the globe where the English language was spoken. At the close of the twelfth year, the editors resolved on a change in the form of the sheet; and accordingly since the beginning of 1844, the *Journal* has been issued, not in the large folio size which prevailed through the first twelve volumes (and which was itself a reduction from the unwieldy newspaper dimensions of the first few numbers), but in the convenient form of an octavo sheet fit for preservation and binding. As it is not safe to make innovations of this kind where the public has long been accustomed to a particular form, the experiment was reckoned by some rather hazardous; but the result amply justified the venture, for almost immediately the circulation rose largely in consequence, so that, during the year 1845, which was the second year of the new series, it reached the extraordinary quantity of 90,000 copies—a number, however, which still fell short of that attained by the *Penny Magazine*, which, as being cheaper, and also embellished with woodcuts, reached, we are told, a circulation at one time averaging 170,000, and even occasionally rose far beyond that. After an existence, however, of ten years, the *Penny Magazine* ceased; and its companion, the *Saturday Magazine*, likewise ceasing after a few years, the *Journal* was left for awhile in possession of the field. New competitors have since started up in *Hogg's Weekly Instructor*, *The People's Journal*, *Hovell's Journal*, *Eliza Cook's Journal*, *Dickens's Household Words*, and, as we may now add, a new issue of *Leigh Hunt's Journal*. All these periodicals, with characteristic excellences of their own, bear some resemblance, in form and method, to *Chambers's Journal*, which, indeed, has, by virtue of its steady success and continuance, served as a kind of model to all projectors in the same line. Over and above the journals named, but of a somewhat different class, are such papers as *The Family Herald*, the issue of which, we believe, reaches a sum that places it at the head of popular prints. Notwithstanding all these rivalries from so many different quarters, the *Edinburgh Journal* yet sustains its rank; its circulation at the present moment averaging 64,000 or 65,000—a notable testimony to the unabated worth and reputation of a periodical, now verging on the close of the nineteenth year of its existence!

Nor has the progress of the *Journal* been solely in the matter of circulation. Whoever has been acquainted with it from its outset, must have remarked a kind of pro-

gress or development in the character of the periodical itself, keeping pace with its growth in years. This is variously to be accounted for. In the first place, it must be partly the result of the growing experience of the Messrs. Chambers themselves, who, with all their knowledge at the outset of what was best suited for the purposes of popular instruction and amusement, must of course have benefited by the lessons they have received in the course of their long and laborious editorship. Again, something is to be attributed to the fact, that the *Journal*, although originally intended chiefly as a Scottish periodical, has long ceased to be such. After the first quarter, the editors found that they were able to add England, Ireland, the Colonies, and America to the field of their circulation and influence; and it is a curious fact that, from that period hitherto, the greater part of the circulation not only of the *Journal* but also of all their other publications, has been in England—the Scottish circulation being but a proportionate fraction of the whole. Necessarily, therefore, the editors have abandoned much of that spirit of reference to Scottish tastes and Scottish subjects, which characterized their early numbers; and have studied to address themselves broadly and deeply to the whole range of British and human interests. And, in accomplishing this, they have of course been greatly assisted by the co-operation of other writers, of whose services they have from the first availed themselves. Retaining always in their own hands the direction and management of the periodical, they have had among their contributors, writers of all varieties of faculty and taste—Englishmen and Englishwomen, Irishmen and Irishwomen, as well as countrymen and countrywomen of their own, writers of the highest celebrity, as well as aspirants whom they have helped to encourage. The *Journal* is supported, we believe, at an expense of about £1,000 per annum for literary contributions alone. In addition, however, to these reasons for the progress one may have remarked in the character and tone of the *Journal*, something must also be owing to the fact of the growing intimacy between the *Journal* itself and its readers. Having once established itself as a household favorite, the *Journal* had, as it were, secured a fixed audience; and having, as it were, to carry this audience along with it, (many who were boys and girls when they began to read it, are now fathers and mothers of families) it has necessarily, while never ceasing to aim at the instruction and delight of the humblest

reader that might chance to take it up, endeavored at the same time to fulfill the purposes of progressive and ever-widening tuition. Thus there will be found in its pages—in addition to tales, essays, historic sketches, criticisms, and miscellaneous paragraphs, such as would interest readers universally—numerous dissertations of a scientific or highly thoughtful nature, adapted for a more select class of minds, and displaying as much depth and as much intellectual originality as the best current papers of the most distinguished quarterlies; indeed, very frequently, written by the same pens.

Immediately after the *Journal* had become successful as a speculation, the two brothers relinquished their separate businesses, and united in partnership for the printing and publishing of that and other works. For some time their premises were in Waterloo Place, Edinburgh; but ultimately they removed to the High street, where, by successive purchases and alterations, they have converted the whole space between two of those ancient courts or closes, which run off from the main street like the small bones from the vertebra of a fish, into a large and handsome printing establishment and warehouse, which strangers go to visit out of curiosity.

The "*Journal*" (to which there was originally attached, under the name of *The Historical Newspaper*, a kind of monthly record of events, not unlike the monthly chronicle now attached to "*Dickens's Household Words*") had been in existence about two years, when the brothers projected a new scheme in the shape of a series of popular, scientific, and historical treatises, entitled "*Information for the People*." Of this most useful publication the sale from first to last averaged, we believe, 30,000 copies of each number. Other publications, carried on from time to time contemporaneously with the *Journal*, have been:—"The Cyclopædia of English Literature," in three volumes, forming a survey of our national literature from its infancy to the present day, with biographical and critical notices of distinguished writers, and ample extracts from their works; "*The People's Editions of Standard English Works and Translations*," including, also, *Original Contributions* by the Messrs. Chambers themselves; "*The Educational Course*," a series of volumes begun in 1834, and still in progress, designed as a complete set of text-books for public or private tuition, from the years of infancy up to the close of the period of life usually devoted in this country to scholastic training;

"Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts," a series of popular sketches, tales, and treatises, published at a penny, and now bound up in twenty volumes, immense bales of which, over and above the immediate issue, have since been despatched to all parts of the world; "Chambers's Popular Library," and "Chambers's Juvenile Library," consisting of separate works expressly written for the occasion (Mr. J. Hill Burton, the author of the "Life of David Hume," wrote a treatise on "Social and Political Philosophy" for the former series), and destined, the one for the people at large, the other for the instruction and amusement of children; and, lastly, "Chambers's Papers for the People," a weekly issue of the same price as the Journal, and designed as an adaptation to popular wants of that higher kind of literary matter which has hitherto formed the staple of our more elaborate Quarterlies. Nearly all of these works have been reprinted in America; several of the volumes of "The Educational Course" have been translated into Hindoostanee, and are used in Bengal by the native teachers; and "The Information for the People" has been translated into Welsh, and is now being published in Wales.

Even commercially viewed, there is much that is interesting in such a mechanism for the diffusion of literature on the large scale, as that which the Messrs. Chambers have thus created and brought to perfection. At the outset, we believe, it was not merely the possession of practical knowledge as booksellers that determined them to combine the mechanical business of printing and publishing with the higher functions of editorship and original literary production; but also, in part, a sense of the extreme difficulty of working out large schemes of publication, if restricted by dependence on tradesmen out of doors. Possibly the lesson thus afforded by the Messrs. Chambers is capable of an application to the business of authorship, not yet fully appreciated. Although concerned only with the printing and publishing of their own works, the plans of the Messrs. Chambers, at their establishment in Edinburgh, and the number of hands they employ, are necessarily considerable. The depth of their premises in the High-street (in which all the branches of their business except paper-making are carried on) is about 268 feet from front to back; and the general breadth is 45 feet. Their chief printing-room, a spacious hall lighted from the roof, gives accommodation to ten printing machines, with

a high-pressure steam-engine of ten horse power. The number of sheets printed in this apartment during the month ending February 2, 1850, was 723,504; the number of sheets printed annually averages ten millions, paying about £3000 of excise duty. The number of persons at present employed on the premises, including principals and literary assistants, is 180—a change truly from the times when the elder brother toiled half the night at his hand-press, with doubtless but a feeble hope of ever becoming known beyond a very limited sphere of operation.

The nineteen years that have elapsed since the two brothers first commenced their exertions in that department of activity with which their names are now indissolubly associated, have, of course, produced changes not only in their worldly relations and circumstances, but also, in some degree, in their own aspirations and modes of thinking. They were then young men, with little means, and struggling hard and in comparative obscurity for a living. They are now men of mature age, enjoying a degree of affluence that in Scotland must be called wealth—the honorable fruit of their enterprise and diligence; men of social note and distinction in the city where they have resided so long, and known by reputation wherever there are reading Englishmen. Recently, by a graceful act of natural affection towards the place of his birth, Mr. William Chambers has purchased back the house in Peebles that once belonged to his father, as well as an estate in the neighborhood, where he has fixed his summer residence, visiting Edinburgh as occasion requires, and where he means to prosecute improvements as a landlord. Robert Chambers still resides habitually in Edinburgh. In both of them it is still possible to trace a strong subsoil of that *amor patriæ* of which, as we have said, no Scotchman ever seeks to rid himself, and which constituted for them, as it has for so many others, the primary impulse and determination towards literature. In the natural course of development, however, through which they have been led since they began their literary labors, they have necessarily superinduced on this original foundation, each according to his characteristic tendencies, an intimate acquaintance and sympathy with the whole civilization of the time. Thus, William, following out that tendency to the observation and criticism of social forms and institutions which appeared in his "Book of Scotland," has, in the course of his editorship, applied himself much and variously to considerations affecting the eco-

nomical and educational progress of British people generally, and has furnished numerous papers illustrating his views on such topics. We may instance particularly some remarkable articles published by him in the "Journal" a year or two ago on the state of Ireland. Robert, on the other hand, while retaining his fondness for the historical, the humorous, and the picturesque, has gone largely into general literature; and has, for some years,

distinguished himself by his assiduity and success as an original laborer among the speculations of advanced science. Among his contributions in this walk, his work on "Ancient Sea Margins"—an attempt inductively to establish the extensive operation over the globe of a geological influence hitherto overlooked or too little appreciated—deserves especial notice.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE SEARCH FOR SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

Two years have elapsed since an article appeared in our pages on the "Arctic Expeditions," in which we gave all the information in our power respecting the expedition under Sir John Franklin, and of the means which had been taken at that period to rescue our unfortunate countrymen; and we concluded by expressing our strong hopes and expectations that before the close of 1849 they would be restored to us.

But these hopes were, unhappily, destined to be disappointed. The autumn of 1849 witnessed the return of Sir James Ross from an entirely unsuccessful voyage in search of the Erebus and Terror; and the winter of 1849-50 closed upon us with the painful certainty that 138 men still remained immured in the arctic regions.

The signal failures to succor Sir John Franklin, acting powerfully on public sympathy, determined the Admiralty to organize more extensive measures for his discovery; and no time was lost in obtaining the opinion of those persons best calculated to advise in so urgent a crisis.

It ultimately was resolved to send out three distinct expeditions,—one, consisting of the Enterprise and Investigator, to Behring Straits, under the command of Captain Collinson, who is instructed to do all in his power to penetrate through the Straits to Melville Island; and the two other expeditions to Lancaster Sound and Barrow Straits, with the view of exploring the seas to the westward. The latter expeditions are composed of six ships, four of which are under the command of Captain Austin, and two under that of Mr. Penny, who has had great experience in

the Arctic Seas as captain of a whaling-ship. A new and important feature merits notice with respect to Captain Austin's expedition. Two of his ships are screw steamers of sixty-horse power, and their performance has proved beyond all doubt that it is by the means of such vessels only that we can hope to thoroughly solve the mysteries of the Arctic Seas. Independently of these expeditions, three others were despatched in the spring of the past year on the same humane mission to Barrow Straits. One consisting of two ships of 144 and 91 tons respectively, equipped at the sole expense of Mr. Grinnell of New York, which sailed from that port; one under the patronage of the Hudson's Bay Company, and commanded by Sir John Ross; and one consisting of the "ketch" Prince Albert, equipped at the expense principally of Lady Franklin, and which sailed from Aberdeen on the 5th of June last. Although this ship was sufficiently provisioned to enable her to remain out during this winter, her inability to enter a harbor in the vicinity of her proposed operations rendered her return expedient; and it is to this circumstance that we are indebted for much valuable and interesting information respecting the movements and probable position of the searching squadron. Before, however, entering on this branch of our subject, we have a few words to say with reference to the north coast of America, and the land supposed to exist to the north of that coast. It will be in the memory of our readers that Sir John Richardson and Mr. Rae examined that coast from the Mackenzie to the Coppermine rivers, a distance of 800 miles, without finding any trace of Sir

John Franklin or of his companions. A more adventurous journey was undertaken by Lieut. Pullen, who volunteered to explore the same coast from Wainwright Inlet, near Behring Straits, to the Mackenzie. This was accomplished with great difficulty, and, unhappily, only produced the same negative results. But as an opinion was still entertained that the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror* might forsake their ships in the vicinity of Banks' Land, and make an attempt to cross that land to the south, Mr. Rae was instructed to conduct a party from Fort Confidence on Great Bear Lake to Cape Krusenstern, and to endeavor, if possible, to traverse the channel to Wollaston Land, when his explorations were to commence, and to be carried on to the northward. But although that determined and heroic Arctic traveler used every means in his power to cross to Wollaston Land, he was always foiled, and was at last obliged to abandon the attempt.

This failure caused Government to order Mr. Rae and Commander Pullen, who had been promoted for his daring journey from Behring Straits to the Mackenzie, to renew the search in the same direction last summer. But as the stock of provisions at their disposal would not admit of two expeditions being equipped, Mr. Rae informs us that it was arranged that Commander Pullen, who, as he states, is much better fitted for such an undertaking than himself (Mr. Rae's health having given way under the privations and fatigues of his late Arctic journeys), should head a party, taking with him 4500 lbs. of pemmican and dry meat. The precise object of the proposed expedition will be best gathered from the following interesting letter, which has been furnished to us by Sir John Richardson:—

Captain Pullen was to descend the Mackenzie in July last, with one of his own whale-boats and one of the Hudson's Bay Company's trading bateaux, calculated for river navigation and for carrying a large cargo, but not well suited for sea navigation. Some of his own men having suffered from the fatigue of the previous year's work, were sent home, and their place supplied by company's men hired for the voyage. The idea of striking out from Cape Bathurst for Melville Island was Lieut. Osborne's, and was urged strongly by Dr. Scoresby and Lady Franklin. With boats constructed for navigating a stormy sea, and at the same time light enough to be hauled upon ice as Parry's were, the scheme seemed to me to be practicable; but with the few resources available to Captain Pullen, I held it, and hold it to be, extremely hazardous, and look for no good results. God grant that I may be mistaken. When asked

by the Admiralty to offer any suggestions, I did not express a direct disapproval of the scheme, as when a man so competent to judge of the dangerous navigation of the Arctic Sea as Dr. Scoresby strongly urged the enterprise, I did not think it was my part to oppose a plan which offered a chance of relief to the lost party; but I pointed out the difficulties Captain Pullen would have in procuring proper boats, and victualling them for such a voyage, and counselled the Admiralty to leave him full liberty either to undertake or decline the voyage, and not to attach any blame to him if he found his means inadequate. This they did in their instructions. He will also have to contend with the Esquimaux of the Mackenzie river, but of their attempts to plunder he is well aware. He will return either by the Mackenzie, which is his safest course, or by a river which falls into Bathurst Inlet; but as the navigation of this river is unknown, he will be wise to avoid it if he can. Lastly, he may, if led far to the eastward, ascend the Coppermine river, and cross to Fort Confidence; in which case he would likely see or hear of Rae and his party. His obvious and safest course, however, is to ascend the Mackenzie. Rae will have, I suppose, with him about seven men and a Mr. McKenzie, an active Hudson's Bay officer. His plan was to descend the Coppermine in September last, to visit his depôts of pemmican on the coast, that he might know how far he could rely on them, as there was a possibility of their being discovered and destroyed by the Esquimaux. If all was right, he purposed, in April or May next, crossing to Wollaston Land over the ice. And in the summer to do the same in his boat if the sea should open. Captain Pullen may fall in with Captain Collinson, as both will be pressing towards the same point at the same time; and this will be very desirable.

Whatever expectations may be entertained of the utility of these expeditions, and it must be conceded that Sir John Richardson's letter does not give much encouragement for hope, it is manifest that our greatest prospect of finding the missing party rests on those ships following their track.

Although the latter left England at different periods during last spring, they all met in Melville Bay, those ships which had arrived there first having been detained by the heavy state of the ice in Baffin's Bay. This ice, which is well known to Arctic navigators as the "Middle Ice," cements Greenland and America firmly together during the long winter months. Summer, in that region a brief but ardent season of constant life, makes rapid inroads upon this icy sea, and leaves a huge central tongue of ice bearing the name of the middle pack. It rarely happens that this pack can be cleared at what is called the middle passage between the latitudes of 65° 50' and 75°. The general course of vessels is to the north of it round Melville

Bay, and this was the route taken by all the ships last year.

A detention took place off Cape York, in consequence of a terrible story having been communicated to Captain Austin by the Esquimaux interpreter on board Sir John Ross's ship, to the effect that, in the winter of 1846, two ships had been broken up by the ice forty miles to the northward, and burned by a fierce and numerous tribe of natives; and that the crews, being in a weak and exhausted condition, had been murdered.

Before proceeding further, Captain Austin wisely determined on investigating the credibility of the story, and it resulted that the only apparent foundation was that the North Star had wintered in the situation referred to.

Letters, however, from the American ships mention a circumstance in connection with Cape York, which seems to have escaped the notice of our English friends, and may possibly have had some influence in giving rise to the above report. They state that near that Cape more than twenty corpses of Esquimaux were found ice-preserved, entire except their eyes and lips, and lying down, lifeless dog by lifeless master. The cause of this passing away of life was a mystery. There was food around them, and where food and fuel are nearly convertible terms, they could hardly have been without fire or light.

As soon as the ships had attained open water on the west of Baffin's Bay, the search commenced. It was Captain Penny's intention to have examined Jones's Sound, but being unable to enter it on account of the heavy ice which barred the entrance, he passed on through Lancaster Sound with the other ships.

We must now revert to the Prince Albert, whose mission differed from that of all the other expeditions. If our readers will look at a map of the Arctic regions (and here we may tell them, that they can only obtain an accurate idea of the configuration of the land and water of that part of the globe by consulting the Admiralty charts containing the latest discoveries), they will see, that should Sir John Franklin have deserted his ships to the south of Cape Walker, it is quite possible that he would strike across North Somerset, and make for the Fury stores at Fury Beach in Regent Inlet.

Under these circumstances, the examination of that inlet is of great importance; and as it does not enter into the instructions of the other expeditions, Lady Franklin determined to equip a ship of her own for the

purpose of doing this very necessary work. The total cost of the expedition is estimated at about £4000, the greater portion of which will be borne by Lady Franklin. The Prince Albert, a ketch of eighty-nine tons, was purchased for the service. Captain Forsyth, in the most generous and noble manner, gave his services gratuitously; and, provisioned for two years, the little ship went forth on her voyage on the 5th June last. Although this period was later by several days than the date of the departure of the other ships, yet the Prince Albert was the first to arrive at the entrance to Regent Inlet, making Leopold Island, at the mouth of that inlet, on the 21st Aug. The harbor was closed with heavy ice, which completely prevented the ingress of the ship; but it was so important that this locality should be examined, as being the place where Sir James Ross had left one of his steam-launches and a large quantity of provisions, that Captain Forsyth ordered Mr. Snow and a party of men to take the gutta-percha boat and endeavor to reach the shore. Had it not been for this boat, the material of which is singularly effective in resisting the pressure of ice-floes, it would have been almost impossible to have gained the harbor, for the ice was so thick, and in such convulsive motion, that Mr. Snow declares, any boat made of wood would have been crushed like an egg-shell.

We can well understand that it was an anxious moment when the cylinders found in the house on the beach were examined:—"Eagerly," says Mr. Snow, in his account of the voyage of the Prince Albert, "did I open them and take out their contents. Three papers were in one, and two in the other. My agitation was so great that I could hardly see to read, and my hands fairly trembled."

To the great disappointment of the party, there was not a line from those whom they sought, the papers simply giving an account of the provisions and stores deposited in the harbor by Sir James Ross, and of the visit of the North Star, which ship had been there only a few days before them. With the exception of some rents in the sides and top of the house, it was found in good order; and all the stores and provisions were in excellent preservation.

Mr. Snow having regained his ship, Captain Forsyth bore south down Regent Inlet, in accordance with his instructions; but being met when off Fury Beach by great quantities of drift ice, through which he could not penetrate, and which, in his own opinion and that of his mates, presented no prospect of

opening, he stood out again to the northward, with the intention of proceeding down the western side of North Somerset, but was prevented carrying this into execution by the pack-ice, which extended across Barrow Straits.

Running along the edge of this pack, he reached Cape Riley, at the eastern entrance to Wellington Channel. The American ship *Advance* was discovered close in shore, apparently beset by icebergs; and it was from her captain that the starting intelligence was gleaned, that traces of an encampment had been found on Cape Riley.

Captain Forsyth immediately sent Mr. Snow to examine the Cape, and the result of the examination is too well known to render it necessary for us to say more, than that the traces brought home by Captain Forsyth have been regarded as certain evidence of Sir John Franklin having encamped on the Cape. Independently of the relics, traces of five tents were found, which led to the belief that Sir John Franklin had landed on Cape Riley to make magnetical observations, for which five tents would be required.

Captain Ommaney, of the *Assistance*, who had visited the Cape only two days before Captain Forsyth's arrival, had evidently no doubt of having discovered traces of the missing expedition; and although he did not leave any record of the nature of those traces, but simply stated his intention of going on to Cape Walker in search of further information, yet—as it is pretty clear that he spent a day and night on the Cape—he must have gleaned more intelligence respecting Sir John Franklin than we are aware of. And we have evidence even more confirmatory of this. For when Captain Ommaney parted from Captain Austin, his instructions were to examine the north shore of Lancaster Sound to Wellington Channel, and then to proceed up the Channel, as far as practicable, until he felt fully satisfied that it has not been the course of the missing ships. These are positive orders obliging Captain Ommaney, before going elsewhere, to satisfy himself fully that the *Erebus* and *Terror* had not proceeded up Wellington Channel. But instead of exploring this channel, we find that, after visiting Cape Riley, he resolves immediately on pushing on to Cape Hotham and Cape Walker; thus leaving us to infer that he felt entirely satisfied Wellington Channel had not been the course of the missing ships; and that it was practicable to go further up that channel is evidenced by the fact of the *Rescue* being as high

up as between Cape Innes and Cape Bowden. Cape Hotham is above thirty miles from Cape Riley; and Mr. Snow states, that when the *Prince Albert* was mid-way between Cape Spencer and Point Innes, and about a mile from the shore, he saw the *Assistance* pressing on through a channel of open water, within about fifteen miles of Cape Hotham. The *Intrepid*, steam tender, was near her, and there were apparent lanes or leads of water in various directions.

It was further ordered, that Captain Ommaney was to leave intelligence of his proceedings at Griffith's Island, to which place Captain Austin would proceed; and as there was about a month of open season before them, there is little doubt but that all the ships met at that locality, which, indeed, had been appointed as a rendezvous.

Should they have been unable to penetrate further westward, the position of that island is highly favorable for walking explorations during this winter and spring; and unless the ice prove quite impassable, parties will certainly reach Cape Walker and Melville Island.

Feeling satisfied that the search to the westward would be effectually made by Captain Ommaney and his companions, Captain Forsyth, whose mission was confined to Regent Inlet, judged it prudent, as there was no port which he could enter in the vicinity of his proposed operations, to return to England.

From information which has reached us, we apprehend that a spirit of insubordination, which early broke out among the chief officers of the *Prince Albert*, was another reason why Captain Forsyth felt anxious, when he could not examine Regent Inlet, to return home. The rigorous discipline of the navy is especially needed in services of such a nature as Arctic explorations; and the United States Government have acted most judiciously in placing the private expedition fitted out at the expense of Mr. Grinnell, of New York, under Admiralty regulations.

In conclusion, we cannot divest ourselves of the belief that the searching ships have succeeded in their mission. We are not sufficiently sanguine to hope that many of our friends will be rescued. Great mortality must have taken place among them; but we do think it not only possible, but probable, that a few survive; and that we shall hear from living lips the strangest record of endurance and suffering that have yet befallen the mariners of any nation.

From the People's Journal.

GEORGE CRABBE.

Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor. Juvare ire jugis, qua nulla priorum
Castaliam molli devertitur orbita clivo.—VIRGIL.

WHEN George Crabbe came out as a poet, Samuel Johnson "ruled the waves" of British criticism, and himself deigned to correct *The Village*, which was published the year before the great lexicographer's decease; Gray and Goldsmith, Akenside and Chatterton, had not been long dead; Warton was not yet appointed poet-laureate; Beattie had finished *The Minstrel*, and was training up to virtue those two sons whom he doated on so fondly and whose loss he was soon to mourn so bitterly; Sir William Jones was just embarking for India—elated with his new characters of judge, knight, and married man; Christopher Anstey was amusing the town with his satires and sketches of fashionable life; Sheridan had taken it by storm with his comedies, all effervescent with wit, every sentence pricking its way by its own polished point; novelists of the day were fresh from Henry Mackenzie and Clara Reeve—historians were quoting the new work of Robertson, and Gibbon's latest quarto volume—philosophers were discussing Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, and Lord Kames's metaphysics, and Priestley's polemics—critics were analyzing Blair, and politicians Burke; which last great man was a generous patron to Crabbe when an unknown lad, and in peril of actual starvation but for this kindly interposition. Such were the stars of the literary world when Crabbe's star arose and joined the orbs for ever singing as they shine. When it set, how changed was the aspect of that constellated sky! Instead of Johnson and his brethren, the ascendant lights in the firmament were Wordsworth, like the "red planet Mars," serene, and resolute, and still, and calm, and self-possessed; and Scott, bright, clear, joyous; and Byron, often cloud-covered, sometimes tinged as with blood, emitting a fierce lurid glare; and Coleridge, dim and nebu-

lous, but beautiful even in haze; and Southey, twinkling quietly on, whether stargazers worshipped him or no; and then there were galaxies differing in glory, but each with a glory of its own—Rogers, Campbell, and Moore—Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt—Shelley and Keats—Baillie, Croly, and Milman. What a different set of people were Crabbe's readers of 1783 from those of 1819! How literature had changed! how taste had revolutionized! What a broad line of demarcation between the epoch of *The Village*, brought out under the auspices of Johnson and Burke and Reynolds, and that of *Tales of the Hall*, for which John Murray, in the zenith of his bibliopolic greatness, paid down the pleasant trifle of three thousand pounds!*

The new lights were burning now in a body, and with such lustre as had not been witnessed since Elizabethan days or a little after; for the "Augustan age" of Queen Anne was not, we think, with all its brilliancy, up to the mark of that era when the music of the spheres was that of Lakers, and Border Minstrels, and a heavenly host besides.

When fourteen years of age, Crabbe was apprenticed to a surgeon, and subsequently

* Mr. Moore tells us, that when Crabbe (now an elderly gentleman of sixty-five), received the bills for 3000*l.*, his friends in town earnestly advised him to deposit them without delay in safe hands; "but no: 'he must take them with him to Trowbridge, and show them to his son John. They would hardly believe in his good luck at home if they did not see the bills.' On his way down to Trowbridge, a friend at Salisbury, at whose house he rested, seeing that he carried these bills loosely in his waistcoat pocket, requested (being a banker) to be allowed to take charge of them for him, but with equal ill success. There was no fear, he said, of his losing them, and he must show them to his son John."

adopted that profession on his own account, at Aldborough, in Suffolk, his native place, although forced to abandon it by want of success and discouraging prospects. But he had not studied anatomy in vain. Not in vain had he learned the mysteries of dissection and penetrated the arcana of physiological science. When he quitted *materia medica* he became M. D. extraordinary to the human mind. His anatomy was now to be that of motives and manners—his lancet was to be exercised on the *tempora* and *mores* amid which his lot was cast. He was to "cut up" poor humanity, and exhibit the morbid particles on the point of his knife. He was to be a demonstrator of subjects full, to use Shakspeare's* words, of "unpleasing blots, and sightless stains, lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious, patched with foul moles and eye-offending marks:" qualifying himself, by dint of extensive practice, for such a commission as Lear in his madness demanded—"Let them anatomise Regan; see what breeds about her heart."† Nor is Crabbe very nice in performing the operation; he has something in common with the old lady who thanked her stars that she was born before nerves were invented. He goes cutting and slashing on, dividing asunder bones and marrow with a pitiless straightforwardness. In Mr. Landor's words, "he writes with a twopenny nail, and scratches rough truths and rogues' facts on mud walls."‡ Or, as an American critic puts it, "With a bold and industrious scrutiny he plunges into the gloomy particulars of human wretchedness; and like some of the Dutch limners, engages our attention, not by the unearthly graces, but the appalling truthfulness of his pictures. Unlike Goldsmith, instead of casting a halo of romance around rustic life, he elaborately exposes its discomforts. Byron calls him 'Nature's sternest painter, yet the best;' and he has been well styled by another the Hogarth of verse. The mists that shroud the dwellings of the wretched are rolled away, the wounds of the social system are laid bare, and the sternest facts of experience are proclaimed."§ Mr. Gilfillan¶ thinks that Crabbe would have made an admirable physician to a lunatic asylum—sifting out severely every grain of poetry from

those tumultuous exposures of the human mind; wringing out from the patients tales to which those of Lewis would be feeble and trite—commanding the fiercest of them by his mild, steady and piercing eye—"and yet how calm would his brain have remained, when others even of a more prosaic mould, were reeling in sympathy with the surrounding delirium!" Our poet lingers upon topics and whiles away time upon characters which more sensitive writers would dismiss as summarily as possible, or eschew altogether. Look at some of his portraits. Swallow, an attorney, whom Satan has helped to pen and ink, a hard bad man who preyed upon the weak; Fred. Thompson, a strolling player, ever changing scenes, but with unchanging vice, led to haunts of starving villany, of thieves and cheats; robbed, beaten, hungry, pained, diseased, and poor, returning home to die in a roofless hovel; the borough hospital, with its

Fevers and chronic ills, corroding pains,
Each accidental mischief man sustains;
Fractures and wounds, and withered limbs, and
lame,

With all that, slow or sudden, vex our frame;—

the poor and their dwellings, from the "pauper-palace which they hate to see," with its high bounding wall and bare-worn walks, to miserable sheds in narrow rows. "where flags the noon-tide air, and as we pass, we fear to breathe the putrifying mass;" Peter Grimes and his apprentices, "bearing the blows of his outrageous hand," and worse than that, until the distempered man dies, tormented by horrors that demons might be proud to raise; the borough prisoners, including him of the condemned cell; the mad-house, where noble and most sovereign reason is out of tune and harsh, like sweet bells jangled—not the madhouse of Hanwell or of Morningside, but that unreformed atrocity to which we look back with awe and shame—"the Bedlam of forty years ago," as one of Crabbe's commentators has it, "with its music of groans and shrieks, and mutterings of still more melancholy meaning; its keepers cold and stern as the snow-covered cliffs above the wintry cataract, its songs dying away in despairing gurgles down the miserable throat; its cells how devoid of monastic silence; its confusion worse confounded, of gibbering idiocy, monomania absorbed and absent from itself as well as from the world, and howling frenzy; its day-light saddened as it shines into the dim, vacant, or glaring eyes of those wretched men; and its moon-

* *King John*, Act iii.

† *i. e.* Unskillfully.

‡ *King Lear*, Act iii. Scene vi.

§ Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*. "Porson and Southey."

¶ Tuckerman's *Thoughts on the Poets*.

¶ *Tail's Magazine*, March 1847.

beams shedding a more congenial ray upon the solitude, or the sickbed, or the deathbed of derangement."* So much have some readers been struck and repelled by the minute descriptions of these and kindred subjects in which the poet indulges, that they have expressed their antipathy to him in no measured terms. Hazlitt, for instance, is severer even than usual, when criticising the author of *The Village* and *The Borough*. He calls him a sophist, a misanthrope in verse, a *namby pamby* Mandeville, a Malthus turned metrical romance.† He protests that Crabbe's Muse is not one of the *Daughters of Memory*, but the old toothless mumbling dame herself, doling out the gossip and scandal of the neighbourhood, recounting *totidem verbis et literis*, what happens in every place of the kingdom every hour in the year, and fastening always on the worst as the most palatable morsels. "The world is one vast infirmary; the hill of Parnassus is a penitentiary, of which our author is the overseer; to read him is a penance, yet we read on."‡ Yet Crabbe's nature was proverbially kind and generous, a fact upon the strength of which he was besieged by mendicants of all kinds, including the *recherché* classes portrayed by Mr. Dickens in his famous "begging letter" paper in *Household Words*.

There is a palpable deficiency of imagination in Crabbe's poetry—however ingenious he may be in graphic and picturesque narration. Do away with rhymes, and just invert the sentences a little, so as to break up the rhythmical measure, and you will easily believe that much of his versification is very prose. There is a vast deal more of "poetry" in *Sartor Resartus*, which is "prose" throughout, or in Jean Paul's *Hesperus*, or in the *Dies Boreales*, or in Ruskin's æsthetical writings, be the last-mentioned sound or not. Unless the reader of Crabbe has a dash of poetical fancy in his own composition, he will often fail of detecting any in his author, but will classify him with newspaper-scribes and compilers of *causes célèbres*. It is not surprising that both very prosaic readers and readers of considerable imaginative faculty should have a liking for, and a decided interest in Crabbe. The former are engaged by the matter-of-fact, circumstantial, literal

style which is so eminently belonging to the man; the latter by the rich fund of suggestion which his recitals convey. Examples will be found of both classes among his admirers—hard-headed utilitarians and pensive spiritualists, Benthamites and Byronites, mechanical understandings and dynamical also, Wakleyites and Wordsworthians, people who ask what does poetry "prove," and people who worship Tennyson as the god of their idolatry. Sir Walter Scott said, that the clearness and accuracy of Crabbe's painting, whether natural or moral, made him generally delightful to those whose youth might render them insensible to their other abounding beauties. All remember that the dying baronet asked for Crabbe to be read to him,* when he was past all other reading except the one book and the best. We can readily understand such a man's liking for a writer so lucid, so sensible, so shrewd and observing, so descriptive and appraiser-like. Crabbe supplied the *matériel*, and Scott's own mind embodied it in forms, revelling in the plenitude of "stuff" upon which to operate, making all things new. The charge of defective imagination applies, however, far more to Crabbe's earlier than to his later poems; as Mr. Craik observes, it is remarkable in how great a degree, with all its originality, his genius was acted upon and changed by the growth of new tastes, and a new spirit in the times through which he lived—how his poetry took a warmer temperament, a richer color, as the age became more poetical; so that the last poetry he published—his *Tales of the Hall*, is the finest he ever wrote, the deepest and most passionate in feeling, as well as the happiest in execution.† Had this *borough* bard, this *talenteller*, this *parish registrar* been born and bred a quarter of a century later, and escaped all connection with the literary society of which Johnson was the presiding Jove, armed with polysyllabic thunderbolts and other awful insignia of office, he might have been as different from what he was as the Southey of the *Book of the Church* from him of *Wat Tyler*, or as lake-loving Wordsworth from lake-loving Gray.

In many of his characteristics Crabbe is English to the backbone. He has the good sense, the plain direct understanding of your good orthodox Briton. There is no nonsense about him; no beating about the bush; nothing to entitle him to a chapter in the *Book of*

* George Gilfillan. † Spirit of the Age.

‡ Hazlitt accounts his *Tales* more readable than his *Poems*, but complains that they turn, one and all upon the same sort of teasing, helpless, mechanical, unimaginative distress—"and though it is not easy to lay them down, you never wish to take them up again." How much Sir Walter Scott, and many more, differed from this last clause!

* The same is told of Charles Fox's last moments.

† See *Sketches of History of Literature*, &c. Vol. vi. p. 176.

Snobs or the Psychology of Shams. He is not oblivious of the French poet's advice—

Quelque sujet qu' on traite, ou plaisant ou sublime,
Que toujours le BON SENS s'accorde avec la rime. . .
Aimez donc la raison : que toujours vos écrits
Empruntent d'elle seule et leur lustre et leur prix.

He busies himself with the realities around him, the more familiar and conventional the better; arranging them in groups as natural as actual life presents—for it is from actual life that he transfers them to his pages, without transmuting them by any imaginative process by the way, or trying to improve the raw material, and to convert into gold what is set down in the bond as iron and clay. Foreigners must find Crabbe very crabbed reading. He requires English sympathies, and associations, and habits, to do him anything like justice. Where is the Signor Crabbe of Italy—where the Don Crabbe of Arragon or Castile—where the Monsieur Crabbe of *la belle France*—or the Herr ditto of Deutschland? Says Kit North, "Germany has no Crabbe. There is not sufficient passion in all her lower orders" (memento, Kit was a little bit prejudiced and ultra-national sometimes, over his Glenlivet at the *Noctes*) "to furnish subject matter for one such tale as those in which that good old man delighted, so full at times, in their homeliness, of strong or simple pathos. Of what variegated texture, rough and tough, and fitted for the wear and tear of this weary work-day world, is the web of life in England, that it could furnish such patterns to such a poet!" How the "good old man" delights to enumerate petty details of good old English prosaics, often but indifferently calculated to point a moral or adorn a tale; eking out *minutiae* with the zest and patience of a racy old gossip as he was—telling us of

The brick-floored parlor which the butcher lets,
Where, through his single light, he may regard
The various business of a common yard,
Bounded by backs of buildings formed of clay,
By stables, sties, coops, et cætera.

Or about Farmer Moss's daughter, fresh from school—

A tender, timid maid, who knew not how
To pass a pigsty or to face a cow. . .
Used to spare meals, disposed in manners pure,
Her father's kitchen she could ill endure;
Where, by the steaming beef, he hungry sat,
And laid at once a pound upon his plate.
Hot from the field, her eager brother seized
An equal part, and hunger's rage appeased;

The air, surcharged with moisture, flagged around,
And the offended damsel sighed and frowned;
The swelling fat in lumps conglomerate laid,
And fancy's sickness seized the loathing maid:
But when the men beside their station took,
The maidens with them, and with these the cook,
When one huge wooden bowl before them stood,
Fill'd with huge balls of farinaceous food;
With bacon, mass saline, where never lean
Beneath the brown and bristly rind was seen;
When from a single horn the party drew
Their copious draughts of heavy ale and new;
When the coarse cloth she saw, with many a stain,
Soil'd by rude hinds who cut and came again,
She could not breathe; but with a heavy sigh,
Rein'd the fair neck, and shut the offended eye;
She minced the sanguine flesh in frustums fine,
And wonder'd much to see the creatures dine.

Or using such phrases as these—

Clean was his linen and his jacket blue,
Of finest jean his trowsers tight and trim,
Brush'd the large buckle at the silver rim.

* * * * *
Whiskeys and gigs and curricles are there,
And high-bred prancers many a raw-boned pair;
... O'er all within the lady-hostess rules,
Her bar she governs, and her kitchen schools; . .
Respectful, easy, pleasant, or polite—
"Your honor's servant—Mr. Smith, good night."

* * * * *
The *Anchor*, too, affords the seaman joys,
In small smoked room, all clamor, crowd and noise;
Where a curved settle half surrounds the fire,
Where fifty voices purl and punch require;
Standing they drink, they swearing smoke, while
all
Call or make ready for a second call:
There is no time for trifling—"Do you see?
We drink and drub the French extempore."
See! round the room, on every beam and balk,
Are mingled scrolls of hieroglyphic chalk, &c.

The mannerism of Crabbe is so manifest, that it afforded glorious scope for the mimic powers of James and Horace Smith, in their *Rejected Addresses*—whose burlesque of the reverend George is very felicitously done, keeping almost sufficiently within the bounds of gravity to make us think we are reading the worthy clerk himself, and not his naughty parodists. To quote a fragment—

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;
But when John Dwyer listed in the blues,
Emanuel Jennings polished Stubb's shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter—a safe employ;
In Holiwell-street, St. Pancras, he was bred
(At number twenty-seven, it is said)
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's head.
He would have bound him to some shop in town,
But with a premium he could not come down:

Pat was the urchin's name, a red-haired youth, — Fonder of purl and skittle-ground than truth.

Southey says, in one of his letters to the late Mr. Wynn—the father of the House of Commons—"I was not disappointed with Crabbe's *Tales*. He is a decided mannerist, but so are all original writers in all ages; nor is it possible for a poet to avoid it if he writes much in the same key and upon the same class of subjects. Crabbe's poems will have a great and lasting value as pictures of domestic life—elucidating the moral history of these times—times which must hold a most conspicuous place in history. He knows his own powers, and never aims above his reach." Had Mr. Washington Irving studied Crabbe more and Addison less, the *Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall* of that fascinating writer might have been much nearer the mark than they are.

It has been a question whether Crabbe is original. Whether he had the genius for originating poetry, matter and form included, may well be doubted; but that he could be original in handling things which lay within reach, giving them novel aspects, and treating them as they had not been treated before, is surely unquestionable. Mr. Gilfillan enters with

eloquent discrimination into this discussion—and shows that Crabbe's originality is not of the creative kind enjoyed by Shakespeare and the very highest poets, but a sort of magic at second-hand; Crabbe takes, not makes his materials; he finds a good foundation—wood and stone in plenty—and he begins laboriously, successfully, and after a plan of his own, to build.

Be he an imitator or no, he appears in his own way to be inimitable, or at least unimitated. The caricaturists have hit him off, but none else have caught his manner. He has not founded a school of imitators and plagiarists, as Scott has done, both in his minstrel and novelist capacity, or as Byron has done, and Wordsworth, and Mrs. Hemans. He stands all alone in his glory. His descriptions are not those of Goldsmith or Beattie, of Cowper or Churchill; they are his own; his wit is not that of Pope, or Gay, or Swift, or Sterne; his pathos is not that of the *Deserted Village* or *Tristram Shandy*; it is, whether feeble or profound, veritably his own. He may be something of an eclectic, but his eclecticism is original—not framed by the canons of the schools, but by the right of private judgment, a device of his own heart.

A LITERARY MAN'S HOME: LIBERAL PROPOSITION OF SIR E. L. BULWER.—Our readers know how often we have pointed out the pressing urgency which exists for the establishment of some form of provision for the literary man, established on more intelligible principles and clearer responsibilities than the Literary Fund, and available to the unfortunate of that class who are strangely excluded from the benefits of the fund in question by the present interpretation of its statutes. Some such institution on a broad scale, which might be partly self-supporting and partly endowed, would probably develop itself out of any good beginning earnestly made; and we have, therefore, heard with great satisfaction of a munificent offer made by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer at the close of some dramatic entertainments which he has been giving at Knebworth, the performers consisting of the company of amateurs who

usually play under the managerial direction of Mr. Dickens. Sir Edward proposes to write a play, to be acted by that company at various places in the United Kingdom; the proceeds to form the germ of a fund for a certain number of houses to be further endowed for literary men and artists, and the play itself, if we understand rightly, to be afterwards disposed of for the added benefit of the fund. Sir Edward will likewise give in fee ground on his estate in Hertfordshire for the erection of such asylum, rest, retreat, or whatever else it may be determined to call the residences in question. The actors, to whom a conspicuous share in this good work will be due, hope, we understand, to take the field in the spring of next year. We understand that a portion of the receipts will also be set apart to complete the purchase of "Shakespeare's House," for the nation.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

Jasmin, the Barber-Poet.—There are many of our readers who will remember the singularly interesting article of the Westminster Review, a few years ago, republished in the Eclectic Magazine, respecting the literary career of a remarkable man, Jasmin, the Barber of Agen,—who, born from the lowest ranks of the people, and reared on the profits of mendicancy, had, by dint of an inborn and untutored genius, set up a shrine in the shape of a barber's shop on the banks of the Garonne, which had drawn, as pilgrims to it, the great poets, statesmen, and men of letters in France,—had taken as tribute from the town of Toulouse, a laurel of gold; from the citizens of Auch a golden cup; from his admirers in Pau a set of rich damask; from the King of France a gold watch; from the then Prince Royal an emerald ring, and ornaments of all kinds from ambassadors and lords, French, English, and German; and finally had earned means enough to enable him to burn the old chair in which, one by one, the generations of his ancestors had been carried to the hospital when old age or disease arrested them as beggars on the highway!

A correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* relates the particulars of a visit recently paid to Jasmin, in which he more than confirms our account of the extraordinary spell exercised by this untaught genius over the imaginations of his countrymen of classes very different from his own.

"The raptures of the New Yorkers or Bostonians with Jenny Lind, he says, are weak and cold compared with the ovations which Jasmin has received. At a late recitation at Auch, the ladies present actually tore the flowers and feathers out of their bonnets, wove them into extempore garlands, and flung them in showers upon the panting minstrel; while the editors of the local papers next morning assured him, in floods of flattering epigrams, that humble as he was now, future ages would acknowledge the 'divinity' of Jasmin!"

Jasmin is a well-built and strongly limbed man, of about fifty, with a large massive head and a broad pile of forehead, overhanging two piercingly bright black eyes, and features which would be heavy if they were allowed a moment's repose from the continual play of the facial muscles, sending a never-ending series of varying expressions across the dark swarthy visage. Two sentences of his conversation were quite sufficient to stamp his individuality. The first thing which struck me was the utter absence of all the mock modesty, and the pretended self-underrating, conventionally assumed by persons expecting to be complimented upon their sayings and doings. Jasmin seemed thoroughly to despise all such flimsy hypocrisy. 'God only made four Frenchmen poets,' he out with, 'and their names are, Corneille, Lafontaine, Béranger, and Jasmin!' Talking with the most impassioned vehemence and the

most redundant energy of gesture, he went on to declaim against the influences of civilization upon language and manners as being fatal to all real poetry. If the true inspiration yet existed upon earth, it burned in the hearts and brains of men far removed from cities, *salons*, and the clash and din of social influences. Your only true poets were the unlettered peasants, who poured forth their hearts in song—not because they wished to make poetry, but because they were joyous and true. Colleges, academies, and schools of learning, schools of literature, and all such institutions, Jasmin denounced as the curse and the bane of true poetry. They had spoiled, he said, the very French language. You could no more write poetry in French now than you could in arithmetical figures. The language had been licked and knened, and tricked out, and plumed, and dandified, and scented, and minced, and ruled square, and chipped—(I am trying to give an idea of the strange flood of epithets he used)—and pranked out, and polished, and muscled—until, for all honest purposes of true high poetry, it was mere unavailable and contemptible jargon. It might do for cheating *agents de change* on the Bourse—for squabbling politicians in the Chambers—for mincing dandies in the *salons*—for the sarcasm of Scribble-ish comedies, or the coarse drolleries of Palais Royal farces, but for poetry the French language was extinct. All modern poets who used it were mere *faiseurs de phrase*—thinking about words and not feelings. 'No, no,' my Troubadour continued—'to write poetry, you must get the language of a rural people—a language talked among fields, and trees, and by rivers and mountains—a language never minced or disfigured by academies, and dictionary-makers, and journalists—you must have a language like that which your own Burns—whom I read of in Chateaubriand—used; or like the brave old mellow tongue—unchanged for centuries—stuffed with the strangest, quaintest, richest, raciest idioms and odd solemn words, full of shifting meanings and associations, at once pathetic and familiar, homely and graceful—the language which I write in, and which has never yet been defiled by calculating men of science or jack-a-dandy *littérateurs*.' The above sentences may be taken as a specimen of the ideas with which Jasmin seemed to be actually overflowing from every pore in his body—so rapid, vehement, and loud was his enunciation of them."

Pensions.—A pension has been conferred upon Mrs. Liston, widow of the eminent surgeon, of £100. The pension formerly granted to Mr. Surgeon, of Manchester, is continued to his widow. Mr. Poole, the dramatic author, and Mrs. Belzoni, the aged widow of the eminent Egyptian traveler, have each received a pension of £100 per year.

French Publications during 1850.—The *Journal de la Librairie* states that in 1850 there were pub-

lished in France 7208 books and pamphlets of all kinds, of which 4711 at Paris, 2460 in the departments, and 37 in Algeria. Of this total, 1360 are reprints, or new editions; 5848 new works; 6661 were in the French language, 68 in provincial idioms, 53 in German, 61 English, 2 Arabic, 51 Spanish, 83 Greek, 9 Hebrew, 16 Italian, 165 Latin, 14 Polish, 16 Portuguese, 4 Roumain, 1 Russian, 2 Turk, 2 Polyglottes.

Sale of Autographs.—A great sale of rare and valuable autographs recently took place in London.

A letter of Rubens (two pages folio) brought 3*l.* 15*s.*, and a letter of Nicolas Poussin's (one page folio) 3*l.* 5*s.* A letter of Pope's brought 2*l.* 4*s.*; and the well-known letter from Kirke White to the Editor of the *Monthly Review*, as much as 4*l.* A charming letter from Madame Necker, wife of the minister, to David Garrick, realized 2*l.* 4*s.*; and a curious letter of Kitty Clive's to the same great actor, 2*l.* Royal autographs found eager bidders: a signature of Queen Elizabeth's brought 2*l.* 12*s.*, and a signature of Oliver Cromwell's 2*l.* The rarer autographs obtained good prices: a letter of Camden's bringing 3*l.* 3*s.*; and a charter signed by Edward, Duke of York, who fell at Agincourt, 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Lord Holland's "Reminiscences," so warmly commended in the article from the *Edinburgh Review*, published in this number, is spoken of with unmingled praise. It has been neatly reprinted by the Messrs. HARPER, and supplies a volume of rare interest and value.

A novel, of Indian life in America, has just been published in London, under the title of *Ellen Clayton, or the Nomades of the West*. The *Morning Herald* praises it. The author portrays a scenery in the midst of which he has lived, and avows himself to be an admirer of the red man, with whom he has had dealings; and he avows that the object for which this work is written, is the hope of awakening sympathy on behalf of the wild races of the American continent, so that some plan may be devised for rescuing from utter annihilation those fast perishing tribes.

Lola Montes.—The long-talked of autobiography of Lola Montes has at length commenced, and the Parisian newspaper called *Le Pays*, so distinguished for its attachment to the cause of Louis Napoleon, has been honored with the first *feuilleton*; it is addressed to the King of Bavaria, and holds forth the promise of giving the private opinion of that monarch and of some royal celebrities, of the present state of the leading powers of Europe, and above all, of those who figured in the early days of the revolution.

A Literary Help-Meet.—A prefatorial notice in the new edition of Major-General Napier's History of the war in the Peninsula, states that the gallant author is indebted to Lady Napier, his wife, not only for the arrangement and translation of an enormous pile of official correspondence written in three languages, but for that which is far more extraordinary, the elucidation of the secret cipher of Jerome Bonaparte and others, by her own untiring perseverance and labor.

The Sister of Burns.—A pension was some time ago bestowed on Mrs. Begg, the only surviving sister of the Scottish poet Burns. The pension was

bestowed virtually on Mrs. Begg, but nominally on her two unmarried daughters,—whose exertions, by a humble industry for their mother's support, had called forth general admiration. About the same time, through the exertions of Mr. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, assisted by Mr. Wilson the vocalist, and others, a sum of £400 was raised for Mrs. Begg by private subscription. Mrs. Begg is now eighty years of age, and in the event of her death, her daughters will be very poorly provided for, as their mother's annuity will then cease. In these circumstances, the Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh are making a fresh effort to do something for the family. They propose to raise a fund of £300; which, with the £166 remaining of the previous subscription for Mrs. Begg, may be applied, at her death, in purchasing a small annuity for the Misses Begg, thus completing a modest provision for them. Towards this fund we understand the Messrs. Chambers are to contribute the profits of the new edition of the "Life and Works of Burns," by Mr. R. Chambers, now in course of publication.

Liberal Benefactions.—Dr. Warneford has made another munificent donation to the Queen's College, Birmingham, in the shape of an additional £1,400 contributed towards the permanent foundation of a chair for pastoral, as distinguished from dogmatic, theology. His former donation of £2,000 makes the total sum given by him for the endowment of this professorship, £3,400. The endowments altogether bestowed on the College by this wealthy and liberal patron amount to more than ten thousand pounds: namely, for the chaplaincy of the College, £1,000,—for the chaplaincy of the Queen's Hospital, £1,000,—for the scholarships in the medical department, £1,000,—for the Warneford medical prizes, £1,000,—for the endowment of a resident medical tutor, £1,000,—for the endowment of the warden, £1,000,—for divinity lectures to medical students, £1,000.

The Whalerman's Adventures in the Southern Ocean, by Rev. Henry T. Cheever, edited by the Rev. W. Scoresby, D.D., F.R.S., originally published by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, has been reprinted by Low, and also another edition by Bogue, and is highly praised. The *Literary Gazette* says of it:—The substance of the book consists of information collected and observations made by an American clergyman, an invalid, who adopted the novel fashion of seeking for health by embarking in a whaling voyage to the South Seas and Pacific Ocean. These have been revised and annotated by the man of all others most competent for the task, the Rev. Dr. Scoresby, an old whale-fisher himself, and the soundest of authorities on the subject of whaling. The result of this union of equally able author and editor, is the production of a charming volume, presenting the rarely combined features of being a book adapted alike to delight boys and men; one which the naturalist will peruse for fresh information on the habits of *Cetacea*, and the clergyman recommend on account of the spirit of cheerful piety and truthfulness that pervades the narrative.

The *Athenæum* also commends it in a long review, which thus commences:—"The Whalerman's Adventures," "gathered" by Mr. Cheever, and "edited" by Dr. Scoresby, though a book of shreds

and patches so picked up and compiled from various sources as to make it difficult at times to say what belongs to author, what to gatherer, and what to editor—is, nevertheless, a very readable and interesting volume, full of stirring adventure, hair-breadth escapes, and curious, if not always accurate, information. In fact, it is just the sort of book for the eager intelligences which at this season of the year crowd around the Christmas table.

Richard Edney and the Governor's Family, a Tale by the author of "Margaret," published by PHILLIPS, SAMPPSON & Co. of Boston, is criticised by the *Athenæum* in no very friendly terms. In the course of its long review it says:—On some of the most easily-aped peculiarities of Jean Paul, Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Emerson, and Miss Fuller, our novelist has inlaid a variety of cant words, the like of which we have not met, even in the talk of *Sam Slick*, or among the rough-and-ready squatters and settlers whom the Pauldings and others have introduced into their backwood novels. The homespun slang of the saw-mill produces a very odd effect when it alternates with such high flights.

Olshausen's Commentary on the Gospels and the Acts, published by CLARKE, of Edinburgh, is thus spoken of by the *Literary Gazette*:—Dr. Olshausen's work is full of important matter, and many of his suggestions and criticisms are deserving of particular notice. It is also, in great measure, free from the mysticism which is so prevalent in the German writings. The translators appear to have accomplished their part of the work with judgment and ability, and to have succeeded in many passages in catching the correct English idiom. They have thought it expedient in some instances to mark their dissent from the views of the author. The notes contain, indeed, much information derived from De Wette, Tholuck, Hase, and other foreign theological writers, to whom the ordinary English reader has few means of access.

Death of the Marquis of Northampton.—This liberal patron of science and literature, formerly President of the Royal Society, has recently deceased. In the eulogy of the *Athenæum* this estimate is made of his lordship's scholarship and services:

To say that Lord Northampton was a scientific man in the strict sense of the term, would be incorrect; his geological acquirements were, however, far from contemptible, and to the study of that science he devoted a considerable portion of his time. Without pretending to rank with the eminent men of science who formed the councils over which he presided, his judicious conduct and knowledge of business enabled him to perform the high duties of his office with credit to himself and advantage to the Society. His brilliant *soirées* will long be remembered as being of signal advantage to science by bringing its various interests into harmony and fellowship. As president of the Royal Society, Lord Northampton was *ex officio* a trustee of the British Museum, and gave to that important institution the benefit of his services during many years. Indeed, of such advantage was his counsel, that when his trusteeship expired with his resignation of the presidency of the Royal

Society, he was elected a life-trustee. At the time of his decease, he was also President of the Royal Society of Literature. He was a zealous antiquary. He was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries in 1836, was more than once on the council of that body, and communicated papers to the *Archæologia*.

Death of Mr. Maxwell.—Mr. Maxwell, the well-known author of "Wild Sports of the West," and "The Story of my Life," and largely a contributor to the periodical literature of his day, died at Musselburg, near Edinburgh, on the 29th of last month. Mr. Maxwell had that gay overflow of spirits which is a part of the temperament of his country—Ireland; and his sketches were dashed in with a bold and easy hand that gave the effect of vigor rather than disposed of vigor itself. His manner in its play and freedom made always the most of his matter. He was a popular writer among that class whose literary food is catered principally by the circulating libraries; and may almost be said, as a contemporary has claimed for him, to have been the founder of the gay "rollicking school" of late years,—in which, however, we, differing from our contemporary, think he has been excelled by its scholars.

Death of Linck.—The University of Berlin has met with a severe loss by the death of Dr. Linck, professor of botany,—who expired on the 1st of January, in his 82nd year. Dr. Linck was director of the Royal Botanical Garden in Berlin, and the oldest member of the Royal Academy of Sciences.

Layard's Researches in Nineveh.—A fund is now raising entitled the "Nineveh Fund," the object of which is to enable Mr. Layard to carry on his researches for the British public in Assyria, Babylonia, &c. The funds placed at the disposal of Mr. Layard by the British Government being already exhausted,—and several new excavations at Nimrûd and at Nebbi Junas, and which promised to lead to historical discoveries of great importance, having been, as far as Great Britain is concerned, abandoned for the present,—Mr. Layard has proceeded, we are told, to Babylonia, for the purpose of examining the various ancient sites that are scattered over that extensive country, with a view of ascertaining the spots most favorable for excavation. He is prepared to devote the next six months to this particular object; and proposes, if unassisted from other quarters, to defray from his own resources the expenses of his preliminary survey, and of such excavations as he may find it practicable to undertake among the cities of Chaldea.

Merkland.—A Tale by the Author of "Margaret Maitland," republished by Harper & Brothers, is highly spoken of by all the journals. The *Literary Gazette* says:

With a little more care in the choice and conduct of the story, this would have been a very remarkable novel. Judged by its best passages, it is a work of extraordinary beauty and power, written with real eloquence, and displaying a fine sense of the picturesque, poetic, and dramatic. But the absorbing interest of the earlier portions is not sustained throughout; and we close the book with a high respect for the writer's eminent ability, mingled with a feeling of disappointment at its misdirection.

Time the Avenger.—A Tale by the Author of "The Wilmingtons," &c., is warmly commended by the *Examiner*:

There is always power and substance in this writer, and we thought the "Wilmingtons" by no means one of her least successful efforts. The present book is in some sort a sequel to it. It exhibits two lives utterly wrecked by mutual and silly mistakes, which a little less of trifling on the one hand, and of exaction on the other, would easily have cleared away. But it also shows that even when the waves seem to have closed over all that makes life precious, religion and self-discipline have triumphs of their own to achieve. Indeed, the ethical design of the writer is permitted to take precedence of every other. As a mere tale the book has no merit; but it contains scenes that enchain and fascinate the reader by the mere force of the writer's earnestness, the feeling she desires to work out, and the eloquent elaboration of the means she employs.

The Life and Works of Robert Burns, edited by Robert Chambers, has just been published. The *Literary Gazette* regards it the best life of the poet extant:

For the task here undertaken, no man possesses equal qualifications with Robert Chambers. His thorough knowledge of the whole poetical literature of Scotland; his intimate familiarity with its history, public and domestic, its topography and social usages, and all the gossiping details which have survived the period embraced in Burns's personal history, assure us that the present will become the standard edition of the greatest lyricist of ancient or modern times. And in all that concerns the personal character and life of the poet, a faithful and just, because broad and liberal, estimate is sure to emanate from the genial heart and thoughtful sagacity of the amiable and accomplished editor.

Among the books announced for publication, or as recently issued in London, are a new edition of Joanna Baillie's Works; Sir James Mackintosh's Miscellaneous Works; Rovings in the Pacific, by a Merchant, long resident in Tahiti; Southey's Common Place Book, Fourth Series; a second edition of Alton Locke; and Catholicism, the Religion of Fear, contrasted with Rationalism, the Theory of Reason.

Dr. Smith's Classical Dictionary of Geography, republished in an elegant octavo by Messrs. HARPER and BROTHERS, is highly praised by the critical journals. The *Examiner* speaks of it as "cast and arranged principally for schools; and elsewhere, as well as there, will be quite invaluable. It pushes forever from his stool our well remembered school-friend Lempriere."

The *Spectator* says it is a "book that should be in the hands of every classical student, and on the shelves of every library where the more elaborate works on which it is based are not required."

The *Athenæum* says: "As friends of classical education, we gladly welcome the appearance of this work; which has long been announced, and still longer desired. It supplies a want much more generally felt than even that which the larger dictionaries published under the superintendence of the

same editor were intended to meet. Our schools have, for many years, been in want of a good classical dictionary; by which we mean a dictionary comprising within the limits of a single moderately-sized volume the results of modern researches into the antiquities, biography, mythology, and geography of classic Greece and Rome, and, at the same time, free from indelicacy of expression or of allusion."

Rev. Mr. Barnes' Notes on Isaiah, edited by Rev. Ingram Cobbin, and published by Partridge and Oakley, London, is thus noticed by the *Christian Times*:

"Barnes is now independent of the reviewer. The public will have him, and they cannot find a safer or better guide to the understanding of the Book of books. The new edition of Isaiah, from which the work before us is reprinted, is considered, by the author himself, a great improvement upon the old. His aim in revising it has been to condense the work as much as possible."

The Bards of the Bible. By George Gilfillan. Published in Edinburgh by Hogg, and reprinted by HARPER & BROTHERS, is thus spoken of by the *Literary Gazette*:

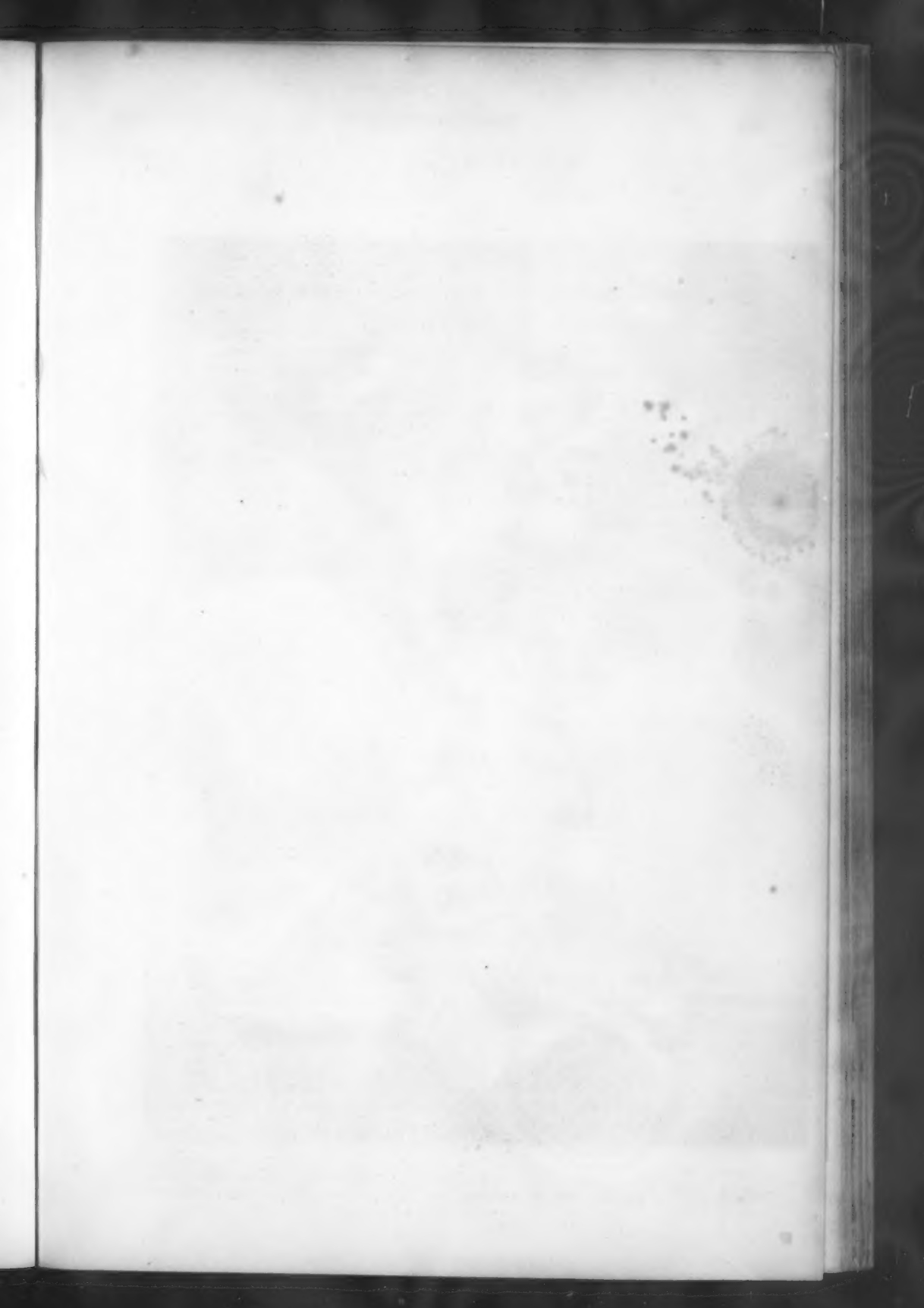
"This is one of the ablest and most original books which Scotland has produced for some time. 'Its main ambition,' as the author tells us in the preface, 'is to be a prose poem, or hymn, in honor of the poetry and poets of the inspired volume.' It contains, however, much besides, both of criticism and speculation, and demands fuller notice hereafter."

The Miscellaneous Works of the Right Honorable Sir James Mackintosh, reprinted in one large 8vo., by A. HART, of Philadelphia, is thus spoken of, on occasion of a new edition, by the *Examiner*:

"It is rather an indication of what such a mind might have produced, than satisfactory evidence of its energies and powers; but it is at any rate a most rich, interesting, and instructive memorial of a man who was more content to set others' minds to work than fully to exercise his own."

Scenes from Italian Life, by L. Mariotti, is highly lauded by the *Athenæum*:

"As a sketcher of manners, as a panoramic painter of life and scenery as they exist on the southern side of the Italian Alps, Signor Mariotti is a welcome guest at our literary fireside. The vivacious style of his country, and the slight trace of a foreign accent, lend a particular charm to his narrative, impossible to Celt or Saxon. In the winter evenings of the North few things are pleasanter than to listen to his wild and picturesque stories,—whether the tell-tale of silent priests and divinely-beautiful Castellane, of gay young Roman cavaliers and dark-browed, student-like conspirators, of rustic peasants and picturesque banditti; whether the scene be laid in stately Genoa, or in the disconsolate Queen of the Adriatic, on the level Campagna of Rome, or up in the desolate solitudes of the Umbrian Apennines: the same cloudless sky and burning sun are over all. Balmy airs seem to cool the temples; varied tints to enchant the eye wearied with the monotony of street and mist, and touches of romance excite the fancy to stray an hour or two out of the dull regions of fact."





ENGRAVED BY W. P. SUTTON — THE ORIGINAL BY A. DENTON.

MARRIAGE OF LADY JANE GREY.

REPRODUCED FROM THE SCOTTISH MAGAZINE.

